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THE FORUM

VOL. L

JULY, 1913—DECEMBER, 1913



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New York & London
MITCHELL KENNERLEY
1913

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GOD'S WORLD

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

O WORLD, I cannot hold thee close enough!
Thy winds, thy wide gray skies!
Thy mists, that roll and rise!
Thy woods (this autumn day) that ache and sag
And all but cry with color! That gaunt crag
To crush! To lift the lean of that black bluff!
World, World, I cannot get thee close enough!

*

Long have I known a glory in it all,
But never knew I this;
Here such a passion is
As stretcheth me apart,—Lord, I do fear
Thou'st made the world too beautiful this year;
My soul is all but out of me,—let fall
No burning leaf; prithee, let no bird call.

THE CITY THAT WILL NOT REPENT

Nicholas Vachel Lindsay

CLIMBING the heights of Berkeley
Nightly I watch the West.
There lies new San Francisco:
Sea-maid in purple dressed,
Wearing a dancer's girdle
All to inflame desire:
Scorning her days of sackcloth
Scorning her cleansing fire.

See like a burning city
Sets now the red sun's dome!
See mystic firebrands sparkle
There on each spire and home!
See how the golden gateway
Burns with the day to be—
Torch-bearing fiends of portent
Loom o'er the earth and sea.

Not by the earthquake daunted
Nor by new fears made tame,
Painting her face and laughing,
Plays she a new-found game.
Here on her half-cool cinders
'Frisco abides in mirth,
Planning the wildest splendor
Ever upon the earth.

Here on this crumbling rock-ledge
'Frisco her all will stake,
Blowing her bubble-towers,
Swearing they will not break,
Rearing her Fair transcendent,
Singing with piercing art,

Calling to Ancient Asia,
Wooing young Europe's heart.
Here where her God has scourged her
Wantoning, singing sweet:
Waiting her mad bad lovers
Here by the judgment-seat.

'Frisco, God's doughty foeman
Scorns and blasphemes him strong.
Tho' he again should smite her
She would not slack her song.
Nay, she would shriek and rally—
'Frisco would ten times rise.
Not till her last tower crumbles,
Not till her last rose dies,
Not till the coast sinks seaward,
Not till the cold tides beat
Over the high white Shasta,
'Frisco will cry defeat.

God loves this rebel-city,
Loves foemen brisk and game,
Tho' just to please the angels,
He may send down his flame.
God loves the golden leopard,
Tho' he may spoil her lair.
God smites, yet loves the lion.
God makes the panther fair.
Dance, then, wild guests of 'Frisco,
Yellow, bronze, white and red!
Dance by the golden gateway,
Dance, tho' he smite you dead!

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HAPPINESS

MRS. HAVELOCK ELLIS

THE art of living, which includes the meaning of love, and the philosophy of happiness are subjects more worth while studying than how to attain riches or even how to fly. The philosophy of happiness wants more than a philosopher to explain it and to examine it. To state with any degree of certainty whether happiness is an art or an accident is not an easy task. A sound heredity and a perfect digestion sometimes appear to cover the whole ground, until one hears the intimate confessions of those who seem to possess both. These confessions lead one to the conclusion that happiness has its own special laws, and that certain conditions are essential to its existence. To reveal the nature of happiness, one really ought to be something of a child, in order to tell great secrets almost unconsciously. Possibly also, the problem should be approached only by one who has merged pain into the redemption of joy. Above all, one needs, as the interpreter, a divine jester, who is able to express the subtle connection between the anguish and gaiety which lie at the heart of things.

Many people say they are happy, but, when the veils are down, and intimate confessions are made, we find, if we are philosophers, that most of the so-called happiness of the world is a vague content or a resigned fortitude. Real happiness is a glowing, radiant thing, so radiant that the person who is really and truly happy within, spreads it contagiously, even if he is at the moment wretched. True happiness has roots, and an inner meaning. It is not an effervescent thing, or a matter of moods. It is an eternal possession, which no man or woman can actually give, or wholly take away.

Now what is the philosophy of it? Is happiness an art to be acquired, or a mere accident? Happiness, like love, is a need of the soul and the body. It is a means of health and a human right. Its satisfaction makes men and women better citizens, and legitimate inheritors of the Kingdom of Heaven, in this or any other world.

The pursuit of happiness is, however, fatal, as it is fatal in love to love oneself more than the loved one. The first rule for the attainment of happiness is, never to pursue it. We must let it overtake us. The philosopher, in these matters, realizes that to seek is to lose, and to hold is to fetter. The philosopher of happiness waits and listens, in case a call to happiness comes, but he never runs after shadows, nor does he groan at delay. The gods are not merely pitiless, as they sometimes appear to be, in these affairs. They are good organizers and great engineers. What the soul needs for development they send, but in their good time, not ours. To seek happiness is the challenge to destiny of a man who is too much in a hurry to lead a large and harmonious life, which would itself create his destiny. As the old poet, George Chapman, says, "man is his own star." It is we who should rule the stars of destiny. The man who seeks for happiness will have to be content at the best with a compromise. True happiness, like perfect love, makes its way inevitably to its own. What is for us will find us. The laws about these things are as fixed as the laws of gravitation. We need have no fear.

The first condition for happiness is never to seek it. Even the true believer has moments of apparent atheism on this matter. "Do not hurry—have faith," says Edward Carpenter. This should be the text for the philosopher of happiness.

The second condition for the attainment of happiness is an uncrushable sense of humor. A sense of humor is a veritable gift from the gods, and saves the philosophic and the unphilosophic alike from endless pitfalls. It is ludicrous to pant for and to seek what is *not* ours and it is equally ludicrous to waste time in trying to get what is ours for the asking. By the asking I mean literally praying. One naturally inquires as to what sort of prayer? A mean, selfish and self-satisfied, would-be truce with the Infinite in order that we may get our own ends more easily and quickly, is not real prayer. There is no humor in that, and certainly no dignity. It is only drab, pestilential selfishness, and a lack of faith in destiny. In crude words it is "Help *me* to get all *I* want." The only prayer to offer in this matter would be somewhat like this: "Help me to face Life, with happiness or without it, sustain my courage, and make courage

a daily habit. Save me from self-seeking, but open my eyes that I may see and understand happiness if it should come to me. Put my small will into the larger will and increase my powers of joy. If happiness comes not, give me grace to rejoice with either my brother or my enemy who has received it."

There are a great many people left in the world with puritanism in their blood, and there are others who suffer from, or even cultivate, a sort of spiritual anæmia which is mistaken for goodness. These people are afraid of happiness even while they long for it. They are soldiers of a great gospel, but the uniform is often too tight for a splendid warfare. Happiness has been so wrongly labelled and names are such soul-destroying things. There is nothing to which we give such absurd names as to the things connected with joy. If we are philosophers or even if we are lovers and not philosophers, we know that a fixed name cannot fit two functions or acts, but new names are needed by every individual who functions and acts differently from his neighbor. The spiritually suburban seeker for happiness wants it placed in a six ounce bottle, and carefully labelled " righteous and safe," and warranted not to effervesce. The true mystic knows that joy is a regenerator and a cleanser.

When heaven thinks it is good for us to have happiness it is sent to us in no mean way. When the hour comes, after fasting and prayer, destiny holds out a cup to us, full to the brim, if we have obeyed the conditions. Laxity and compromise must have no quarter. In order to hold the cup, our hands must be steady. The spiritual command is, drink and be satisfied. Now, it is for us to choose whether we will take that cup and drink it, or not. If we refuse happiness when it is handed to us by fate, (and there are definite signs to enable us to know the difference between heaven's gift and earth's gift), we pay as cowards pay. We go hungry and thirsty, and poor and enfeebled, till death calls us to act another part. It needs not only the philosopher and the humorist to accept happiness when it is offered, but the valiant in soul and the pure in heart, for these have flung away the fantastic labels by which tradition and convention rigidly distinguish right things from wrong things. The pure in heart have substituted a living morality for a dead and fossilized

morality. "We are all in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars," says Vachell. Why so many of us are afraid of happiness is because we think virtue consists in sleeping in the gutter rather than in singing to the stars. Some of us are afraid of not getting happiness and we are equally afraid of accepting it, because we have forgotten that the senses can be as clean as our prayers and as ardent and as purifying as the sun. As much danger may lie in cold calculation as in swift spontaneities in these matters. "Love and do what you like," said St. Augustine. The happiness most people are seeking is that of doing what they like, forgetting that love seeks not its own. Love can redeem anything and everything and never fails. The philosopher of happiness, who realizes happiness as an art, and not as an accident, knows that perfect personal joy is the right of every civilized human being. Charm, abandonment, and all fantastic beauty expressed in song or dance and passionate expressions of all kinds lead us upward and not downward, if we know the philosophy of love as well as the philosophy of happiness. It is at our peril to-day, if we allow ourselves to become anæmic spiritual slugs instead of rollicking children of the Infinite.

Happiness, then, is our right, but we must not seek it, nor must we refuse it. When the cup is handed to us, let us drain it to the dregs. A drop left means so much less power to the drinker. We need have no fear. In Dr. Garnett's wonderful little book on Love, (*De Flagello Myrteo*), he says: "At Love's high feasts there are two cups, one never can be drained, and the other fills itself." He knew the great secret, that a great love is a sacrament, and bread and wine do not fail at the high altar. This brings us to the contemplation of an apparently sad side of this question of happiness. As people of faith, as philosophers, as parents, as humorists, and as scientists and artists, we know that life is often pain to the average person. To some of us, apparently, whether we seek happiness or not, destiny *seems* to offer no cup at all. For these, the philosopher of happiness has a special word. The sufferer may actually be the cup-bearer and so be a special servant of the Infinite. We are too foolish yet to realize whose hand Fate chooses for the

offering of the cup of happiness to her children. Your sorrow, and my sorrow, unbearable as they may appear to us, may help to mould the cup for another's comfort. Who dare deny that your loss and my loss may help to fill that cup for another, even if that other be our rival or our defamer? It may be our lot to press the very grapes for the wine our rival drinks. This may be a sort of left-handed happiness, but, to the real philosopher, it is happiness, because he knows the " forward ends " of pain, as Hinton so clearly puts it. Many of us groaning and grunting, in spite of all we believe and all we have, can see, as in a map, the reason why we agonize, and why we apparently fail and are desolate in spirit. It is as if on a ship we trust our captain, but that does not save us from seasickness. Those who are training in these matters know that the day is near when from pain and loss happiness can literally be extracted. To save others, is at last as though we had saved ourselves, and thus happiness of a rare and delicate kind is found. And this brings us back to the image of destiny. When once destiny has handed us a fragrant wine, we must drink it to the dregs, and personal happiness is the best foundation for what, by a great spiritual law, follows. It is the gift of the gods and not a devil's poison. If, being wise, we have drunk that cup, and got all the warmth and strength it can give us, and we pause, like happy, tired children, then let us have a care. Our impulse, of course, is to hand back the empty cup for re-filling. This is also good. Destiny nearly always refills the cup. It seems another spiritual law that he that hath shall have more and is a direct challenge to the ascetic who fancies that self-control can only be learnt by renunciation of natural, and joyful, and beautiful things. The cup is refilled, but, before it is taken again, the artist in happiness must be on guard. The second cup is never for the quenching of personal thirst. It has to be handed round. The lover, who has had all the delight of his love, must not remain only absorbed in his rapture. His passionate outgiving is a mere lesson in order to train him later to say with Whitman " I will scatter myself among men and women as I go." The woman who has had all the glories of a passionate surrender, must be prepared to go to the gates of death and hell, in order that new

life may come into the world. The philosopher who, in the silence of nature, has felt the veil lifted between his soul and the Oversoul, which to him is a personal happiness of a very absorbing kind, must be content to move in and out of crowds, in order to minister to the spiritually deaf and dumb and blind. The poet, living as he does in a realization of infinite harmony, must do the scullery work of the world down to its most sordid details.

If we refuse the first cup of personal happiness, we pay our price. If we accept it, we have to pay heaven's price, and that is, that the second cup, filled to overflowing, shall not only be handed round and drained dry for the good of others, but be handed back again and again to be refilled and emptied for others till death releases us. To everyone who has been personally happy in the fullest sense, there comes at one time or another a voice from heaven about this second draught, this aftermath of happiness. To ignore it is to surrender to the vulgar whine of the sybarite for excess or to the self-love of a mere child of this world. As the second cup is handed to us, it is a challenge from heaven. If we refuse the challenge, our last state is worse than the first. To us, much has been given, and we must not spill or waste the wine or break the cup. Fate's challenge to those of us who have dared to be gloriously happy is to go on being happy in the only way possible. The law is, in this matter, that the personal joy shall lead to the universal succor. We must not haste, but neither must we rest, till everyone in the world has a taste of joy. The only happy person is one who radiates joy even out of personal pain. To be happy is to know a few secrets that the gods whisper in their obedient children's ears.

When I was talking with Edward Carpenter a little while ago about Life and Destiny, he said, with a smile that was almost a sigh, "The whole blessed thing is an obstacle race for happiness." He was right. Most of us have bandages over our eyes, sacks tied round our necks, chains on our feet and hands, or some fettering of our freedom. The world seems a literal school or prison-house, but we must remember that the game of happiness not only is not forbidden but is in the rules of the house, and is always worth while. We must become, not only

philosophers in studying it, but professional artists in playing it. Few happy people sin, for most so-called sins are subterfuges for joy. The solemnity and absurdity of our crude moralities, the fear of losing ourselves in unrealized possibilities, the cowardice of much so-called purity and the recklessness of much so-called vice handicap us on our way to perfect happiness.

Once we become lovers in the real sense we are safe. The lover is only concerned lest he loses his vision of love, or fails loved ones in their need.

To a few a third cup is sometimes offered, and the personal and the universal alike are forgotten for a moment in the cry "Father, let this cup pass." It is the cup of wormwood, or the sponge with vinegar. It is the chalice of crucifixion, and those who drink from it are the willing saviours of the world. They are despised and rejected of men, men of sorrows and acquainted with grief. They have at last no care for what the world can give or take away. They are free from condemnation and free from personal craving. They have seen the beauty of the whole, and faced death and suffering. The multitude cannot recognize them. They stone them and slay their bodies. The Magdalen and the Judas may call them friends, the little children, simple folk, sinners and animals are their companions.

These people, who have appeared in the world's history at long intervals, have not only "scattered themselves amongst men and women as they go," but they have gladly given their lives for the many. They have always the new truth to deliver, the old one to bury. They are the seers and the prophets of the world, and find their greatest joy in a transference of personal happiness into human succor. They condemn neither the Judas, the Peter, nor the Magdalen. They have passed through the pangs which turn personal joy into universal service. Universal service to these children of God has hitherto implied an acceptance of crucifixion as a gift of the brother who does not yet know of the deeper secrets. They have arrived at the state where life or death is equally worth while because there is something vital to be done in each, either children to be gathered together, men and women to be saved or beauty to be emphasized. Happiness can never be an accident to these chalice

holders, because the corn, the flowers, the pharisee, the saint, the cross and the mockery of men have their inner meaning to the real prophet of eternal joy.

Hitherto the chalice drinker has been the exception in the world's history. The Christ and the Buddha are the chief examples and men like Gordon and women like Jeanne D'Arc are lesser instances of the need to save others. But there is a distinct change coming with regard to these things. There is a fashion even in spiritual matters. There is a sort of uneasiness creeping over society, the uneasiness which comes upon a man in shabby clothes, the uneasiness which comes over a woman in badly cut ones. The solidarity of the workers and the solidarity of women is suggestive. The happiness of the many is now becoming the imperative demand. The day is not only coming, but is actually here, when to live in luxury while one human creature lacks either bread or joy can only be crucifixion to the spiritual man or the spiritual woman. To be a millionaire will soon be more pitiable than to be a leper, because it implies extortion, the sweat of brothers for mean ends, and the gluttony of one at the expense of many. The seeker for happiness soon finds out the impossibility of real joy on the lines of monopolies in any shape or form. The Christ crucified has ecstasy within, because of the working out of the great truth, that to lose one's life is often to gain it. The poor ignorant human who fancies that happiness consists in piling up gold or wasting it, is to-day enduring a crucifixion of the worst kind, a crucifixion of fear and insecurity. The trend of the age is against his short-sighted ideas of happiness. He is afraid. In a vague way he is terrified of the atmosphere, even in politics, which threatens his unstable possessions. He wants to go on sleeping or wallowing, and the cock crow in a new dawn disturbs him. Ideals spread like epidemics, and the art, not the accident, of happiness is spreading fast. As it is now almost a disgrace to be ill, it will soon be a disgrace to be rich or unhappy, because to-day the only truly happy folk are those who do not care about a happiness which implies only comfort, gain, rest or peace for themselves. This attitude is not because of some craving for an egotistic saintship or a moral superiority over others, which is

as stupid as the search for any other monopoly, but because while one human being is hungry or lonely, no evolved person can eat in peace or rest in mere personal happiness, any more than they could in their family circle if a sister or a brother were starving or heartbroken.

Happiness is a definite art and not an accident, for it is beyond accident, even beyond analysis. It is an art of the inner life, a result of wise cultivation. It is sometimes bought at a great price, but the payment is well worth while. It is often pain forged into peace, and the personal merged into the universal. Those who have it stand like children before the Eternal, content to hold the hands of Life and Death, knowing that all that happens is meant to form part of a great picture in which we are the colors.

THE CHURCH AND RELIGIOUS LEADERSHIP

JAMES A. FAIRLEY

"Who helps one man, helps one man. Who speaks the truth, helps mankind."—EMERSON.

THE Church is confronted to-day with a situation that constitutes at once a problem and an opportunity for prophetic leadership. This problem comes to the Church in threefold form as suggested by philosophy, social ethics and personal religious faith. And first, the problem should be considered from the standpoint of philosophical thought.

The Deism of the eighteenth century postulated as objects of thought God, Nature, Man. Kant, having explored with great thoroughness all the departments of the human reason, found man incapable through reason alone of knowing God. If known at all, God must be known through the practical reason, or the categorical imperative of the moral consciousness. Later philosophy in Germany and America has attempted to bridge the chasm between the human and divine. The idealists have proven to their own satisfaction a spiritual universe of pure thought. One absolute consciousness locks the entire creation in one timeless embrace. All human thought and activity are known to the Eternal mind, indeed have their being because known by His thought.

Such a philosophy of the world and man has one appealing hold on thinking men. They find themselves freed from the agnosticism of the neo-Kantians, human thought and activity are no longer the flotsam and jetsam of relativity, and the entire universe is reduced to an all-comprehending unity. But this philosophy, at least in its entirety, has failed wholly to convince. We live in a growing universe. Time has been felt to be real even before Bergson's convincing demonstration. Growth and time have burst the more or less mechanical bonds of philosophical idealism and have challenged thought not only to explain them, but they have compelled philosophy to adjust itself to

their insistent demands. Hence pragmatism has arisen, tangential to philosophic idealism, and flies to the conclusion that truth is manufactured out of experience. It is the machine that is found to work. A necessary corrective to idealism, it yet fails to satisfy. The mind still asks, "Is the Truth true because it works, or does it work because it is true?" The old conundrum is pertinent, which asks, "What was the largest island in the world before Australia was discovered?" Answer, "Australia." There is the conviction which will not down that man is a discoverer not a creator of truth. The Church has presented to it the opportunity of leadership in constructing a synthesis in the deeper thought of our time. What if man is both a discoverer and a creator? and if the spiritual creation is not complete until man by his discovery finds and uses it? Of course the easy retort to all this is, "Why split hairs about these immaterial questions? Tell us of things practical." I venture the reply that organized religion will never lead this or any other age unless and until it meets the challenge of the most thoughtful minds among its desired constituents. Professor Eucken quotes Hegel as saying that a nation without metaphysics is like a temple decked out with every kind of ornament, but possessing no Holy of Holies.

The Church will not therefore have fulfilled its function of religious leadership unless it meets the challenge of philosophy and metaphysics.

Further results of the trend of modern thinking may be seen in the attempt on all sides to reduce the totality of things to an all-comprehending unity. Nothing is unrelated. Cause and effect are everywhere connected. The Reign of Law is universal. The universe is no longer thought of as a threefold affair, God, Man, Nature. The idealists have rendered us this great service. God's thought and man's thought are not in two separate realms, brought together by a miraculous revelation, or forever parted as in Kant and his followers. Man's thought is reasonable. By means of logical thinking we are enabled to reach common conclusions in science and mathematics and live together in reasonably ordered social groups. This fact of intellectual unity gives to the Churches a possibility of leadership. The old

need of defending the authenticity of revelation and the truth of inspiration ought no longer to be felt. Let the Church and its leaders be frank in discarding outworn phraseology which no longer expresses the modern thought. Religious truth must be stated in these new terms, and God and His revelations must be found in the normal human experiences, if the Church is to assume leadership of thoughtful men and women.

But it must be confessed that this very conviction of unity which has so powerfully gripped the modern thinking world has brought new problems to religion and the Church. These can be clearly understood only by bringing into the field of our survey facts of the scientific and social world. For of course it cannot be overlooked that the unity which has come to the world's thought is not always apprehended as a unity of mind or spirit, but rather of matter, a materialistic monism. Such a conception of the world results in complete determinism. Man is a mere automaton, the universe is without intelligent or intelligible purpose. Moved by blind forces it goes on for a cycle of years, finds a new distribution of its component parts in some mighty cataclysm, in which man and all his works are destroyed permanently; and then it starts again on some ceaseless and senseless round, builds once more its card-house, to be shattered in its turn. All the works of man are rubbed out like sums from the blackboard. The treasures of art, science, literature and architecture fade away, and there is not even a memory of them left. For the only consciousness in existence is the human consciousness. That has existence only as the manifestation of a physical organism. When men's bodies die, all their treasures go, even from thought and memory, and "leave not a wrack behind." The incessant toil of affection and intellect, the building up of mighty civilizations, the patient achievement of centuries, all fade into dust and nothingness.

What has religious philosophy to say to this? Certainly here is a challenge to the Church as an organized body of religious people which it cannot refuse to meet. For the challenge constitutes in itself a magnificent opportunity. It may be said in passing, that even among the scientists themselves, there is already a marked divergence from orthodox Darwinism.

Into these matters a layman may not venture far, except to note that there is a very decided swing, notably in botany, toward recognition of a greater degree of spontaneity in plant life, indicating, it may be, the presence of a vital force which is more and other than the mere resultant of chemical forces at work among atoms and molecules.

Of interest in passing, too, is the latest news from the chemical world, indicating the gradual giving up of the atomic theory, with fixed and unchanging elements, and the newer definition of matter in terms of energy.

But to the man of religion, interest lies in the sphere of consciousness, rather than in that of material science. Whence came science? How has the scientist made his discovery that the universe is material, and that mind is absolutely dependent on it? On what ground of vantage has he stood to view the "kingdoms of the world and the glory of them," that he has been able to construct his materialistic cosmogony? Through what bifocal lens has he peered upon nature and man, that he can say, not only that they are all of one, but that they are all and altogether physical and material? Of what stuff are judgments made? What is intelligence? Who ever saw it? Would that some skilful surgeon might perform such an operation of trepanning that it would be possible to follow with the microscope every motion of every brain cell during the most elaborate scientific or philosophical mental processes of an Edison or a Bergson, that some X-ray picture of such function might be taken! What impression would be conveyed to the consciousness of the beholder? Or would an autopsy reveal the personality of a man, as he lives in the memory and affections of his generation? Material science when it invades the realm of religion and philosophy forgets its ancestry. Science is knowledge. Knowledge is the functioning of personality. Every man in his investigations of the physical world starts with himself, and that mysterious spiritual somewhat that we call consciousness. To repudiate that, to affirm dogmatically that it is so far the product of material forces as to be entirely dependent on them for its existence, and so to bring it into subordination to them, is surely as presumptuous as it is unscientific.

Here then is a wide door open to the Church and its leaders. Man is still the measure of all things. At least nothing in all the universe of time and space can be known except as he brings his conscious, self-knowing personality to bear upon it. Physical science so startles us with its daily, almost hourly miracles that we are fain to think of it as of some self-existent entity. The religious prophet sees rather the astounding spectacle of the human spirit, growing *pari passu* with the expanding universe, the two together giving him the grandest conception the world has yet had of the Infinite and Eternal Jehovah.

But the unrest of our time is far more ethical and social than it is intellectual. And yet there is a social philosophy that must be reckoned with. Here again the trend toward unity is most marked. There is, for example, the philosophy of economic determinism, which in its orthodox form is materialistic, and postulates a world order in which men, individuals, nations and races, are forever seeking better, i. e., easier, economic conditions. If these can be found, and equitably distributed, human happiness is attained by all in the socialistic State. Here is an attempt at a world philosophy which distinctly makes man subordinate and subject to his environment. As a philosophy it has all the faults inherent in scientific materialism. Men are but so many plants in a garden. At present they have not room enough. Give them room to breathe, time to enjoy themselves and more to eat, and with proper education they straightway develop into fine spiritual personalities.

Such a philosophy finds its easiest refutation in its own apostles. They are very often the finest specimens of intelligent, free, spiritual, self-sacrificing men and women. They reveal in their lives the deep truth of religion that the life is more than meat; that the soul is inward, character is development through struggle to mastery of life. This philosophy also finds its refutation in the aims of its adherents for their fellows. They are working for shorter hours and better wages, not merely that men and women may have more to eat and more time to grow; but that they may have what is given to the more favored classes, opportunity to become men and women, to de-

velop their spiritual characters, to save their souls from the sordidness of routine, unintellectual work.

It is the ethical phase of the industrial problem which brings its most insistent challenge to the forces of organized religion. The charge is made by many of the industrial workers, not so much that the Church does not understand the philosophy of socialism, as that it is not finely and acutely sensitive to the ethics of the situation. Many Churches and their leaders are doing noble work in trying to give the working people better food, better clothes and better education. But they have not yet grappled with the ethical problems involved. Social reformers have a right, society has the right to expect that men of religion shall be the sensitive ethical scouts who, in advance of the rest, shall detect the unethical maladjustments of the social order, and shall be prophetic in their proclamations. If the Church has failed in this, it is probably because it has been too slow in orientating itself in the new order, and in discovering that all ethics is social, that no man liveth unto himself, and no man dieth alone. For while both philosophy and science have slowly reached the conclusion that God, man and nature are bound together in one vast unity, neither has found itself fully able to see the inevitable conclusion, that God expresses himself in the totality of human society. Divine Right dies hard, and after it has been dislodged from kings, takes up its abode in races, nations, classes. But slowly we are coming to see that advanced individuals are but outposts of the social order, who are where they are because other men have gone almost to the point they have reached. Plato has his Socrates, Darwin has his Wallace, even Jesus had his John the Baptist. The solidarity of the race is its great prophetic starting point. No man ever created a dollar of wealth alone. Wealth involves value, and only as there is a market, i. e., a demand for it, does any commodity have value. What then shall be said of the ethics of the unearned increment of land values, of all the other unearned increments of watered stock, of inherited fortunes, of incomes totally unrelated to any service rendered to society on the part of the recipients? To probe deeper, what shall the religious prophet say of a social order organized about industrial capital-

ism—that is to say, of a social order which feeds, clothes and houses its children for profits? And what are some of the fruits of this industrial order? On the one hand the concentration in the hands of a dozen men of wealth, the influence of which in prices and general direction of industry reaches to every man, woman and child in the country, these men meanwhile constituting an oligarchy responsible to no one but themselves. On the other hand a situation which the most careful conservative investigators lay at the door of our industrial system, 26,000 women in New York City alone, selling their bodies to support themselves and the society which has refused to let them gain a decent living in other ways. And so as the vision of their ruined lives rises before us, we are reminded of those missionary enthusiasts of an earlier day, who to the tick of the watch reminded us that moment by moment heathen souls were "going down to Christless and hopeless graves." For if there are 26,000 in New York City, 5,000 of them go down to death every year—if this is true in one city in our country, compute for yourselves the appalling total for the entire nation, to say nothing of the rest of the civilized world. We are reminded, too, of those grim words of the great Teacher, "Fear not them who kill the body and are not able to kill the soul, but fear him who after he has killed the body hath power to destroy both soul and body in hell."

If it be true, or only partly true, that these conditions are the legitimate outcome of "business for profits," then indeed here is a call to the Church and its leaders to exercise their function of prophetic leadership. The axe must be laid to the root of the tree. Here is no question of free luncheons, free reading rooms, or even of large welfare work, good as all these may be in their way. The ethics of the whole social order is under scrutiny. Here is work for the religious prophet, "cry aloud, spare not."

From all this it is clear that the Church does not need to adopt any philosophy of economic determinism in order to be a valiant preacher of social ethics. While it may not be true that environment is wholly determinative of character, it is incontestable that it is often a very largely controlling influence. And

wholly regardless of any philosophy of the social movement, the Church can ill afford to lose from its membership and working force those men and women who, more than any other class in our generation, feel laid upon them the responsibility of an apostolic mission.

There is still another phase of modern unrest which summons the Church to its prophetic leadership. I refer to the unrest which is not on the surface, which often does not make itself known except to intimate friends. It is due to a profound doubt of the universe. Many a man and woman to-day among our choicest spirits is a pessimist. This does not mean that such people carry a long face and are fault finders. On the contrary they are often the very reverse. But their lives at heart are tinged with melancholy, because they have heard the "still sad music of humanity," and have no philosophy or religious faith which gives them anything like a rational explanation of their own deepest selves in their relation to the world of things and people. Neither purpose nor goodness appears to them in nature.

In so far as such pessimism is not merely personal or temperamental, it is quite likely to be associated with, if not due to, a philosophy of determinism. It is part of an attitude toward life which regards the individual as too atomic to have any standing in the universe. What is man that God should be mindful of him, or the son of man that He should visit him? Any thought of the world-order as meaningless, that is, unintelligent and unintelligible, the working out of blind law, must in the long run breed pessimism in sensitive souls. Such a scheme of the universe is deadening to the human intellect, and finally to human activity. Any scheme of society which cramps and fetters human freedom brings the same result. It is no wonder that men like Nietzsche arise to preach individual liberty and individual advancement even at the expense of those who must go down as the individual rises. It is no wonder that librarians find that books about Napoleon are more called for than any others. For he is the standing illustration of what sheer force of will and intellect can accomplish. Small wonder that in an age of mechanistic philosophy a man like Bergson should appear

to preach the truth of the freedom of the human spirit. For this is one of the great messages of the religious prophet. Men will not for long admit that they are not free. In an age of materialistic determinism, the opportunity of the Church is great. Personality is the great word in religion. The worth of the human spirit is its great theme. The sin of our age or of any other is the wrecking of the human spirit. This is why the social question lays at the door of the Church at once its challenge and opportunity. The Church must take account of it, not that it may become a "judge and a divider" over men in questions of wages and hours, but because in the fearful mill of our industry-for-profits, men, women and children are being ground to pieces, not merely in their bodies but in their souls. What shall it profit a man, or a social order, if he or it shall gain the whole world of material things, and lose his or its own soul in the process? Religion stands for the things of the spirit. Its prophetic message is to the souls of men. It summons them to a sense of their spiritual reality, and to their own worth. It stands or should stand as the prophetic voice to demand that all subordination of men and women to gain should cease. Its message is to that latent nobility in men, especially the young, which responds to the call for heroism. It should be quick to detect in our social practices all that tends to make men swerve from their ideals for merely utilitarian or profitable ends. Nothing so quickly tends to destroy men's souls as to stoop for their own sake or for that of an employer or patron from the erect posture of integrity. The Church, if it is to be effective in its message to our age, must itself be free from every taint of subserviency, from every suspicion of insincerity in creed or ritual or social attitude.

Our age needs the Church. It needs religion. It needs more and more to be assured by prophets who speak out of the conviction of profound experience that the human soul is divine, of divine possibilities, a divine destiny; that the spirit of man is free, or may achieve freedom; that anything in the social order which enslaves the spirit, aye, even if it be the very structure of the social order itself, must give way.

Finally, the Church and its prophets have the right to pro-

claim that the human spirit, and not the mechanical order of things, is the key to the true interpretation of life. Man's intellect has given him the science of the universe. He has that science only because he is an intelligent personality. Moreover he lives in a moral social order in which he holds himself and his fellows responsible for their acts. Morality he feels to be inward and free. Without freedom there is no morality, no duty. Out of the freedom of his spirit he expresses himself in his work, in art, literature and social affection. In these relations of his free spirit he achieves his character and his happiness or well-being. Furthermore, in the freedom of his spirit, experienced in his life relations, he enters into that deepest of all insights, wherein he finds his kinship with the free spirit of the universe. He enters into the fulfilment of the destiny of which Paul speaks, when he says that the whole creation waits for the revealing of the sons of God. From the depths of his experience, either as he finds it in himself or sees it expressed in other lives, he finds a philosophy of life.

It was no mere chance that led the early Church to give as their full name of the Deity "God and the Father of Our Lord Jesus Christ." Their religious insight showed them that God could not be less than the highest of His manifestations of Himself in human life. He was not merely God and Father, but typed by the very best. The same profound insight is reflected in the words of Jesus when he said, "If ye then being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father in Heaven give good things to those who ask Him." Grandeur is nigh our dust, God is near to man. The infinite is manifest in that "last full measure of devotion" which can be seen on every side. Many a fireman, many a policeman, many a man working among his fellows, many a scientific student, nearly every mother, men and women in every department of life, do not hesitate, at the call of duty and affection, to give all that they possess in the world, i. e., themselves, in "that last full measure of devotion." Such living is infinite in quality and direction, if not in extent, and constitutes the great apologetic of the Church.

"A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
The million who, humble and nameless,
The strait, hard pathway trod,
Some call it consecration,
And others call it God."

* * *

"The old order changeth,
Yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

It is this new and changing order which brings its challenge and presents to the Church its threefold opportunity for prophetic leadership. First to stand firmly on the ground that man is the measure of all things; it is only from the vantage ground of his spiritual personality that science can achieve any of its victories. Proud of all man's mental conquests, let the Church boldly proclaim him, not as a mere puppet of material forces, but as a being of godlike possibilities, heir of a divine inheritance, and of eternal destiny.

With this estimate of his powers and possibilities the Church cannot and will not remain silent in the presence of an industrial situation which has allowed men and women and children to be used as pawns in the game for profits; but with a vision of the democracy of God, and the mutual and necessary interdependence of all classes and races of men, will proclaim and work for an order of society which shall give to all the opportunity to come into their inheritance as sons of the living God.

And lastly, her prophetic message will ring out to all men: "Freed from bondage of body and material serfdom, it is yours to win for yourselves victory over the world through fidelity to your chosen vocation."

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF MODERN ART

An Impression

W. D. MacColl

"HERE, from the incomplete, halting methods of Cézanne, there has flowed out of Paris into Germany, Russia, England, and to some slight extent the United States, a gospel of stupid license and self-assertion which would have been swept into the rubbish-heap were it not for the timidity of our mental habit. When the stuff is rebuked as it should be, the Post-Impressionist impresarios and fuglemen insolently proffer us a farrago of super-subtle rhetoric. The farce will end when people look at Post-Impressionist pictures as Mr. Sargent looked at those shown in London, 'absolutely skeptical as to their having any claim whatever to being works of art.'"*

I do not propose to answer Mr. Cortissoz's critique in detail, but to contrast with it quite frankly my own impression of what I would call the Post-Impressionist *reality* as it was brought before us in the International Exhibition of Modern Art. It may be true that there are "Post-Impressionist impresarios and fuglemen." Nevertheless we cannot rest our opinion of the meaning of an art movement that has flowed out over two continents either, on the one hand, on the example even of a "master like Sargent," as Mr. Cortissoz elsewhere refers to him, or on the other hand on the example of impresarios. "The great art of criticism," as Arnold remarks in one of his essays, "is to get oneself out of the way and to let humanity decide." That is a better touchstone.

My own impression, and that of an increasing number of persons, is that among modern painters a certain number, including certain of the so-called Post-Impressionists, achieve the first place by the force of a pure native power that is in them. But that is not all. It is not simply their power, but a certain

* *The Post-Impressionist Illusion,* by Royal Cortissoz. *The Century Magazine,* April, 1913.

charm also which is in their work that attracts us. The quality of greatness in them, we feel, is not strained. They lead us with ease into great subjects; and they enter as unaffectedly into our consciousness of what is beautiful as any of those revelations which come to us only through our instincts. We feel, in fact, that we have nothing to compare with them at the moment of their making their effect upon us. Or, to adopt another way of speaking, the appeal which they make is so direct and so personal that it removes life to another court by referring it not to any past experience of life, but exactly to a sense, a recognition of new life, new art. They give us something that was not in our life, that was not in the art of painting before, and it appeals to us with all the power and the charm of a quickened consciousness of the value and meaning of life itself.

For after all what is art to us if it is only a Name, if it is only a formula or a precedent? or art criticism if it is only an analysis, the fight over a name? Art we feel is a symbol, however impoverished, of life, and life is more than any analysis. It is also an instinct and a gift; an infinite procession of facts, analyzable or not; an elixir which first manifests itself in our affection (in our being affected by it), and from there spreads and delivers its message through the whole harmony or otherwise of our existence. The critic is called in only after the event; and the critic who rests in an "absolute scepticism" of the meaning or value of life, in whatever guise it appears, is as valueless surely as a doctor who refuses to take up the case of a patient.

There is another way of regarding the qualities of power and charm which the work of these men symbolizes. Their power lies in a spontaneity of action that does disrupt and change for us the former aspect of the world, together with a spiritual grace, a harmony, that links all things together again. The world has remained the same yet not the same: we have changed. There is no more beauty now than there was before; but there has been a quickening. It is this *quickening,* this sense of change into something rich and strange, which we feel as beauty, as life; and whenever any object whether it be Named good or bad (according to the consciousness of the ugly or of

the beautiful in other persons) becomes expressive to *us* of that, it is probable that we may and that we will act out all our spiritual desire toward it. That doubtless is what Mr. Cortissoz too means when he speaks of arousing himself from a " timidity of mental habit." But he is aroused by the consciousness of something that, as his whole essay is intended to portray, is " coarse and unlovely " to him. With such a starting-point the resultant can be guessed at. By comparison, however, with the works of such men, our real " fuglemen," ancient or modern, all later or " lesser " paintings suffer, because they will seem to us to imitate the style (the manner and not the spirit) or to refresh the memory (the reason and not the basic affection) of the effect first made upon us, and afterwards sustained, by such earliest, such purest and most spontaneous impressions. All others are like echo, which is fainter than the voice, or like remembrance, which is paler than passion.

Now this is exactly what I experienced in the International Exhibition of Modern Art when I turned from the works of Gaugin hanging on one wall to the work of Augustus John on the opposite wall with his large canvas *Going Down to the Sea.* Beautiful, suave, rhythmic as John's picture was, for me it awakened only memory, not passion, the orderly processes of reason without the spontaneous gift or symbol of life. The style or manner of John's painting reminded me of Ary Scheffer, of Puvis de Chavannes, of a dozen other painters, all fine too, and that in itself is an artistic achievement; but beyond that I was not sure what John's picture meant to me, or what sensation of life it was intended to give me. My emotion therefore was distracted; my thoughts were not carried on the wings of any rich or strange change. There was nothing new in my life through having seen this picture. It had not for me the force of a more direct, more personal appeal to life: *more* love and more life. It is probable, however, that others might feel that for them it had been a new experience, an *Erklärung,* and would feel grateful for it in consequence. Everything in the world doubtless has its basis in somebody's affection.

In turning, however, to Matisse's portrait close by, called *Le Madras Rouge,* before I had made any analysis of its color,

style, or composition, I found the rhythms of my brain and heart themselves phrasing the words upon my lips: "How terse, how vigorous, how——!" (Where do such words come from?) Or in passing into the next room, behold! Cézanne's pictures are hanging on the walls. How quickly, how easily he takes possession of me. Such rich and deep poetical affection for his subject conquers me. I fall at once into a reverie of musical dreams. And he is without the slightest affectation. Why should I have any? There is none in my gratitude. His color (I say, with all due apology to Mr. Cortissoz) is like a well-tuned instrument playing itself. There are no mock heroics here.

And yet, as judged by these pictures in the International Exhibition, Cézanne's intensity, his great force and unchangeableness of purpose as a man and as a painter, are not so apparent. I receive a far profounder impression of those very qualities in a *Still Life* by Manet, whom, nevertheless, we all accept to-day. When the subject is tragic Cézanne seems merely to suggest it to you and leaves it there. I feel a note of sadness, of meditation in his work. But in the swaying rhythms of his trees and plains in the dreaming landscape he seems to me what I had not realized so clearly before, so far from being strange, uncouth or "eccentric" that he fits quite simply and naturally into a splendid vision of the progress of art which he himself projects before me. It is almost as if he were saying: You see I am nothing but a Barbizon of a later day, loving the same country, yet holding myself to a certain classic simplicity in my appreciation of it.

That is the classic tradition which we believe Cézanne has found, and it comes to us with the scent and freshness of the wind, outvoicing all those fetichistic mumblings of the leaves among the trees. It is the reassurance of what so "drearily" had been forgotten and neglected:

> "the never-ending audacity of elected persons"

that Whitman speaks of, "masters" this and that in painting or in aught else. For a moment the machinery of art has melted away, the sorcery of spotted light and broken color has been

set aside, and lo! Intuition, the strange shy goddess, has been found again in a new raiment, smiling but not mincing, admiring herself in a new landscape of the world. It is a return to nature, a return especially to something of that Arcadian simplicity which is always in the morning of the world's loves. *"Je reste,"* Cézanne said, not the master, but, exactly, *"le primitif de la voie que j'ai découverte."* "O queen that lovest Golgi, and Idalium, and the steep of Eryx, O Aphrodite, that playest with gold, lo, from the stream eternal of Acheron they have brought back to thee Adonis—even in the twelfth month they have brought him, the dainty-footed hours."

In the whole exhibition, however, none was lovelier to me than Gaugin. He too spreads with ease again his splendid fruitfulness over his whole canvas. He has the force and romantic passion of a painter like Courbet; and how carefully guarded and exalted it is. His pictures are not unlike his descriptions in Noa-Noa. The fire, the sombre beauty, the passion of the Tahitian forest are there. In *Sous les Palmiers* we get its full deep solitude; in *Faa Iheihe* it has become a decorative panel worthy of a doge's palace; in two other large canvases it is a *Still Life* beyond comparison rich, removed, final. All the wealth of the great Venetians, I feel, is here without any lowering of their temper and with how much more of our present day humanity. His art is subtle in a manner which appeals to us more to-day,—with less of visual, more of tangible or tactual reality: it is more plastic. He gives us actual portraiture; he is a traveller in those real lands of the mind's eye. And finally, you do not know till you have looked into it what glowing deeps his passion has led you safely past.

Matisse does the same. His range simply is not so large. He loves in silence. He, too, leaves it to you. All life and art does that, save "lawyercraft and soldiercraft."

The Van Gogh collection of pictures was disappointing like the rest, not on account of the pictures themselves, but because their range and selection was so limited. One would have to see some of his wonderful human portraiture,—the *Le Berceuse,* for instance,—to know the best that he is capable of; and in the life of an artist from an artist's viewpoint, the strength

of a man's whole chain of life is measurable not by its weaker links (that is for the life of the world), but by its strongest, by bringing all the others to the test of the most excellent in him. And yet what cataracts of color lay there, like sounds swept from the storm of his emotion in the face of life and of nature. He recalls to me the spirit of Rembrandt. Indeed he is as thoroughly and typically Dutch as Rembrandt or as Ruysdael were, and far more passionately so than Mauve or Maris is to-day. And he too like Naaman, captain of the host of the king of Syria, though a mighty man of valor, was yet—a leper! Mr. Cortissoz reminded me of that terrible story in the Second Book of Kings by reminding his reader that Van Gogh cut off his ear with a razor and sent it in a letter, and then *died insane!* If we can,—if we will,—if our sense of duty to humanity and to the art of painting will allow us, we may, I think, imagine him instead intoxicating himself with the extraordinary, the revolutionary and revolutionizing joy of color that throbbed like wine in his veins. Even the gowns and bonnets of our womenkind to-day are embellished with the colors to which these men, Cézanne, Van Gogh, Gaugin gave life. How is it that, with the living evidences of their influence on every hand and flowing "out of Paris into Germany, Russia, England, and to some slight extent the United States," our critics are unable to discern any part of humanity in their art?

Color is everywhere. We do not need to look for it on the walls of an exhibition. And everywhere, perhaps, it is subserving different ends, clothing with life the different forms and aspects of life. And that perhaps is why we do look and also why we distinguish according to our bent or our necessity. If we turn to our own painters we cannot fail to notice that Prendergast possesses an almost unexampled use of it. That is his distinction. Another painter like George Bellows uses it, when I have analyzed my emotion before it, for the sake of a brief word, an exclamation. "God! it was fine!" he seems to me to say of a polo match; and as a result we get a first hand note, a fleeting glimpse of but one incident in a whole game which is itself but one incident in the whole of life. Would not an ably written newspaper account have told us more? And what then?

And would not some really substantial "seafood" nourish us better than one of Mr. Chase's faithful illusions?

What endless patterns we see on every side! art, like life, drawing from every source, a world full, like this or that in every day; and behind everyone a thought, a man or a woman. I notice in brief the Frenchmen Friescz, Redon, Signac, and the Spaniard Cardoza; dainty Charles Conder; the Irish group; that temperamentalist in many styles, August John; Samuel Halpert's fine gray still life; Hassam,—Hassam's paintings never fail to catch the eye like a fine dress, a specious countenance, for a brief moment only,—all is on the surface; you must go back to his very earliest and last genuine work to escape the fashionable and the trite. Arthur B. Davies's classic and virginal dreams bespeak not the eye only but the mind. Robust, vigorous and clean nudes descend upon us from the walls,—quite photographic in their faithfulness to life: yet I hear some one near me murmur, "Some more Futurist!" Again, a breath of tropic life, a sense of burning nostrils under cool banana fronds, a village hut; and the splendid classic vigor of Puvis de Chavannes' drawings,—for one cannot speak of all: only all can do that.

There is Albert Ryder who, they say, paints like an "old master"; and Henri Rousseau—who as assuredly paints like a new one. For even in his "tight" and limited way he is no more limited than others are in their ways, and in his own way how much more expressive he is, not fearing to attempt and to express something which no one else expresses or attempts. His cow in the deep pasture, with all its countable flowers about it, made me feel as if I were a child lying in the grass half wondering, half frightened beside it. And if this be "insolence," how gladly I will pay my respects to Henri Rousseau and to little children for the curious and delightful sensation of insolence. Or if we choose, we may pass at a bound from childhood to adulthood in passing to Glackens' *Family Group,* or Henri's fleshly nude! And what have we gained? From Mr. Glackens a mannerism in the style of Renoir instead of in the style of Monet, of Velasquez, of Goya, or of Sargent to which others

have accustomed us; and from Robert Henri a nude model dancing on one foot. But the movement of the dance is arrested,—therefore it is no dance; the mere Illusion of paint can never be mistaken for the Reality of the flesh; and the dancing of the spirit before the flesh is not there. Maurer, Halpert, Dasberg, Post-Impressionists though they are, take us at once into a soberer atmosphere. Something of reticence, with poetry and force, a spiritual quality, looks out of their work. They make you touch the motions of their spirit before what they have seen, not simply its flesh.

When we turn to the drawings, it is the same thing: the Frenchmen—Segonzac, Bonnard, Maurice Denis—again lead. We have passed into a land of dreams, where all is light, keen, decisive but unhurried. Color is no longer simply "pigment" as Mr. Cortissoz speaks of it and as our fashionables use it. It is a voice dyed with meaning, with imagery, and with a kind of magic sentiment. There is a sense of harmony, of rich purpose, and of invention; the beautiful French intellectual quality of grace, ease, precision; of good,—nay, of the most exacting workmanship; and a refined and subtle play of thought, which at one moment can be like a quiver of light, at another like a perfume around its object. Only the essences of things have place here. With great freedom of invention there is always lucidity. They seem to insist on a certain beauty of life, a certain intellectual emancipation from what the rest of the world still tolerates. The purely material aspect of things has no place in their art: passing through the alembic of their mind it comes out a product of their culture. It has knowledge, grace, order, even when it adds nimbleness and wit. These give it a spirituality, a charm and a dignity, a quiet strength, that release us at once from that bondage of *was uns alle bändigt, Das Gemeine!*

Concerning the sculpture, Gaugin's characteristic figure carved in a block of wood, and Brancusi's rather feeble little plaster cast reproduction of a portion of his enormous and splendid looking *Le Baiser* (reproduced in a photograph placed beside the cast, and consisting of two figures seated on a vast pedestal embracing one another) seemed to me the best examples

of all that the invasion of sculpture by the new movement in painting may mean.

This " new " sculpture like this " new " painting has for a moment infused a " new " life,—I mean simply, as before, a more present and personal meaning into art. It compels us to recognize " new " and living personalities in the world about us. Is that not enough distinction for any art? I find moreover that, like everything " new " perhaps, while it may not personify a perfectly recognizable abstraction of somebody else's mind (after the approved manner of all schools and tribunes) yet it does apparently abstract a personification of something in the artist's own mind. The artist has dared to have an opinion of his own. But as we are already supposed to value that priceless possession, his crime, I can only think, must lie in the fact that his opinion involves a certain amount of disturbance, or the fear of disturbance, to those who, like Mr. Cortissoz, can neither receive it nor let it alone. *That is,* perhaps, what this new art is doing for us. But it is also what life is always doing for us, is it not? In any case, it is ours, it is of to-day. There ought to be some way of understanding it, of discovering what it is saying to us, of what is real as well as what is illusionary in it. I propose to look a moment therefore into this matter of abstractions and personifications, of illusions and of realities, to see what "right" or "wrong" there be in it to startle anyone out of a mental habit. We are told that this new art is " abstract " and that the explanations of it are "supersubtle." Let us see if we can reduce the abstract to the concrete and the supersubtle to the superplain.

An abstraction, I find in my dictionary, is " the name of a quality apart from the thing," and a quality is "that which makes a thing what it is." From which I infer that an abstraction is " the name of ' that which makes a thing what it is ' *apart* from what it is,"—it is the name of that which makes a thing what it is Not what it is. It is a name: it is Not the thing. How really well established and settled in practice this is. And when we want to personify—quite a different matter—one of these names of things which will make, as we think, a thing what it is Not what it is, when we really feel that we dare to

call one of them from the vasty deep in which they abound, it is quite true: we must arouse ourselves from our timidities of mental habit; we must make a movement of our lips—a pass of our hands or feet. Men see that there has been a quickening. The name has become the thing. It has become what it is. IT is IT, and everyone else is a believer or an unbeliever.

We want to *personify* Wrong? we bear witness against our neighbor; or Public Opinion? we state our own; or Justice? we make a figure with a drawn sword, a book, or scales in its hands, place it in the pediment of a tall building, in the Academy, or in a book—and smile securely! There it stands to all time; IT is justice, and has become—stone, paint, paper. It is what it is. It is Nothing (no thing) as both the master (the emancipator) and the sceptic will tell you, because it is a Name. It is your name and your personification of the name; that is quite true. But unfortunately it has been decreed that even you must take yourself out of the way again to let life, " to let humanity decide." Life, like a wave beating on the shore, recoils upon your name, wearing down its paint, its paper and its stoniness, until it may be borne in even upon you that all this juggling, all this mouthing and sleight of hand, is perishable. NAME, the unspeakable alone survives. Life is a quicksilver current on which names are running through you and past you forever. Like a bud unfolding itself truth is unfolding itself in all things. The name, the Illusion, dies in order that the Reality, life, may become quickened. *This* is humanity's goal. This apparently is what it is deciding.

All this is only to say that there is no more " license," or " stupidity," or " self-assertion " in Brancussi or in Lehmbruck than in Rodin; in Picabia than in Cézanne or in Bellows; in Debussy than in Wagner or in Brahms. We see the same contrasts in daily life. Mr. Cortissoz himself furnishes one among critics. We have furnished an example of it to the whole world in our politics. Why not in art?—which has its " masters," and its " followers," its " demagogues," its " fashionables," its " athletes," its " primitives " and even its impresarios. To all good people is given the power to name everything. Alas! not to

personify—everything. The Frenchmen with their culture and their keen intellectual perceptions are always seeing such contrasts a little before the rest of the world. It gives sympathy and understanding to all that their minds encounter,—a keen edge to their consciousness and *therefore* to their art.

If we apply such a test to modern life, we may be rewarded with the discovery of some of its realities placed over against its many illusions. Even in some of those puzzle pictures of Henri Matisse, like the *Jeune Marin* or *Les Capucines* or *Les Poissons,* we may find something of reality, of life. His color is not ugly, as so many suppose. Quite the contrary. It is a bigotry of form and of color formula only which makes us think so. But it is a bigotry which Matisse quite deliberately and unhesitatingly undoes; for he gives form to color, even though he refuses to lend color to what some one else probably considers form—even good form. He seems to be exercising himself with lines, colors, patterns in a purely decorative way. Perhaps he too is tired of all this outcry about art or about life, what it should be and what it should not be and *what it is!* tired of this great big blundering machine called painting which seems sometimes to go rioting in a blaze of color through the world like a megatherium still wallowing in the ooze of some primeval mud,—where he finds its bones, dried and desiccated, and slumbering; and puts them together again like a scientist in his laboratory. Or he may be refreshing himself from more serious efforts,—like one trailing the thin lines left by a lizard's tail on the desert sand before the sun goes down.

"They are a joke," I hear some one remark in the gaping throng. But why so distressed about it? I feel inclined to answer. Would it really be the first joke you had seen in painting? and these are at least a good joke, are they not? Why not discriminate even in "jokes"? His pictures have a very refined beauty of color, if you can forget that the destiny of color is not simply to make a piece of paint look like a piece of fish, or like a piece of flesh, or like a piece of fashion; like a boxing match, or like a snow-scene, or like a lady caught without her clothes or showing herself off in furs. His color is simply instrumental to the design which *he* has in mind; and I find in

it something fluid and rhythmical, a kind of musical mechanism almost, and in a measure eclectic—the invention perhaps of an ascetic mind. Yet on the other hand a little *Still Life* by him is very broadly and plastically conceived; and there is the portrait of his wife!

His mannerisms in any case are not mere affectation: they are *his* style, his meaning. If he hasn't quite the warmth or passion of invention which a more dramatic instinct would have provided, he has unquestionably at all events grace, dignity and repose. I feel that we get some measure of his reaction to life by noting this, that he is always at ease with himself and with his subject, careful, never flustered. And there is nothing petty or snobbish about his work. What a relief that is! It may at times lean to pedantry; it is an intellectual art, and that of course is the strange thing to find in art to-day.

Again on its constructive side, as workmanship, as method, I received a more direct and spontaneous pleasure I believe from *La Coiffeuse* as a piece of drawing, of architectonic in paint, than from any other picture in the exhibition. The Cubists too claim that they use architectonics; but in some of them at least it is so very obvious, and that is the difference. In Matisse nothing is really obvious. Yet all through his pictures you get the most logical, sometimes the most exquisite relationship of values, of sheer and pure insistence on his meaning,—with no very obvious story to tell perhaps, but by his manner, his style, putting *you* in a frame of mind to tell a story yourself. And that is a better achievement, is it not, than being lost in admiration for the merely obvious tricks of painting (as every artist knows and certainly not every artist wants to copy) of a "master like Sargent." It is a shy abstract discriminating art, this, like a curious pattern framed by the sun on an old countryside wall. It suggests that Matisse is not wanting to please but to discover. It is a healthy reaction against the pseudo-romantic sentimentalism, the actual enslavement for all who are doing and living and vital, of the Academy. Like George Bernard Shaw at the beginning of his career, Matisse has had to run the gauntlet of the same kind of criticism. He has broken a new path. Safety is assured for those who follow after. That is his distinction.

Finally, there is the room full of Cubists, in whose midst one can scarcely help noticing two very simple landscapes, a constructive composition in pure values of black, of Fresnaye; a splendid study of trees by Braque, enveloping an internal color pattern exactly as a wave rolls and enfolds itself around itself, around the whole volume of water which it contains. Was that ever seen in painting before? Also Derain's classical composition and pure deep color (what a study for a young artist in the slow gentle movement and rhythmic basis of his drawing!) And in its purity and severity of style and refreshing quietness of spirit, Picasso has made a *Still Life* which is impeccable. For the rest I notice some color combinations that look as if they were borrowed from Cézanne but appear now like the squares in a glazier's sign, others that only distress my eye by their violence. As for any special merit in the mere building up of a picture by means of trapeziums, rhomboids, etc., I personally am aware of none. It seems to me not even difficult to discern such a relationship of color spaces if we choose. You can see it in a black-and-white reproduction of Renoir, Manet, Cézanne. But what then? It is the case of the polo match, the snow-scene and the live-looking fish over again if we feel that the cleverness is merely in the execution. Why puzzle over mere execution, or still more why feel distressed over it if it has no emotional reward for one? And yet in time to come even this style of painting may offer us a relief from the Academic Post-Impressionist painting we are almost certain to see, and in the meanwhile it makes a good running mate for anything else that may be on the tapis. To speak of it as doing us harm is of that particular brand of salvation, that particular brand of knowledge which a privileged few think it their privilege to announce to all the rest. It is also true as Bacon remarks that, "Whatever is worth being is worth knowing," and we cannot measure the worth of being without also measuring the whole worth and mystery of life.

THE CHILD AND THE FOURTH

Mrs. Isaac L. Rice

IT is evidently the opinion of most American boys and girls that the greatest of our holidays is ideally well-placed on the calendar. By the end of June, all the repressed desire for freedom from the drudgery of school-tasks is ready to burst forth; the longing to enjoy the brilliant sunshine in the open, after nine months of confinement in the class-room, is about to be realized; the wish to shout and to cheer, and to shout and to cheer again *must* be indulged in, and how could one shout and cheer more joyfully than while celebrating our ever-glorious day of days? The older children, perhaps, hark back for a short time to recently reviewed history lessons and think reverently of our Revolutionary Heroes, and the Declaration of Independence and the " Spirit of '76," but to most of the Little Citizens of To-morrow—and to most of the Little Citizenesses, too—the Fourth spells so much of jollity, liberty and rapture that one is indeed justified in considering it as their very own.

But, although the child might claim the right to celebrate its own day in its own way, it has hitherto always been the grown-up who has insisted upon the privilege of deciding all questions regarding the form of its observance. Until a year or more ago, when I " interviewed " thousands of little ones as to their inmost desires concerning the Fourth, nobody had thought of consulting the party who was the most deeply concerned—the child,—it having always been assumed that fire-crackers and blank cartridges constituted the alpha and omega of childish bliss and that no more appropriate expression of patriotic emotions could ever replace them. Of course we all knew that clamor effectively banished all thought of reverent gratitude for the great gift of Liberty,—that to many Independence Day meant only a period of license from all protective restraint,—that huge conflagrations were but one feature of the financial cost of our holiday and that the sick dreaded the torture of a prolonged " noise-fest "; and worse, far worse, we all knew that many accidents occurred and that suffering and death followed in the wake of the

" Glorious Fourth ";—but then, after all, we each hoped that the Angel of Death might pass by our own child and that it might be only a strange little toddler whose eyesight would be destroyed or whose pretty baby fingers would be torn and mutilated.

However, my round of school-visits convinced me that our girls and boys were not posing as the victims of a proposed safe and sane celebration, but that, on the contrary, they were joyously alert about exchanging the fascinations of the big, banging cracker and the sizzing, soaring rocket for those of excursions, picnics, games and—SPORTS. I saw the children not only in the large assembly halls where I told them about the dangers of the prevailing mode of celebration, but also in the class-rooms where I listened to their breathless, ecstatic suggestions as the boys eagerly crowded about me, begging, pleading for what seemed dearest to their hearts, speaking all together and giving all together deep, long-drawn, blissful sighs whenever the words " baseball," " Matty," " professional," " Yanks," or " Giants " could be heard above the excited clamor. In the girls' classes, the greatest enthusiasm was elicited by the mention of picnics, with trees, flowers, birds and ICE CREAM as most adorable adjuncts.

And then a little later came the compositions which the children had promised to send me, all about the Fourth of July and all in competition for the silver medals which the Board of Education had permitted me to offer. They came to me in great bundles, hundreds, thousands in each bundle, and all so sweet and eager that it hurt the reader to know how few of the little requests could be gratified and that so much of the money subscribed for the celebration would be expended on an expensively constructed and decorated reviewing-stand (where most of the seats would probably remain empty) and on arrangements for a long parade (in which so few wished to march and which so few of the children would be able to see.)

In glancing over these little papers, one was immediately impressed by the love of country which they breathed and by the heartfelt enthusiasm with which they referred to our National Birthday.

" Independence Day which comes on the Fourth of July

every year is the Anniversary of Independence and it is celebrated for liberty. It is our faverate day, and everybody should be happy."

And a second:

"The Fourth of July is a great holiday, one of the greatest memorial days, and it will never be forgotten. When America was under the control of England little was known of the Fourth of July, which began July 4th, 1776, and is the best day of the year."

And a third:

"Our greatest national holiday, the Fourth of July, which comes once a year, is hailed with great delight and enthusiasm in the whole country because we were freed from the grasping hand of the mother country on July 4th; it is happy for us now but it was not before we gained our freedom."

Still another:

"Dear Old Glory is cherished in the hearts of all Americans. When we decorate our rooms with flags and pictures, we are only doing little things, but they are things of patriotism. We should be proud of these little things that we do for our country to show that we have loyal hearts toward the flag that set us free."

Yet another:

"Our hearts burst in anguish when we recall the great deeds accomplished by our great forefathers. How good Thomas Jefferson was to write the Declaration of Independence,—*this dignified and eloquent paper,*—this immortal paper, perhaps the most famous state paper in the world."

A more youthful, though apparently no less ardent, lover of his country wrote:

"Thomas Jefferson put these words together and was brave enough to sign his name on the Law paper, and some other men on the back."

What was most surprising was the fact that so many children openly criticised the customary mode of celebrating the Fourth. The following are typical of the thousands of criticisms:

"So far since Independence Day has been about the most legal holiday but people do not know how to spend it. The

shooting of fireworks show that we disrespect our country, it is disreputable, course and common."

"The Fourth is celebrated with fireworks of all descriptions. But what do these fireworks (in a way) stand for? Death! is there principle. For seven years the Americans fought the English and won that precious but dangerous thing 'Liberty.' But I am sure that if George Washington and the rest could come back and see the deaths on the Fourth, they would be sorry they made the Declaration of Independence. This way of celebrating has proved very fatal to hundreds and thousands of persons. Go to any hospital in July and you will see millions of them injured by fireworks."

"It is an insult and disrespect to our country to shoot off fireworks and never stop to think what this day means: What does this day mean? It means the day when our down-trodden country was freed from the tyranny of England. Is this not a wonderful thing in itself? Why do we use fireworks and gunpowder? Should we injure ourselves when our country needs us? We should preserve our bodies for our country. It is on this day that we should show our patriotism by saving ourselves for our country."

"The Fourth of July to us American boys should be held with great reverence, and with prayers of thanks to God for our deliverance from bondage just as Israel of old. We should say, 'The Fourth of July isn't a delightful time only for the street urchin, but a great and glorious day for all.'"

"While celebrating, we must keep in mind one thing and that is humanity. We are supposed to be a civilized nation and not barbarians, and therefore should celebrate like civilized patriots. Independence Day was never meant by the colonists to be celebrated by burning up the financial foundations of the country, but it was to be celebrated by praying for the future welfare of our country and offering thanks for its past prosperity."

"Our present way of celebrating the Fourth is very dangerous and unhealthful. Some children get blind, lame and great damages which cause a great confusion. If the shooting of all those fierce crackers continue, there will be a great deal of

disaster in the United States. In the first place many people get hurt, injuring the bodily limbs and causing the prevalence of many cripples, and in the second place it makes the street very dirty. Firecrackers are hard luck to many people and make some fathers and mothers crazy."

" Often have I thought the night before the holiday how many people are going eyeless, armless and legless after tomorrow's wild enjoyment, for people are very careless in blowing their fingers and noses off. To think of the frantic, broken-hearted and almost insane mother, tearing her hair out in grief and despair over an injured child makes one sad. Fireworks do not show national enthusiasm and they have many bad traits such as waste of money and manslaughter. This is an injunction not to use firecrackers on Independence Day."

" Celebrating in such a self-sacrificing way is wrong. The bad people don't care for nobody but themselves and the soldiers are dead in their graves and never will come back."

Many of the little writers apparently had seen a number of the accidents of which they told, for there were frequent graphic touches, such as " he bent over farther on the roof, lost his balance and his life," or " with a screme of pain he fell from his feet and lay bleeding on the ground," " the boys hung firecrackers on the girl's braids but all of a sudden God struck back at those two boys and they were severely burned."

" I have been to the hospital on the day after the Fourth and have seen broken legs and arms and many boys with mortal wounds."

Many of the references to the proposed " undangerous celebration " were naïvely sweet. " Dear Boys and Girls " (wrote a little girl, addressing her letter to the class,)—

" I hope I will not hurt your feelings by telling you that our Mayor has made a law that no fireworks will be sold on that day, because the Mayor says that he—(and he hopes his subjects) can't afford to lose so many citizens."

" I think the most respectful way of celebrating the Fourth of July is by using no fireworks or guns because it is the dangerous way of killing yourself."

Without exception, the Mayor was always alluded to in the

most complimentary way, and many children expressed the hope that " his law against fireworks will be made very positive."— " Our dear and precautious Mayor," wrote one child, while another announced that " Mrs. Gaynor maked the law."

And then followed the suggestions for a better celebration of the Fourth, thousands and thousands of them, which were either frankly youthful and " sporty," pathetic and appealing, whimsical and mirth-compelling, or enthusiastic and patriotic. Running the whole gamut of childish desires and aspirations, they panted for athletics, pined for ice-cream and soda water, sighed for glimpses of trees, flowers and the sounds of bird-notes, or enthused over things historic.

As one would naturally suppose, those favoring athletics outnumbered all others, with those of a patriotic tenor as a close second. And who would believe that there could be so many sports! Here are the names of just a few—running meets, basket-ball, inter-scholastic games, " socker," boxing, kite-flying, roller-polo, bicycle-races, ox-dances, swimming contests, tag-potato and bag-races, ice-holding contests, jumping, wrestling, and oh! so many other things dear to the child's heart and yet unguessed at by the grown-up! And then, of course, *Professional Games,* either free or at half rates, begged for by both boys and girls, with the " Giants " as the favorite team and " Matty " as the bright, particular star. Sometimes the youthful " fans," carried away by their enthusiasm, would send detailed accounts of long games, inning by inning, as this: " When one of the Giants get up, I like to see them hit a home run, and when the fellow comes home, to see them get glad and touch him all around that he came home. Yesterday in the afternoon they played nine innings, so the score was two-to-two, so they . . . " and thus on through long thrilling pages.

As for the patriotic suggestions they, too, were apparently endless and seemed to include every form of public and private decoration by means of flags, bunting, lanterns and pictures—pilgrimages to historic spots—the decking of soldiers' graves with flowers and our national colors—the singing of patriotic songs and the reading of the Declaration of Independence—the preparation of floats representing famous historical events—the

study and presentation of plays setting forth striking incidents in the growth of our country and the firing of salutes alternating with the ringing of church bells.

For patriotic souvenirs, countless requests were made—flags, copies of the Declaration of Independence, and—above all—pictures of Washington, Jefferson and the " other great men who died for us " being in great demand. " Our Patreartics " were evidently very near and very dear to my small correspondents. Bits of bunting, to give a festive air to windows and *fire escapes,* were asked for by hosts of the little denizens of dingy tenements, who apparently craved the brilliancy of our national colors, as well as their historic associations.

Less frequent than the other patriotic suggestions, but nevertheless quite numerous, were those to visit the graves of " our dead soldiers who fought in the Revolutionary War," so that the children might decorate them, or perhaps " only look at them "; to have the meaning of the day, its true story, told to the little ones who were assembled in the parks, and to have lectures on the same subject in the evening; to place wreaths on the statues of those " who fought for our independence and won it," and even to collect money for the cleaning of the city's statues.

Nor did the children forget any of the spots connected with American history, either in New York (where Fraunce's Tavern and Grant's Tomb were chief favorites), or, in fact, in any part of our country, no matter how remote. Here is the itinerary of one of the children, which was typical of many:

" Go to Fairmount and go to Boston to see Bunker Hill, where all brave men died for the sake of our flag and our country, and see the ground where the Boston Tea Party was held. And go to Washington to see the Capitol where Congress meets, and see the Declaration of Independence, in which brave men wrote their names."

Really, to have successfully followed out, *in one day,* all these enthusiastically planned patriotic tours, would have required the speed of a winged Mercury.

Next came the appeals of those who longed for a glimpse of the country, so that they might see trees and flowers, " *colored flowers* " (with a child's craving for brilliant tints), or even " to

be allowed to go on the grass in Central Park." One tot wrote: "In my opinion to be among the singing birds and in the fresh country air would be just lovely." And another wished "to run through the high grass and pick clovers, daisies, bluebells, etc.," adding cheerily at the end: "My idea to spend the Fourth seems pleasant to me." A third waxed eloquent over her desire to be where she "could be greeted by the flowers with their perfumery odor while looking up at the navy blue sky." But alas! not all our little ones know the appearance of flowers, even from pictures, for last Fourth of July, when a small girl was taken for the first time to the Park, she threw herself down, stretched out her arms as if to embrace every dusty blade of grass, and asked —while her cheek rested on the sunburnt sod—"Is this flowers?"

Of course, mingled with these suggestions which came to me from nature-lovers, pure and simple, were those sent me by girls and boys who wanted a day in the open, with the added joys of a feast. "I'd rather have a picnic than all the shooting," stoutly maintained a little fellow, and many others echoed the sentiment—

"I would like to have parties or picnics in the grass, and have crackers, ice-cream, cakes and puddings."

"Go to the woods with all my classmates, and have ice-cream, cake and lemonade."

"I would like to sit under a large tree and eat ice-cream with the other children."

And here let me add, parenthetically, that but few of the children asked for pleasures for themselves alone, practically all including "the other boys and girls," "our mothers and fathers," "the school-children," or "our teachers."

As one might suppose, here and there I would find a youngster with sporting propensities, who would want "to go hunting for rabbits for dinner," "to catch fish and bring them home to our mothers," or "to look for crabs, *though only little ones*"; but most of the hunts requested were only for flowers, berries, or shells. "I am going to the country for blackberries, and I am going to bring my teacher some strawberries too," is characteristic of many. Of course, ice-cream, often capitalized, was

suggested by almost all (as one would expect from American children), and quite a number hoped that this would be supplied by the city. Oh! if some of our generous citizens could but realize how much joy they would afford our hot and tired little celebrators by giving simple "feasts," I believe that but few of our children would go unrefreshed. Decidedly "banquets," or rather inexpensive refreshments meant much to my boys and girls. "All to do is to have icecream soada," exclaimed one child, while another, who evidently was more hungry, requested "icecream soada and a Frankfurter." "I'll make a party and eat to the health of my country," wrote a third, and a fourth stated that he "would rather by fruit than shoot off all the firecrackers." A rather unusual suggestion was to "have dinner where the rich should serve the poor."

On the whole, the desire for the open, and in particular for the open plus refreshments, was scarcely less evident than that expressed for sports or for things patriotic. Even boys requested "dancing in the park while the band is playing," or to be allowed to go to a "grassy and shady place in the forest." However, there were many who felt that a sight of trees and other greenery must surely be far beyond their reach, and who, therefore, only asked to have the school-house doors open, so that they might have games in the playgrounds. On the other hand, a few, with a sublime disregard of geographical and financial limitations, wanted to go on extensive excursions, as is shown by the following letters:

"I would like to go all round the United States. Then I'd like to take place in a parade and march to Grant's tomb. Then I would like to see the Jeffries-Johnson fight, because they are our great champeons. Then I'd like to see the New York League play the Cleavelands."

And this:

"I wish that I could see the Thousand Islands, Niagara, West Point, and the Washington Tower. Then I'd like to see President Taft enjoying the Fourth, and also Mayor Gaynor; then go to Coney Island and the Theater, and sail down the Hudson and all round Ellis Island. Next I'd like to go to the Metropolitan Opera House and to the Plaza

Hotel for supper. Next I'd like to fly a kite with a lantern hitched to its tail."

One must note, however, that here and there through almost all these compositions, were little touches, showing that the significance of the day had not been overlooked, in spite of childish delight at the thought of sport and excursions.

"Let us have at our picnic a boy and girl dressed up in stuff like our flag, to represent Uncle Sam *and his wife.*"

or,

"Give us cakes while we are in the Park, and let us have little flags stuck in the top."

or,

"We'ld like to march through the park singing songs of praise and sorrow."

And, last of all, the number of funny, odd, pathetic wishes that were made! One child, evidently a poor, little home-drudge, felt that nothing more delightful *could* be wished for than "to go walking on the streets and look at show cases." Another wished for leisure "to sew a tiddie" (tidy), while a third thought that: "If we would give the children a couple of cents with which to enjoy themselves, this would be a beautiful way for the children to enjoy themselves." Some urged the importance of "making others happy," if we would fittingly honor the day,*

* One feature of New York's first safe and sane Fourth, into the spirit of which the children entered happily, was that of bringing cheer into the hospitals, so that the city's sick might feel that they were not forgotten on our National Birthday.

At the suggestion of our Society, Dr. Maxwell, City Superintendent of Schools, arranged to have hundreds of children assemble before the hospitals, where they sang patriotic airs, all of which were most enthusiastically received.

We had also hoped to be able to distribute small silk flags to each patient in our institutions, but the committee in charge of the celebration of the Fourth did not respond to the suggestion, so that we could distribute but a few thousand which we ourselves had collected. Some of these were given away by the children, and no part of the day's observance could have been sweeter than that afforded by the sight of the white-clad girls who ran through the wards of the City Hospital giving away smiles with their flags and singing stirring airs on each landing.

Seeing the pleasure that the children derived from this part of the day's observance—not to speak of that bestowed on the unfortunate sick—it does seem a pity that the small sum required could not be subtracted from the large amount set aside for the erection and decoration of a huge official stand and the entertainment of those occupying it.

while still others wanted all to " think why we are so happy." Some desired nothing more costly than to " ride on hobby-horses," while others made plans which were surprising in their vastness. One child, for instance, wrote:

" I'd like to go to the graveyard to see my poor grandfather who was killed with alcohol on July 3rd, 1909. Next I'd very much like to go to Germany to see the Emperor of Germany, and next I'd like to go to Fort George and ride on horseback."

However, by quoting a line here and there, it is impossible to do justice to these papers, for one necessarily fails to give even an idea of their sweetness, naïveté, earnestness and patriotic fervor. One and all they suggested just what normal children might be supposed to want, and the great majority surely would have agreed with one of my youngest correspondents who wrote:

" Fireworks should burn only in our patriotic hearts for our great country and our glorious day—and all the fireworks in the world if put together with their noise and brilliant colors could not make up for the death of one small child."

THE FAILURE OF THE PRIMARY, DIRECT OR OTHERWISE

An Appeal for Direct Elections

JOSEPH DANA MILLER

Evolution of Nominating Systems

ROUGHLY, the evolution of nominating systems may be said to have been somewhat as follows: Nomination by motion at conference of citizens; nomination by agreement at caucus of leaders; nomination by delegates in control of party organization; nomination by party bosses in control of party organization; nomination by delegates at primary elections subject to the rule of party bosses; nomination by primary elections subject to State laws. The last includes all the variations of closed or open primary by which it is sought to overcome the power of the bosses and the influence of the machine, and to secure a fuller and freer expression from the rank and file.

The Theory of the Convention

The Convention was at least theoretically democratic. But the theory was discounted in practice. For the delegates were but the pliant instrument of those higher up, and were obedient to the commands of the bosses, who with much skill supervised the revolution of every wheel in the complex machinery. The discussion that went on decided nothing. What was actually decided was the result of consultation behind closed doors.

What the politicians could not accomplish by corruption at the primaries, or by force or intimidation at the convention, they would seek to effect by "snap conventions," which practice involved the calling of the convention too early to permit of the full attendance of party voters.

Efforts were made to regulate conventions by law, even where laws already existed to regulate primaries at which

delegates were elected. For it was found that honestly conducted primaries were often defeated at the convention. But these laws failed to remedy the evils of the convention system. Popular control could not be secured by legal regulation of party primaries, or of party machinery, or of the convention itself.

Various Forms of the Primary

In some States the primary is optional, in others compulsory; in some States the test of party affiliation is prescribed by the legislature; in others it is left to the governing authority of the party. Some States require a definite declaration with respect to party loyalty and future intention.

If the test of party regularity be left to the legislature, there is one kind of objection; if to the parties themselves, there is another. For if it be left to the legislature, there is implied the right to impose any test, and the exercise of this power is a dangerous one. For it places the legislator in a position in which he is asked to determine regulations which affect the interests, not of the whole people, but of his party. It is easy to conceive of a majority in the legislature drawing to itself primary legislation of such advantage as to prolong indefinitely its lease of power. But if the test be left to the parties themselves—by far the safer alternative—the determination of party tests will reside ultimately with the bosses. In either case the rights of the independent voter are ignored and his influence minimized.

We cannot maintain these two positions, which inevitably conflict: That party organization should be maintained by State recognition, and that at the same time we should grant to every legal voter the equal right with every other citizen to select his nominees for elective office. The State cannot give over to parties the nominating machinery and expect to achieve anything but narrow partisan results.

The Reformed Primary in Actual Operation

The Direct Primary is better than the old convention system. It gets somewhat nearer the people. A larger number of the

party voters participate, in form at least. They are permitted to "go through the motions." But they wield scarcely more influence than in the days of the caucus nominations.

As the time for holding the party primary approaches, the political bosses confer on the question of the availability of candidates, and then decide who the regular organization nominees shall be. This indorsement is of such value that it is seldom these candidates are not the successful ones. To be the organization or bosses' choice it is necessary to agree tacitly that in the event of election the office will be conducted in the interests of the organization, commercially and politically, with only such regard for the public welfare as discretion may dictate. The bosses drive hard bargains with the favored candidate who is the organization's choice. In conducting his office so as to fulfil his party obligations, he not infrequently finds himself embarked on a criminal career.

The power exercised by the party voter is confined to saying "yes" or "no" to nominees presented by party leaders. He does not discuss with them the fitness of those nominees to stand for office, and on election day he has another "yes" or "no" to apply to one, two or three candidates selected in precisely the same way by the respective party managers.

Pulling Together

Let us consider the methods of procedure. Petitions are filed for the nomination of Governor, let us say. Then may come Congressman, State Senator, Assemblymen, Supervisor, Freeholders, Sheriffs, Surrogate, Mayor, Commissioners, President of Board of Aldermen and Aldermen, together with Justices of the Peace and Constable.

These candidates work not only for their own success, but for the success of every other candidate associated with them. Granting that the majority are men of good repute, experience shows that some of them at least—the disreputable or unfit—would not be able to stand alone. The citizens, if it were left to them, would not select them for their nominees. But the good

help to carry the bad. The unfit with the organization backing have an immense advantage over the candidate placed in nomination by an independent or minority party, or by petition. This serves to nullify what it is intended to effect with the power to nominate by petition.

Reformed Primary Experiments Futile

A Primary law devoid of defects has yet to be devised. This is not due to absence of variety. Perhaps the Geran Law of New Jersey has reformed primary defects as much as it is possible to reform them. But there remains confessedly no primary system which even its advocates consider unassailable. If this is so, if everything has been tried that can be tried, and primaries are still found wanting to accomplish the aims of their originators, it must be because the primary itself is inherently impracticable.

Forcing the Voter to Support Corrupt Candidates

Another question which may be termed the ethical side of the argument is of large moment. The voter who takes part in the primaries is in honor bound to abide by the results of the primary contest, which may force him to support at the polls on election day the corrupt candidate against whom he voted at the primary. It is a point in casuistry, of course, about which some fine-spun theories may be woven, whether he may conscientiously repudiate the results of the party primary. But however he may decide, the loss of his self-respect is entailed. He is not in the same class as the voter who takes part in his party primary for the sake of satisfying his spite or spleen against some candidate, and votes against his party on election day whatever the result. But he will nevertheless feel, no matter what course he may finally adopt, that he is in some degree a less self-respecting citizen. And he is right. The result of the party primary is inevitably to make men worse, not better citizens.

Perpetuating Majority Parties

One of the gravest objections to the party primary is that it serves to perpetuate the party which has a large preponderance of voters, and to render largely ineffectual the efforts of a minority party to overcome the influence of numbers. This is so because the individual finds no excitement in taking part in the primaries of a party in a hopeless minority. Thus it often happens that in the Southern States where Democracy is dominant and a nomination is equivalent to an election, no Republican primaries are held for State elections. There must be a heroic devotion to principle, a more than Spartan indifference to overwhelmingly prevailing opinion, to induce the voter to take part in the primaries of a minority party. Thus the tyranny of what would otherwise be purely temporary majorities, is perpetuated.

Presidential Preference Primaries Equally Futile

Under the convention system, without something very like a revolution, the President seeking a renomination, or some nominee of his selection, must be successful. But it is clear that the remedy offered by "presidential preference primaries" is a futile makeshift, and should be swept away for a system of direct elections for President as well as for all other elective officers of the Government, with no primaries of any sort interposing.

This is the question to which an answer must be given. If the convention system of nominations as originally constituted was the means by which the bosses and politicians controlled the nominations, and consequently the officials elected, and the various primary reforms, while lessening somewhat the power of the bosses to control, are nevertheless signally ineffectual, why is not the abolition of the primary the best means of bringing about the result aimed at by the primary reformers?

The Substitute for All

Direct Elections involve the orderly, deliberate and sane methods of a democracy. The remedy for all the evils of every

known primary system is DIRECT ELECTIONS, *nomination exclusively by petition—in other words, by all the people.* We have outgrown the primary as we have long outgrown the systems which it supplanted.

Party machines as we know them will then drop to pieces as if by magic. The politician's place will be filled by any man who by sheer force of conviction or intellectual power makes himself a leader of principle. Under this régime he can appeal to nothing save measures for the common good. And no boss stands at his elbow with significant hints that if he goes too far his political future is endangered. He has none to look to now for nomination or renomination but the people themselves. He is no longer a politician subservient to the will of the boss, but a freeman among freemen—politically, at least. The old order will have gone forever.

Proportionate Degrees of Influence Exercised by the Citizen Under Different Nominating Systems

We have noted briefly at the beginning of this article the evolution of nominating systems. We append a table, somewhat crudely devised, which with the length of line preceding the stated forms of nomination is intended to convey some idea of the proportionate degree of influence exercised by the citizen in the selection of candidates:

———————————	Nomination at Conference of Citizens.
———————	" by agreement at Caucus of Leaders.
———————	" " Delegates in Convention of Party Organization.
———	" " Party Bosses in control of Delegates.
——	" " Delegates at Primary Elections subject to the rule of Party Bosses.

———————— Nomination at Primary Elections subject to State Laws.

———————— " " Petition of Citizens.

The Proposed System Not New

What is proposed is not new. In Indiana since 1903 nominations for school commissioners in cities of over 100,000 have been by petition only. In Newport, Rhode Island, under the charter of which Rear-Admiral Chadwick is the author, and which furnishes an interesting departure from the Commission Plan (so-called), nomination for city officers is by petition only. Nomination for mayor may be had on the presentation of a petition signed by 250 voters. In Iowa there is a non-partisan primary law which provides for the participation of all voters without regard to party affiliation. In Washington the names of judiciary nominees are placed on either ballot by petition, and such nominees are not required to announce to which party they belong. Those receiving the highest number of votes become the candidates at the regular election.

Will the Influence of Parties Diminish?

There will be many objections urged to the system of Direct Elections. One will be that of the diminishing influence of parties. In reply it may be said that party government serves a useful purpose up to a certain point. Beyond that point it is inimical to the public welfare. This is more or less vaguely recognized by the people when parties are successfully established in power, and the party becomes the Government. Government is now administered secretly for party advantage. Every appointment, even to members of the federal judiciary, is carefully scrutinized and planned with an eye to party advantage. To this, public policy is made subservient.

Nothing will contribute to the change so radically needed as the reform we are proposing. To this all reformers must come, although, through attachment to parties and party machinery, many will hesitate to take the step. But it is the necessary step to the threshold of the new era in the politics of this nation. No other reform will put the people in the saddle.

The Machinery for the Reform

Part of the machinery for Direct Elections is already provided for in the primaries of those States that recognize the right of nomination by petition. When all nominations shall be by petition the *modus operandi* should be strictly under Government supervision, which should provide the opportunities for securing signatures and the necessary blanks. Such supervision is necessary so that fraud may be prevented as far as possible. The expense will be much less than that of the primaries. The State will in this way assume the only attitude it should bear to existing party organizations—that is, one of absolute neutrality.

Other Objections that may be Urged

Another objection that may be urged to exclusive nomination by petition is the great number of nominees that may then appear on the ballot. But candidates having small chance or no chance at all of election, would be ignored by the voter after a campaign in which on election day it became clearly apparent that the result lay between two or three of the nominees.

And it is by no means certain that there would be an inconvenient multiplicity of nominees where the names of those appearing on the ballot depended on petitioners. Few men will stand for office where their candidacy is hopeless. Under the Geran Primary Law of New Jersey six hundred signatures are sufficient to enable any citizen to run for mayor, yet in the last election in Jersey City, before the adoption of the Commission Government plan, there were only the usual number of candidates representing existing parties.

It may be said that the same apprehension of an inconvenient number of nominees was urged in opposition to the Direct Primaries. But such apprehension was discovered to be ill-founded. And the same fear of an excessive number of nominees under the system here proposed would prove to have as little reason to justify it.

Is There Danger of Minority Rule?

If it be urged in opposition to this reform that in a multiplicity of nominees there is danger of minority rule, then it may be replied that such evil always exists under party primary government, and examples could be given *ad libitum*. If the system of Direct Elections be held to involve the danger of minority rule, and this is considered to be a greater evil than those inherent in the primary, then perhaps the Second Election System in which the two highest candidates contend—the system in vogue in Australia, Germany and elsewhere—might be substituted.

Matters of Detail

This principle accepted, the rest is a matter of detail. It is not necessary to outline any method. Nor need we predict the course that might then be taken by party organizations. It is conceivable that nominating conventions might precede the taking of signatures to nominating papers, or might be called for ratification when signatures were completed. Such representative gatherings in the case of presidential nominations would seem to be necessary for the adoption of party platforms and the formulation of party policies.

And there would be Regulars and Independents as now, only the Independents would have a much more formidable leverage —would, in fact, stand on the same plane of equality as the regular organization. The regular organization would have its place then as now, but it would depend for existence—as it does *not* now—on the cohesive power of some great animating principle. This is the answer to those who may object that under this system there would be too little attention directed to measures and too much to men—which is admittedly a defect of the American electorate.

A System Under Which the People Will Come to Their Own

Under a system of Direct Elections the people will come at last to their own—politically. A new and tremendous oppor-

tunity will be open to independent political parties that desire to present new and untried issues. Government will be closer to the people. Administrations, to revert again to the thought previously touched upon, will keep in mind the wishes of the people rather than party advantage. Executives will consult the aspirations of the people rather than the commands of the bosses, or the interests of Big Business, for it will be easier to turn them out. Parties for their overthrow may be born and organized between elections, and the strength of such movements may be suspected but cannot be accurately gauged until the votes are counted. Their leaders will be less likely to be bought, cajoled, or influenced. They will have little or nothing to sell. Nominations will have passed to the people who are now in complete control.

Follows Spencer's Law

This reform follows the true law of evolution as laid down by Herbert Spencer, which is from the simple to the complex and from the complex to the simple. The system of Direct Elections where the town meeting is no longer possible secures the same end—is the expression of the will of the people, is democratic.

Politics itself has grown too complex, too exacting under prevailing conditions to permit of the citizen taking active part. If his activity in politics is limited to what he can do while following his trade or profession his influence will not be great, and the business of politics will be left to the men whose time is wholly devoted to its secret manipulations. This is the reason why politics has become almost a separate profession. Its office, too greatly magnified, must now be minimized in the interests of a better social and political life. Its machinery, which has been too long a private asset, must be turned over to the people. Primary reform has aimed to wrest control from the politicians and give it to the people; nothing will do this save the abolition of the primary.

Recommendations for the Proposed System

The Government is at last *the people's Government.* The State recognizes no parties, but stands in neutral relation to all.

The citizen alone is the concern of the State. The State will no longer demand of him as he enters the party primary booth that he announce his political preference. There will no longer be boxes labelled "Democrat," "Republican," etc. As well might the State demand of the voter a declaration of his denominational or religious affiliations, or racial descent. Should he be asked to vote in boxes marked "Negro," "White," "Catholic" or "Protestant," the eternal fitness of things democratic could hardly be subjected to a greater contradiction. The State in all its acts should recognize only the citizen. His party affiliations are none of its concern.

Party primary legislation is like governmental favoritism in other fields—it builds up an odious partnership with government, and it calls into being political trusts hardly less tyrannous, arrogant and oppressive than the industrial trusts which are the inevitable fruit of the same partnership.

The system proposed provides for the conscious deliberation on the part of the people in the selection of nominees. By minimizing party control of government, it will give minority parties even when out of power an influence over legislation.

It will do much to decrease the corruption of our cities, which has its origin, in large measure, in the conviction of the average citizen that he derives no benefit from party, and that he is individually powerless to effect a change by taking part in primary activities.

It would secure when needed non-partisan local government, which has been found impossible in the long run wherever it has been tried because it sets itself in opposition to long-established and coherent organizations, whose stronger tendency to survive is derived from individual instincts of self-preservation and easy graft. It has been recognized by such critics of the primary as Ernst Christopher Meyer that with party primaries non-partisan elections cannot be had, since the odds are always in favor of the regular army. But this would all be changed by a resort to the simple and exclusive nomination by petition.

With this system will disappear the condition under parties as now constituted in which a long and tedious era of popular education must precede formal political action, or acceptance of a new truth by the dominant political parties.

THE CANADIAN BANKING SYSTEM

PETER MCARTHUR

THE Canadian banking system is particularly interesting because the things that are said of it by its friends and its critics are equally true. It deserves the highest praise because its organization is so perfectly adapted to the needs of the country in which it has been developed, and the severest blame because the perfection of its organization makes it so easy to subvert it for the enrichment of favored financiers. It is an engine that when working as represented by its friends serves the country admirably, but when its gear is reversed it works with equal smoothness against the people, and for the benefit of those who are in control. And the fact that it can be switched for or against the people without a jar makes it the wonderful engine it is while handled by astute men. It is so hard to know in which way it is working at any particular time that investigators are being constantly baffled. When working as it should it deserves all the praise that is lavished on it, but that it frequently works with reversed gear is shown by certain peculiarities of Canadian business, if not by the banking returns that are made to the Government. As it is absolutely free from outside inspection, this kind of manipulation is hard to detect; but the all too frequent failures of weak banks have given the public occasional glimpses of the more sinister workings of the system.

During the past few months the banking system has received considerable attention owing to the decennial revision of the Bank Act which has been in progress in the House of Commons. Every ten years the Canadian banks must have their charters renewed. At the time of renewal the Bank Act comes up for consideration, so that the banking laws may give recognition to the development and changing needs of the country. In the past this decennial revision and the renewal of charters have been little more than a matter of form. Canadians had been led to believe that their banking system was the best in the world, and secure in this belief they allowed it to develop without criticism

or check. The recent disastrous failure of the Farmer's Bank, however, has led others besides those who lost through it to suspect that there may be some flaws in a system under which such things can happen. In addition, the promotion of mergers and combines in almost every line of industry has aroused a suspicion that the accumulated wealth of the people, deposited in the banks, is being used in ways that are against the best interests of the country.

But although public opinion has been aroused it has not received adequate expression, and this is not to be wondered at. In a speech before Parliament the Hon. Mr. Emmerson demonstrated that through a system of interlocking directorates all the important financial, transportation, and industrial interests of Canada are under the control of twenty men. If he had added that most of the important newspapers are under the same control his arraignment would have been more complete. This state of affairs accounts for the apathy of the public press regarding the evils of the banking system. Only two papers, *The Farmer's Advocate,* and *The Grain Grower's Guide,* adopted a vigorous policy in favor of banking reform, and they were promptly punished for their temerity. All bank advertising was withdrawn from their columns, and in other ways they were made to feel the displeasure of the interests they had offended. It is quite true that while the new act was under consideration the Committee of Banking and Commerce called witnesses to testify regarding the operations of the banking system, but as a majority of the witnesses were bank managers it was only natural that the preponderance of evidence was in favor of the system as it stands.

A few unimportant changes have been made in the act. But before discussing the reforms demanded and those granted it may be helpful to state briefly the nature of the privileges enjoyed by the Canadian chartered banks and the effect on the business of the country.

The ostensible purpose of the Canadian banking system is to give the country strong banks and keep capital in as fluid a state as possible so that it may flow from parts where it is not needed to those where it may be employed with profit. To this

end the banks have been allowed to establish branches in all parts of the country so as to gather deposits and provide avenues for their distribution. There are now twenty-six banks in Canada, having about three thousand branches scattered through every city, town and hamlet from ocean to ocean, and even following the mining operations that are pushing toward the arctic circle.

That they are succeeding admirably in collecting the money of the people is shown by the fact that they now have over a billion dollars on deposit or about ten times the amount of their paid-up capital. As the Bank Act makes it illegal for any but a chartered bank to use the name "bank," private banks have been practically wiped out of existence. The twenty-six chartered banks, bound together in a Bankers' Association, which to all intents and purposes is a legalized money trust, have been given a practical monopoly of the banking business of the country. In addition they are permitted to issue currency to the extent of their paid-up capital at no greater cost than that of the engraving and printing. This amounts to a virtual gift from the Government of one hundred million dollars. This currency is not subject to a tax of any kind as is the case in other countries, and instead of being secured by gold or Government bonds it is secured by being made the preferred creditor against the assets of the bank. This makes the money of the depositors the security for the note circulation of the country. In addition to this the banks have been allowed to operate entirely free from Government inspection. In view of these conditions, it is not surprising that the more successful Canadian banks have been able to accumulate reserves almost equal to their paid-up capital, to provide themselves with magnificent office buildings and to pay dividends ranging from ten to eighteen per cent. It is surprising, however, that under this system there have been so many failures. As pointed out by Mr. McLeod, ex-manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia, the only banker who has advocated any measure of reform, twenty-five per cent. of the Canadian banks have failed in the past twenty-six years. During the same period only five per cent. of the national banks in the United States have failed. The explanation seems to be that under the

Canadian system the tendency is all toward the centralization of capital in the larger banks while the weaker banks are driven to the wall. During the past couple of years several of the weaker banks have been absorbed by stronger rivals, and the indications are that the process will be kept up until all the resources of the country are centralized in a few powerful banks.

It is argued by the friends of the banks that the system is working out perfectly. The country is being given a stable currency, powerful banking institutions, and through the branch bank system capital can be readily moved from the places where it cannot find investment to others where there is a demand. To make this possible was undoubtedly the purpose of the Government in granting the banks the privileges which they enjoy, but testimony brought out before the Committee of Banking and Commerce hardly sustains this optimistic view. It was shown that money taken on deposit in the older provinces at three per cent. is being loaned in the western provinces at rates varying from seven to twenty per cent., although the law expressly prohibited the banks from charging more than seven per cent. As this clause had practically become a dead letter it has been amended so that banks may in future exact any rate of interest to which the borrower will agree, although not more than seven per cent. can be recovered by law. This would seem to give the banks the privilege of being usurers in addition to the other privileges they enjoy. Their defence is that in the western provinces so little money is received on deposit that they could not afford to establish branches or give banking service if compelled to observe the law regarding the seven per cent. rate. They have even gone so far as to assert that unless permitted to charge higher rates they would be obliged to withdraw from the western provinces altogether. Replying to this Mr. Roderick McKenzie, Secretary of the Grain Growers' Association, strongly advised the banking committee to "call their bluff." He contended that the banks could very well afford to lend their money at the legal rate, but his objection was over-ruled and the act amended so as to enable the bankers to exact practically any rate without breaking the law.

Perhaps the most unintentionally illuminating evidence given

was that of Sir Edmund Walker, President of the Canadian Bank of Commerce. In order to show that the banks are not making undue profits he quoted a list of over a hundred industrial concerns that are making larger profits. This is exactly what the critics of the system have been contending. Their investigations have brought out the fact that all the important industrial enterprises have been so organized that they enjoy practical monopolies in their own fields. The ease with which the banks can accumulate large sums of money from their branches has made it possible for skilful promoters to organize combinations in restraint of trade. These combinations have been financed by the banks with the result that small independent concerns have been or are being wiped out of existence. All the smaller towns and cities excepting those that have the head offices of some industrial combination are losing their manufacturing and business interests, while the favored centres are enjoying an abnormal growth. It is now practically impossible to start an independent business in any of the smaller places. The best they can do is to have a branch of some monopolistic combination which is probably financed, in part, by the money of the district, placed on deposit in the branch banks and transferred to the head offices for the use of the managers and directors in the promotion of giant concerns that stifle competition. That the general managers and directors of some banks profit by these promotions is more than a matter of suspicion. The writer has in his possession evidence of such transactions involving sums that mount into the millions. This was intimated to the Committee of Banking and Commerce, and although the evidence was not demanded, its existence was virtually admitted by the fact that the new act has been amended in such a way as to make it a penal offence for any bank official to accept bonuses or gifts for giving accommodation to patrons of the institution.

The reform which has been most strenuously advocated is that of Government inspection. While arguing in its favor Mr. McLeod of the Bank of Nova Scotia testified:

That certain phases of the Bank Act have been habitually violated by our Canadian banks, the law in regard to falsification of returns being practically a dead letter;

That it has been possible for a knavish general manager to go on for twenty-five years, as the manager of the Ontario bank did, using the funds of an unsound bank to enrich himself while doing great mischief to the country;

That Canadian banks have habitually overloaned, considerably beyond the limits of safety, as determined by world experience in banking;

That cases have arisen where a single bank has controlled the policy of the Canadian Bankers' Association by influence;

That at the present rate of progression we are destined by 1923 to have only seventeen banks with an average capitalization of over ten million dollars, and that it would be well to prevent the growth of gigantic institutions, which would in time become controllers of the country through political influence or otherwise;

That all the failures of Canadian banks have been due to an unsound, imprudent or dishonest state of affairs at the head office;

That the mere verification of accounts would be worthless, a much broader and more thorough-going audit or inspection being necessary to secure depositors and shareholders.

As might be expected, Government inspection has been vigorously opposed by the bankers. In order to meet the public demand the act has been amended to provide for an independent audit by officials to be appointed by the shareholders from a list of competent auditors selected by the bank managers and approved by the Minister of Finance. Whether this measure will have the desired effect remains to be seen. It is contended by the advocates of Government inspection that this audit will be worthless, as bank shareholders usually give proxies and the auditors will be practically appointed by the men whose business operations they will be called upon to investigate.

Another and more comprehensive reform which has been urged asks for the establishment of a permanent commission with powers somewhat similar to those of the Railway Commission which has rendered notable public service during the past few years. This commission would have power to investigate all forms of banking practice and would have a staff of inspectors

whose business it would be to investigate and report on the condition and the operations of the various banks. A suggestion so radical, however, is somewhat in advance of public opinion, and although it has been well received by the rural population it is not likely to be acted upon, at least for some time to come.

As matters stand in Canada to-day the money of the people, received on deposit through a system of branch banks, is under the control of a few men. It is being used to centralize all the important forms of industry for the enrichment of a small privileged class. In consequence the vast profits of the development of a new country are passing into a few hands. The fact that the people of Canada are not more seriously alarmed by this state of affairs is due to the general prosperity caused by the opening up of the natural resources of the country. Mines, forests, and farm lands are being exploited as they were some years ago in the United States, and the influx of foreign capital for the building of railways and the promotion of other enterprises is causing an artificial prosperity which keeps the people from realizing that a day of reckoning must come sooner or later. As might be expected, the beneficiaries of this system are exercising the usual sinister influence in politics and on the public press, so that Canada is at the present time quietly enduring a state of affairs that in almost any other country would be intolerable.

JAPANESE–AMERICAN RELATIONS

EDWIN MAXEY

NATIONAL friendships, like national institutions, are a growth. They do not spring into existence "full armed like Minerva from the head of Jove." They sometimes represent the accumulations of centuries and are sometimes of relatively recent origin. But whether they are the one or the other, their strength depends upon the soil from which they derive their nourishment. They are not a result of accident. Whether they depend upon a community of blood, language, ideals or interests, their roots go more or less into the past. Hence it is not to be expected that the present can be understood entirely without some reference to the past.

Until compelled by the United States to abandon her policy of national isolation, modern Japan, or rather the Japan of the modern era, was attempting to live "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." But however much this might appeal to the idealist, it was a dream the realization of which modern development has rendered impossible. The reorganization of industry, the development of trade, the improvement in means of transportation and of conveying intelligence had all tended to break down the barriers between nations. The force of this evolution would of course be greater with reference to an island empire than with reference to an inland state; for other things being equal, the possibility of isolation varies inversely with the degree of accessibility.

To such an extent had the forces working against national isolation gained in momentum in the nineteenth century that the time was opportune for the mission of Commodore Perry in opening Japan to foreign intercourse. She was unable to resist the onward march of events and proceeded with as much grace as possible to adjust herself to the changed conditions. Far from resenting the part played by the United States in bringing about this readjustment, Japan has on different occasions shown her gratitude. Ten years ago she celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of Commodore Perry's visit, and erected a monument to

his memory. The gratitude expressed and her expressions of friendship for the United States had in them the ring of sincerity.

The relations established by the treaty negotiated by Commodore Perry were broadened by the commercial treaties negotiated by Townsend Harris and ratified by the United States and Japan. These treaties were made the basis for the commercial treaties entered into by Japan with the other countries. No one who has studied the text or working of the Townsend Harris treaties will say that there is in them any trace of an attempt to overreach or drive a hard bargain at the expense of a less fortunate neighbor. The commerce which they provided for was not disadvantageous to Japan from an economic standpoint, nor were the trade relations then established ever used by the United States as a means for securing political control over any portion of the Japanese Empire. Instead of attempting to make any part of it a sphere of American interests, we have sought rather to make the whole empire a sphere of American ideas. That we have succeeded measurably in this is attested by the fact that everywhere the Japanese are known as the Yankees of the Far East. In her struggle to rid herself of the hateful handicap of consular jurisdiction, Japan had the sympathy and assistance of the United States. She has paid us the sincere compliment of having hundreds of her brightest sons educated in our institutions, and has sent numerous delegations for the purpose of studying our industries and our institutions. These we have always welcomed and have shown them the utmost courtesy. The results of their investigations have not infrequently been manifest in the changes brought about in the Japanese industrial organization.

The difference in the commodities produced in the United States and in Japan is such as to make the two countries trade allies, i. e., to make them seek to promote rather than place obstacles in the way of trade with each other. To appreciate the truth of this we have but to glance at a list of the staple products of the two countries. Japan produces raw silk cheaply and though the United States has attempted it, the attempts have thus far availed us nothing except to show that either our soil or climate or both are not adapted to the industry. We are

therefore importing about 90 per cent. of the raw silk exported by Japan and making it into fabrics, instead of doing as we once did—purchasing those fabrics from England and paying for them with the products of our farms. We still pay for them with the products of our farms, but it is now simply the raw material that we pay for, giving to our own factories the opportunity of performing the processes which enhance its value. Tea is another staple of Japanese production which has never been raised profitably in the United States, which now takes three-fourths of the tea exported by Japan. There are certain classes of works of art which the United States imports from Japan. These also are not and for a long time will not be produced in the United States. The artistic temperament and abilities of a people are something which do not change rapidly. The whims of fashion may be ephemeral, but the ability to produce and the desire for artistic creations are far more constant.

Japan in turn looks to the United States for the raw cotton so essential to what has come to be one of the great industries of the empire. Most of the flour used in Japan is imported from the United States. The same is true of kerosene, of locomotives, railway rails, and railway equipment.

The effect of this diversity in staple products, reinforced by the fact of geographical location, is evidenced by the statistics of trade between the two countries. According to the Statistical Abstract, the value of the exports from the United States to Japan in 1865 was $41,913. Forty years later it had grown to $51,719,183 or a gain of over 100,000 per cent. During the same period the value of the imports increased from $285,176 to $51,821,629. After making proper discount for the effect of war, this growth is certainly marvellous. If we take a shorter period, the increase is almost equally marked. Between 1895 and 1905, the exports from the United States to Japan increased in value from $4,634,717 to $51,619,683 and the imports from $23,790,202 to $51,821,629. Thus during a single decade our exports to Japan increased over 1,000 per cent. and our imports over 100 per cent. If it is objected that 1905 is not a fair year, because of the war, we will take 1912, in which year our exports to Japan amounted to $57,519,654

and our imports to $87,418,042 in value—a very substantial increase in both imports and exports over the figures for 1905.

Though commercial advantage is not the sole determinant of national policies, it is nevertheless an important factor. Among the marked tendencies of the last century has been the increasing influence of commercial considerations in determining the foreign policies of nations. Nor is there any convincing evidence that this tendency has begun to weaken. The advantages of international trade not only reveal a basis for friendship in a community of interests but, by making peoples better acquainted with each other, make closer diplomatic relations possible. Whether or not "trade follows the flag," treaties follow trade.

Given a traditional friendship resting on the recollection of kindnesses shown and an admiration for achievements, added to a community of interests resting on mutually advantageous trade relations due to a difference in resources and emphasized by the fact of geographical location, it would be most unfortunate if these relations were to be disturbed by hostile legislation and unfair discrimination by a State legislature. But the recent act passed by the California legislature and signed by the governor raises substantially the same question as that raised six years ago by the order of the San Francisco school board in excluding the Japanese children from the public schools of San Francisco. Now as then there is no emergency which calls for drastic action by the local unit. At that time the local unit attempted a discrimination against aliens whose rights were protected by a treaty between the United States and their Government, containing a "most favored nation" clause. That the federal Government had a right to negotiate such a treaty there is not now and has not for a century been any doubt. The treaty-making power is by the constitution conferred upon the federal Government, without limitation. The federal Government had therefore the same power to make treaties as had the Government of other independent states at that time. And at that time, and for a long time previously, other independent states had been making treaties containing the "most favored nation" clause. This power has never been taken away from the federal Government and has been frequently exercised without any question as to the legal

right to exercise it, when considered expedient to do so. Nor is there any doubt that when a treaty containing such a clause is made it becomes, in accordance with the constitution, "the supreme law of the land." It may be unwise for the federal Government to insert such a provision in its treaties, but of this the federal Government and not a State legislature is to be the judge.

In the school case, the matter was finally settled not by the local authorities but by the federal Government, to whom it should have been referred in the first place. The intervention by the local authorities settled nothing. It served merely to cause useless irritation to a friendly state, to embarrass our own Government and to show that the question was one to be dealt with by the federal Government, not by the local authorities. If the rights of California, in respect to matters governed by a valid treaty, were interfered with, they had the undoubted right of appealing to the federal Government for protection, which, if merited, would no doubt have been accorded. But this method was far too tame and prosaic for Californians. They chose rather to make what political capital they could by independent action which would inevitably cause irritation and make the question more difficult of handling; and then, having secured what advertising they could get out of it, they turned the question over to the federal Government for adjustment.

One would suppose that the above experience would have taught the Californians something. But it did not. At the beginning of the present session of the legislature a whole crop of bills, thirty-four in number, was introduced for the purpose of gaining immortal fame and votes for their authors, by insulting the citizens of a friendly state. One of these was a bill to increase the license to Japanese fishermen from ten dollars to one hundred dollars. Another was to place a special poll tax on Japanese, notwithstanding the fact that the treaty of 1911 between the United States and Japan contains the following provision: "They shall not be compelled under any pretext whatever to pay any charges or taxes other or higher than those that are or may be paid by native citizens or subjects." Another was a bill to prevent Japanese from owning power engines, the

purpose of this being to drive them out of the steam laundry business. If such legislation is valid, then any State can make it impossible for aliens to make a living within it, regardless of "most favored nation" clauses in our treaties with the Governments of said aliens. The fact that such bills are introduced indicates not merely a morbid condition of mind on the part of their authors, but is a reflection on the public sentiment of a community which is so far forgetful of its duties to the Union as to tolerate such cheap pettifogging on the part of its representatives.

But as yet these bills have attracted very little attention. The one which has held the centre of the stage is the alien land bill. A protest against this by the Japanese Government led the Administration to request the legislature not to pass it and the governor not to sign it, after it was passed. So much in earnest was the President in preventing any offence to the Japanese Government, or injustice to its citizens, that he sent the Secretary of State, William J. Bryan, to urge the legislature and governor to delay action in order to give the federal Government time for adjusting the matter. But though the request of the Administration was presented with force and tact, it produced no impression upon the minds of those statesmen. From their words and conduct one might conclude that the very existence of the State depended upon immediate action. In the dramatic language of Governor Johnson, "an emergency exists, which we would be blind if we did not see."

With reference to the governor's statement, let us ask ourselves certain questions. First, did an emergency exist? And, second, granting that it did, was it of such a nature that the federal Government was not quite as capable of dealing with it as the legislature of California? Or, at any rate, was it not, in the interests of international harmony, worth while to allow the federal Government an opportunity to make the attempt?

And first as to the existence of the emergency. What are the facts? The Japanese do not according to the most reliable estimates own more than 17,000 acres of land in California; an area considerably smaller than that of a single township. Nor was the area increasing at all rapidly. Neither was it likely to in-

crease, as the number of Japanese in the United States is decreasing. A considerable portion of the land owned by the Japanese in California is owned by George Shima, whose chief offence seems to consist in his having earned the title of "potato king." This title he acquired by reason of having purchased land along the lower stretches of the San Joaquin Valley which hitherto had been considered comparatively valueless because of its being subject to overflow. This he diked and converted into very productive potato land, thereby contributing in some degree to a reduction in the high cost of living.

If a real emergency existed, that is to say if the California farmer is so inferior that he cannot compete with the alien farmer, then the logical remedy would be to pass an act forbidding all aliens to hold agricultural land in California. Such a law would have abundant precedent upon which to rest. Laws of this character are to be found in New York, in Illinois and in other States. This course was recommended to the legislature by Secretary Bryan, but it did not meet the political exigencies of the case—it did not satisfy the morbid cravings of the mob. Something spectacular and original had to be brought forth. And, above all, the Japanese had to be slapped in the face and in such a fashion that they would know that they were the ones who got slapped. This was a *sine qua non* to successful legislation.

In matters affecting foreign relations, if there is doubt as to the right of the local political unit to act, such authority owes it to the federal Government to proceed slowly, rather than hasten to act lest its excuse for action should be removed by a friendly and diplomatic adjustment of the question by the branch of the Government having charge of foreign relations. True, the act of the legislature may be tested in the federal courts and, if in violation of the treaty, its enforcement may be enjoined. This would arrest the mischief at that point, but a part of it would have been completed. The irritation would already have been caused; so that while the State would have derived no benefit, needless embarrassment and annoyance to the federal Government would have resulted. It is not clear to the lay mind why a State should display such over-anxiety to place itself in such a

position. If, after diplomatic means have failed, it should have recourse to this as a last resort, its act could be justified, provided there was a reasonable hope of accomplishing some good by it. By virtue of its position as a State in the Union, California, in common with every other State in the Union, is under some obligations to the federal Government. And among these obligations one is to refrain from making it unnecessarily difficult for the federal Government to conduct its foreign relations, particularly where there is doubt as to the legality of action contemplated by the State.

But, assuming that there were no question as to the legal power of the State to act, there should still be a sufficient comity to impel a State to delay action when delay is asked for by the federal Government. A request by the federal Government for delay in order to give time for diplomatic negotiations looking to a friendly settlement is not such an unreasonable request that it should be flouted as though coming from one having no interest in the matter. If such comity is not to be shown, certain changes in our fundamental law will have to be made providing for a more explicit division of powers between the State and federal Governments. How long it will take to make such adjustments we cannot say. But they will have to be made; and headstrong, reckless action by the States will simply hasten the time.

The possession or fancied possession of power may be a temptation to use it. But it is not always a justification for its use. The Californians may have the power to drive all the Japanese now in that State into the sea, but it would be neither wise nor justifiable for them to do so. They might emulate the action of the mob in Louisiana which lynched a number of the citizens of a friendly state, thereby making the federal Government liable to the Italian Government for this breach of international law. The citizens of one state while lawfully residing in another state are to a certain extent the wards of the state within which they reside. This is well recognized by the political branch of our Government and has been recognized also by the judicial branch. In the case of Yick Wo vs. Hopkins, 118 U. S. 356, the Supreme Court of the United States refused to sustain the validity of an

ordinance of the city and county of San Francisco discriminating against the Chinese, though the Supreme Court of California had held the ordinance valid.

In the incident just referred to the federal Government recognized its liability for the acts of the mob and made reparation to the families of the Italians who had been lynched, but when Italy asked that the perpetrators of the crime be punished the federal Government was forced to say that it would recommend to Louisiana that proceedings should be instituted against the mob, but that if Louisiana refused the federal Government would be powerless to comply with the request. This was an awkward and embarrassing situation and one which shows clearly a lack of adjustment in powers between State and federal Governments. It is difficult for us to explain to other states why the Government which is responsible to other states has not the power to make good this responsibility. Eventually, responsibility will have to have coupled with it the power. The federal Government must be given jurisdiction to punish offenders against treaties or recognized obligations under the rules of international law. Likewise the branch of the Government that is intrusted with the negotiation of treaties and the conduct of foreign affairs, and must be held responsible by other states, ought to have the power to see that its treaties are complied with, nor ought it to be hampered in the conduct of foreign affairs by any of its local subdivisions working at cross purposes with it.

The true explanation of this epidemic of anti-Japanese legislation in California is not to be found in any real fear that the Japanese will monopolize the agricultural lands of California or that the ownership of a part of them by Japanese will depreciate the value of adjoining lands, for it does not, as would be the case if they were slovenly farmers. As a matter of fact the Japanese increase the productiveness of lands owned by them, which tends to increase the value of adjoining lands. Neither are the Japanese laborers what can be styled cheap laborers. The Commissioner of Labor for California, Mr. Mackenzie, in his report for 1911 admits that the immigration of more Japanese would be a benefit to the State. It may as well be admitted frankly that the real explanation of the present outburst of anti-Japanese leg-

islation is to be found in race prejudice. That this prejudice has not a sufficient reason upon which to rest matters not. Prejudices do not rest upon reason, they rest upon passion. If you ask one inoculated with the virus of race prejudice for an explanation of his actions you are met with the statement that it is *natural.* This I deny. If it were natural we should find it in children from one to ten years old, as children at that age are far more natural than older persons. Children do not draw the color line. They play as readily with children of another race as with those of their own. It is only after their conduct is governed by the conventionalities of society that they draw the color line. Race prejudice is a form of bigotry much less defensible or rational than that which afflicted the Pharisee, for the latter based his claim to superiority upon acts, not upon the accident of birth or the color of his ancestors. A due respect for the rights and feelings of others and usefulness in promoting a larger and more perfect life among those influenced by our thoughts and acts, rather than color or pedigree, constitute the only valid claim to superiority among men. Race prejudice is therefore too dim and fitful a light to guide the course of states in their relations with each other.

By some we are told that the land law against aliens "ineligible to American citizenship" would not have been passed but for the protest by the Japanese Government. This is a very lame excuse. If the legislature of the Mexican province of Chihuahua or Sonora were to attempt a legislative programme aimed at citizens of the United States similar to the anti-Japanese programme of the California legislature, the Government of the United States would not wait for the blow to fall, but would protest to the Mexican Government just as the Japanese Government protested to the Government at Washington. What are Governments for if not to safeguard the rights of their citizens? That there was a veiled threat of war in the protest, constituting a challenge which California could not honorably refuse to accept, is a creation for which we are indebted to the yellow press. The protest by the Japanese Government was dignified and diplomatic, and if not, the federal Government, not California, was the one to take exception. The federal Government has not

yet reached the point where it needs a guardian in the conduct of its foreign relations.

Not to be given free rein in dealing with the Japanese may be irksome to California. The presence of Japanese among them may be disagreeable, may be so disagreeable that their impulse would be to proceed at once to a general deportation. It was also disagreeable for South Carolina to pay tariff duties in 1832. But while a State continues to be a member of the Union it may as well expect to bear the burdens as well as reap the advantages of that relation. By far the major part of the sympathy which California now receives comes from a section having an exalted notion of States' rights and what in the language of art would be called an over-emphasis of the importance of the color scheme.

Equally uncalled-for and equally unwise with the outburst of anti-Japanese feeling in California are the intemperate predictions of war with Japan. And unfortunately these have not been confined to the yellow press or the curbstone orator, they have been made by our representatives in Congress. I can understand why the manufacturers of munitions of war should inspire such predictions, but it is far more difficult to understand why a man holding a responsible position like Capt. Hobson should assert on the floor of the House in a speech of February 25, 1911, that the United States would be at war with Japan within twenty months. Of similar tone has been the language of Mr. Sisson, Congressman from Mississippi. Such recklessness by members of Congress is one of the most effective provocatives of war.

War between the United States and Japan is unnecessary and unlikely. The surest guarantee against it is the good sense of the two states. Neither wants war and neither can afford it. Notwithstanding sporadic outbursts on both sides, each still has confidence in the other, which makes it easy to adjust differences. It is to be hoped that the lesson taught by the present strain on international friendships will not be lost and that it will lead to a readjustment of powers between our State and federal Governments which will prevent a recurrence of such unfortunate and awkward situations.

JOSEPHINE BUTLER AND THE ENGLISH CRUSADE

ANNA GARLIN SPENCER

II

MRS. BUTLER was of Huguenot blood, a Grey of the Northumberland district of England, of fine inheritance and delicate breeding. Born in 1828, and dying in 1906, she compassed in her life of intense study and activity the whole great movement of social reform and economic change which has placed women in the centre of social concerns, and has tested democracy by new and vital demands. She married George Butler, son of the Dean of Peterborough, a well-known educator and finally a Canon of the Established Church, although of Quaker ancestry. It was an ideal union in which husband and wife shared in perfect sympathy the trials and persecutions which were a part of the cost paid for the leadership of the movement for the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Act. During Dr. Butler's service as public examiner at Oxford Mrs. Butler was "impressed," as she tells us, "with the one-sided masculine and semi-monastic state of feeling and judgment on many moral and social questions in that celibate place." Later, when her husband was vice-principal of Cheltenham College, their only daughter was suddenly killed before Mrs. Butler's eyes, and the effect for a while was overwhelming. From this sorrow she rallied with the determination to do more for the daughters of other mothers; and when they soon after moved to Liverpool, where Dr. Butler had a large Boys' School, her ministry to unfortunate women began. At first she and her husband took into their home the girls whom they discovered who wished to leave the practice of vice; and later they started a "House of Rest" for the incurably diseased, and an "Industrial Home" for rescue work. This gradually increasing interest in various phases of help for outcast and tempted women led Mrs. Butler to study the continental system of State Regulation, and to see, before many people had discerned it, the fallacious nature of its

claims upon public support. "When in 1866," she tells us, "the knowledge first broke upon me that the system which I had long regarded with horror had actually found a footing in England, the depression which took possession of my mind was overwhelming."

Certain physicians, a few jurists, more clergymen, and a small company of moral reformers early became convinced of the evil involved in this new departure in England; but their statements and appeals made little stir in the press or in society at large, and were brushed aside by officials as a sentimental and nonsensical scruple. After a while it was determined to appeal directly to English women of high position and influence and get them to take a stand against the act, and Mrs. Butler was sought as one whose power of leadership and intense interest in the matter were already known. She at once began to plead with able writers and popular speakers to assume the guidance of a Crusade for Repeal, but was met on all hands by excuses and declinations. At last, "in 1869," as she has told us, "came the dreaded call which I had foreseen, to go forth myself and cry aloud. I hated the call, and it was months before I ceased, like Jonah, to flee from the face of God. My husband suffered more than I did, but at last he said, 'Go, and may God go with you.'" From that time on, Mrs. Butler spent every waking hour in the most intense devotion to this cause of English liberty as well as of English purity and humanity. Her husband accompanied her as often as he could be spared from his educational work, but she oftener went alone to meet mobs of enraged brothel-keepers and those in league with them and to encounter the scorn and ostracism of those of her own class and the bitter attacks of the public press. In the winter of 1874-75 they went to Paris, Rome, Milan and Geneva; her husband, as she endured the horrors of the innermost citadels of legalized vice, cheering her with his favorite Greek saying, "they, bearing torches, passed them on from hand to hand." This missionary trip bore fruit in the initiation of the world movement for the abolition of vice; a movement which must be recorded later in this recital. In 1882 Mr. Gladstone, who was a valiant supporter of Mrs. Butler's work, gave to Dr. Butler the canonry of Winchester and

with that appointment came larger opportunities for public service. Dr. Butler was one of the first of a coming line of new knights, the Knights of Helpers to Women, those who sustain some great woman leader, as innumerable women for uncounted ages have sustained great men in mighty tasks. In 1890 this helper passed from Mrs. Butler's side, his last words as he wandered in mind approaching the outer mystery, "You will go with me, beloved, will you not?" And she answered, "Yes, I will"; but waited to do yet more for her sisters in bonds before laying down the burden of her lonely sorrow.

It was not until 1874, ten years after the passage of the act, that the movement for repeal took national form and enlisted the support of large numbers of influential men. But in 1869 Mrs. Butler formed the Ladies' National Association and drew around her an earnest company of women, among them Harriet Martineau, Florence Nightingale, Mary Carpenter, John Bright's wife and sisters, and two thousand other women who issued a public protest against the act. They encountered incredible abuse for this assertion of principle, being called by one honorable member of the Parliament "worse than the outcast women they defended." In 1871 Mrs. Butler published in her book *The Constitution Violated* her masterly arraignment of the Contagious Diseases Act on the ground of its attack upon the liberties of the people. This call to consider not alone the physical, but the moral and political bearings of the act, awoke great interest among lawyers, and there stepped to her side one of the great figures in jurisprudence, the Hon. Sheldon Amos, whose exhaustive analysis of *The Laws for the Regulation of Vice* was published in 1871, and remains the classic argument against such legalizing of prostitution from the point of view of the statesman and political scientist. From 1874 onward the crusade grew rapidly in volume. Parliamentary Commissions of Inquiry and Committees of Investigation were appointed and the whole matter demanded and received attention from all classes of people. The leading Quaker women, who had been in the movement from Mrs. Butler's first leadership, were early followed by the men of that sect; and a little later by the Unitarians who, though a "feeble folk," were led by that

giant intellect, Dr. Martineau, and hence could not be ignored; next the Wesleyans and Baptists put themselves on record, and the Congregationalists followed; and last of all, the Established Church, with magnificent powers of influence, registered itself as in favor of repeal. The Salvation Army, under the magnetic guidance of General Booth, sent in an appeal to Parliament for repeal, "In the name of God and the people and the Queen Mother of the Nation," bearing the names of over three hundred thousand men and women, and making a roll two and a-half miles long. Then the tide turned, and the woman who had been obliged to alter her dress each day during the time when her printed description invited all the hoodlums of every town to ill-treat her as "the enemy of license and a mischief maker," became the recipient of compliments she quite as much disliked. Josephine Butler had no desire for public praise, and was the modest heroine as she had been the brave martyr. The Hon. John Stansfield led the repeal movement in Parliament, and was supported by leading people. In 1879 Mr. Stead's revelations demonstrated the connection between the traffic in girlhood and the licensed centres of vice; and then the crusade gathered terrible momentum from popular indignation.

In 1886 the Contagious Diseases Act was repealed after seventeen years of persistent effort on the part of the "Purity Party," as it was called.

One element in this struggle stands out most prominently, and that is the part played by the wage-earning class. Mrs. Butler early learned that appeal must be made to the fathers and mothers of the poor, and therefore morally exposed, girls who suffered most from all such one-sided legislation. And when bishops and lords and all the social leadership to which she was herself allied by birth and breeding turned the back upon her cause, and, as she says, "seemed to hate me, as if I imagined the dreadful things I had seen and heard and told in God's name," the common people heard her gladly. An association of laboring men was formed to work for repeal and numbered many thousands in its ranks, having special propaganda and its own published organ. When the high and mighty joined the ranks of the reform, therefore, more was accomplished than

their mere alliance with the cause, although that was much,—the new accession to the reform party gave sign of a new union of rich and poor, honored and humble, wise and unlearned, in a common moral effort. Mrs. Butler's unerring instinct led her toward that new social appeal which is now regimenting all mankind not by classes but by ideals, not by outward conditions but by inward convictions. The history of the English experience in the later forms of license of vice and the abolition of that legislation proves for all time, for any civilization fibred upon Anglo-Saxon love of personal liberty and sense of equality of rights, that the solution of the difficult problem of public dealing with vice begins with a process of rigid elimination. Certain forms of solution are forbidden in advance before we can really attack possible reforms of the social evil. These are:

1. The attempt to crush out vice by despotic and cruel punishments of individuals.

2. The exposure of little girls to outrage by "Age of Consent Laws" which fail to give protection to weakness and innocence.

3. The alliance of the State with the traffic in womanhood through toleration of the brothel as an institution always demanding such traffic and always securing it.

4. Any form of "license," "permission," "tacit consent" or undercurrent "allowance" which makes the State a partner in vice and all the people accessory to evil.

5. The defrauding of any class, even of women who are believed or even proved to be unchaste, of common human rights safeguarded for all other members of society in the fundamental law of democratic nations.

When these futile and unrighteous attempts at solution are swept aside by enlightened public sentiment, society may rationally and humanely move in the direction of Chrysostom's demand to "make all men pure and all women brave" in a constructive effort to raise spiritually the standard of living.

THE JAPANESE ON OUR FARMS

KIYOSHI K. KAWAKAMI

THE source from which Japanese immigrants are drawn is the agricultural population. The Japanese, small as his country is, is essentially the son of the soil. In the days of feudalism the farmer ranked next only to the samurai in the social scale. This exaltation of the agricultural class was due to various circumstances. In the first place, peculiar moral conceptions, more or less prevalent in all countries before the advent of the industrial era, kept commerce in abeyance and assigned an unenviable position to the merchants. Commerce meant bargaining, and bargaining could not be completely dissociated from chicanery and prevarication. So the samurai looked down with contempt upon traffic and traffickers, and deliberately nurtured scorn for money and the arts of money-making. Toward the farmer, however, his attitude was different. To him farming was one productive pursuit which could be free from sordid phases of commerce.

In the second place, the policy of exclusion adopted under the old régime resulted in the commercial, as well as political, isolation of the island nation. Thus obliged to become self-supporting, the country necessarily attached great importance to the men who tilled the soil and produced the daily necessaries of life. Moreover, the samurai, to be able to devote himself to the cultivation of martial arts and to a career of conquest, had to rely upon the farmer for the supply of provision for himself and for his retainers.

Toward the last days of the military régime Japan enjoyed a period of peace of almost three centuries, uninterrupted by any serious warfare. Thus freed from the waste of war the country witnessed an unprecedented increase of population. And yet its doors were closed not only to those who rapped at them from without, but to those who wished to unlock them from within. With emigration forbidden, with the importation of foreign commodities placed under a ban, and with the group of small islands offering but one-twelfth of its total area for culti-

vation, how did Japan manage to secure enough food-stuff to feed her ever-increasing population? Only by developing farming into a state of perfection. Of the science of agriculture, as the term is understood in our modern age, she knew but little, but the experience of centuries taught her how to wrest from the earth all that it could yield without impoverishing the soil. Thus agriculture was invested with the dignity of a fine art, and men who embraced the occupation were regarded not as mere tillers of the soil but as gentlemen with a keen sense of honor and self-respect. They were not even at liberty to quit their vocation and join the mercantile class, for this would mean a lowering of their prestige and the impairment of their dignity.

Looked upon as a most important element in the body politic, the farmer of old Japan was nevertheless simple of heart and almost unconscious of the high esteem in which he was held. Frugal, contented, industrious, and devoted to the hearth, he was not unlike the Swiss farmer of whom Goldsmith sang:

> "Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
> Breathes the keen air as he goes.
> At night returning, every labor sped
> He sits him down the monarch of a shed,
> Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
> His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze."

The abolition of feudalism afforded him a greater opportunity and wider fields of activity. The new régime removed the circumstances which kept his aspirations unawakened, and the farmer was now free not only to carve out his own career but to seek fortune beyond the narrow precincts of his native land. With the inauguration of a local self-government three decades ago he became as important a factor in the political as in the economic life of the country.

This, then, is the sort of population from which most Japanese immigrants to these shores are derived. It is, therefore, but natural that the Japanese in America should show strong preference for farming and farm labor in spite of the great difficulties which they must experience in adjusting themselves to a method of agriculture totally foreign to them. In the past few years many well educated young men from Japan

have taken to farming. Some of these Japanese even studied in college. As farmers such "tenderfoots" may not, at first at any rate, be as successful as those settlers who are inured to farm life from their childhood, but have had no opportunity to receive modern education. Yet in the long run these educated Japanese agriculturists will prove more valuable assets to this country, because of their intelligence, their adaptability, their ability to imbibe American ideas and adopt American customs.

California is of course the chief field of activity for Japanese farmers, but in almost every State whose agricultural resources are yet comparatively little exploited, Japanese have taken up farms. In 1912 they owned 31,812 acres of farm land and leased 225,046 acres. Distributed among various States the figures are as follows:

	Owned.	Leased.
California	17,763	172,512
Colorado	525	15,997
Idaho	.....	12,174
Texas	10,390	2,330
Washington	.....	12,136
Utah	123	5,659
Oregon	1,892	2,033
Nebraska	.....	1,189
New York	603	325
Florida	364	120
Other States	152	571
Total	31,812	225,046

It is estimated that about 41,000 Japanese, equivalent to some sixty per cent. of the entire Japanese population in continental United States, are engaged in agriculture. Of this total farming population about 5,000 are independent farmers while the remaining 36,000 are farm-hands employed by their compatriots or by American farmers. Even as the Jew takes to the clothing trades, and the Italian to various mercantile businesses, so the Japanese shows peculiar preference for agricultural industries. In California, he is mostly engaged in potato, bean, beet,

onion, and fruit culture; in Washington and Oregon his chief interest is in orchard and dairy ranches; in Texas he is almost exclusively engaged in the culture of rice; in Idaho and Colorado he finds the sugar beet industry most profitable; and in Florida he has begun to raise pineapples. On the outskirts of some of the larger cities on the Pacific Coast he has become a factor in truck gardening. In Seattle and Los Angeles in particular his garden products are important features in the public markets in point of both quantity and quality. At San Francisco he operates one of the largest nurseries on the Pacific Coast.

In Idaho and Washington the Japanese, while doing considerable farming, own no land. This is because those two States have not permitted foreigners to own land. In the spring of 1913, however, the State of Idaho enacted a new land law, extending the right of land ownership to all aliens, Japanese not excluded, while the State of Washington revised its laws so that all foreigners are entitled to own urban land, though it still denies them the right to own rural land. It seems not without significance that these States adopted new laws without making any discrimination against the Japanese, just at the time when the California legislature was straining all its nerves to enact a law especially directed against the Japanese in the matter of land ownership. Indeed some of the sponsors for the anti-Japanese land bills in California volunteered to counsel the legislators of the neighboring States to follow the example they had set, and adopt a law depriving the Japanese of the right of land ownership. Oregon made no response; Idaho and Washington repudiated their advice by passing a law in favor of the Japanese.

Apart from such a magical catchword as "America for Americans," or "California for Californians," there is no plausible reason for prohibiting the Japanese from acquiring land. Such arguments as are advanced by the authors of anti-Japanese measures have already been exploded. They argue that the Japanese does not know how to care for the soil, so that a farm worked by him for a few years becomes practically worthless. This is a calumny pure and simple. The Japanese, instead of ruining good soil, enriches a poor one, redeems waste

land, and renovates impoverished farms. Back in his old country he never heard of such a thing as an abandoned farm, and he is bewildered to learn that in our Eastern States there are countless farms whose soils have been so impoverished that few care to cultivate them. No, the Japanese cannot afford to abandon any farm, once he settles upon it. If he migrated from one section to another, deserting the old farm and taking up the new, as do many of our farmers, he would soon have to stand upon the brink of the ocean—so small is his country. The habit of intensive cultivation, which he must perforce acquire in such a country, he naturally brings with him to the new country whither he emigrates. It is therefore but natural that the Japanese farmers in California should show unique skill and fastidiousness in cultivating their lands. Because of the care which they lavish on the soil, the farm rented to a Japanese commands an unusually high price. This fact is unreservedly recognized in the special report on the Japanese prepared a few years ago by the Commissioner of Labor of California, Mr. J. D. MacKenzie. The charge that the Japanese abuse the soil finds no indorsement either in the annual report of the Bureau of Labor of California or in the voluminous reports of the United States Immigration Commission of which Senator Dillingham was Chairman.

Where the Japanese goes into farming on a rather small scale, utilizing the skill which he had acquired in his native country, he is generally successful. Not a few of them, however, have caught the "get-rich-quick" spirit of the strenuous West, and have embarked upon an agricultural enterprise of a speculative nature for which they have neither experience nor means. Such undertakings, except in a few cases, resulted in failure. True, there is George Shima, the Japanese "potato king," who cultivates year after year six to ten thousand acres of potatoes. But Shima is a solitary figure. He has played the game with success because he had a strong financial backing. Such bonanza farming as was common in the earlier days of California is abnormal, and it seems desirable that the Japanese should adopt more conservative methods and practise farming on a modest scale.

It has been contended that when a Japanese settles on a farm it always results in the lowering of price of the adjoining farms, because the white farmers do not desire to live in his neighborhood. Facts do not countenance such contentions. In the first place, the Japanese have in most cases settled or worked on undeveloped lands, whose fertility was problematical and whose price was naturally very low. They clear such lands and convert them into highly productive farms. The land about Fresno is of sandy soil and was long regarded as almost worthless. Moreover in the interior of California the winters are rigorous and the summers intensely hot, and the people who were accustomed to the milder climate of its coast territory did not care to settle in the neighborhood of Fresno. But the Japanese were induced to come, and the country soon became rich with raisins and wines. To the Japanese Fresno is indebted for its general prosperity and for the high price which its farm land now commands.

At Florin, not far from Sacramento, it was also the Japanese who utilized the poorest lands in the vicinity and converted them into profitable strawberry gardens. The low lands in the Sacramento Valley are damp and unhealthy, and in consequence remained long undeveloped. Again the Japanese were brought in, and the section now virtually flows with milk and honey.

In Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Texas, and in almost every State where the Japanese is engaged in agriculture, it is much the same story. He often creates the value of land as he increases it. Where he enters into farming in a country already well developed he is usually on friendly terms with his white neighbors. Whatever the sentiment of urban communities toward their Japanese population, in the countryside there is little ill-feeling between the Japanese and American farmers. Where there is any ill-feeling the fault can in many cases be traced to the doors of white farmers, as I shall presently show.

At the same time it must be admitted that most Japanese farmers, like their compatriots in the city, are not yet in a position to cultivate a refined taste. Their dwellings are not yet what they can be proud of, and their modes of living show little refinement, though they are fastidious and even extravagant both as to food and clothing. But no Japanese will admit that

this is to be their ultimate condition. So far from it, they are ambitious not only to acquire wealth but to elevate their social standing. Eager to learn English, they are even more anxious to utilize the knowledge of the language they acquired in their efforts to understand our institutions and customs. When the hardships and trials inevitable in the initial stage of their undertakings are passed there is no doubt that they will emerge from their present state of life. Time is not yet far back when even the Irish, among whom there are to-day talents and geniuses America may well be proud of, lived in an infelicitous condition which their American neighbors made an object of ridicule and sarcasm. We used to sing:

> "There is a pig in the parlor,
> And that is Irish, too."

The pig has made an exit from the parlor of the Irishman, and in his place have appeared a piano, a talking machine, and a set of tasteful furniture. There is no reason why the Japanese should not go through similar stages of evolution. It is only some fifteen years since the Japanese started farming in this country, and it is unreasonable to expect them to live as the older settlers of other races live.

The anti-Japanese agitators argue that the Japanese can live almost for nothing. The fact is that it costs the Japanese just as much to live as it costs any other people in the corresponding class. The trouble with the Japanese is that he is, in a sense, a poor manager of household economy. Most Japanese are not satisfied with American diet alone, and to cater to their whimsical palates they loosen the purse strings for exotic edibles imported from their native country. Including duties and the cost of transportation the price of such food-stuffs is exorbitant. When they marry their wives demand flowing Japanese gowns as well as close-fitting American dresses. What is more serious, neither they nor their helpmeets know how to utilize for table such materials as can be easily obtained on the farm. If the Japanese farmer suppresses his peculiar craving for imported food-stuffs and learns to satisfy his palate with common American dishes—if his wife, like the wives of American farmers, knows how to

cure ham, churn butter, convert sour milk into breads and cakes, and cook eggs in a hundred and one wonderful ways, his cost of living will be greatly reduced. Then the money thus saved could go a long way toward the improvement of his dwelling.

I have purposely referred to the unsatisfactory condition of the houses occupied by Japanese farmers, because during my trip through the farming districts of the Sacramento Valley I was greatly disappointed with such houses. They are not houses but huts. In such places as Walnut Grove, Isleton, Grand Island, and Courtland, I found the conditions especially bad. In these places, as in many another section, the Chinese preceded the Japanese as farmhands or tenants. To quarter them the landlords put up camps, the cheapest possible structures that lumber and nails could build. Never painted and invariably of unplaned lumber, these structures are far less attractive than the corn cribs or hay barns which are commonly seen in the farm country of the Middle West. When the Japanese came to take the place of Chinese, they were naturally given the same camps which their predecessors had vacated. Upon entering these dreary camps one still finds mementoes of their former tenants in the numerous pieces of red paper, containing monotonous Chinese characters signifying "wealth, good luck, and longevity," and pasted at random on the walls, on the doors, and even on the ceilings.

"Why don't you scrape off these hideous symbols of Mammon, and paint the walls and make the house look a bit more decent?" I said to many of the Japanese farmers I talked with.

"Oh, it's no use," they would always reply; "it's impossible to paint those rough boards. We won't live in such miserable shacks forever, we expect to build some day somewhere."

"Somewhere?" I queried; "why not build here at once? You have been here long enough to save enough to put up a modest farmhouse."

"Because the place doesn't belong to us. We are just tenants and our term of lease is never longer than a year or two. And besides, you know what the labor unions at San Francisco and the politicians at Sacramento are talking about us year in year out. We may have to get out any time. Why should we invest

anything in this old ramshackle building? Our money is hard earned, every penny of it, it would be rank foolishness to waste it as you suggest, when we don't know what is going to become of us next year. As well dump it in the mud! If our position were legally secure, why that is different."

It was extremely unfortunate that the Japanese came after the Chinese. The Chinese was submissive to the point of servility. He was easy to satisfy, and was happy sleeping and eating in his dismal camp. Had there not been in existence thousands of such huts vacated by the Chinese and waiting for new tenants, the Japanese might have built more respectable dwellings. The presence of the Chinese, moreover, had instilled in the bosoms of the Californians irremovable prejudice against all Oriental peoples. They had got the notion that Asiatics must come to their country, if they were to come at all, only to hew wood and draw water for them, and not to become independent and self-reliant. As long as, therefore, the Japanese walked in the footsteps of the Chinese and showed no desire for independence, they were tolerated and even praised. But once the little brown men showed their mettle, Californians heaped upon them vituperations and slanders which they did not deserve. What success the Japanese farmers have achieved is due to naught but their perseverance, their temperance, their willingness to work. As Miss Alice Brown, for thirty-five years a resident of Florin, says, " the very fact that the Japanese is an industrious being and a highly successful producer gives white farmers spasms of alarm. ' They are taking our homes ' is the woeful wail, which means that the slothful must get to work. So, in their blindness, they would destroy the productivity of the Japanese and return to the past status of barren fields that their meagre and inferior product would meet no competition. It is blind, selfish greed that recognizes only self as a factor in the world's struggle. It is ignorance and inhumanity that does not consider the larger whole."

What I have said about the mode of living of Japanese farmers may furnish anti-Japanese agitators a pretext for restricting their rights. The Japanese, they argue, do not spend their earnings on American merchandise but buy Japanese goods,

thus benefiting little the community in which they live. Ah! the old theory of the pennywise. As a matter of fact, the Japanese patronizes American stores more than he patronizes Japanese dealers. But even if he sent all his profits to his native country, what of that? His value to the community would still be considerable.

Take, for example, the case of Florin, which has been cited by the anti-Japanese legislators at Sacramento as a pretext for the need of laws discriminating against the Japanese. In the neighboring region of Florin the soil is a shallow bedrock, abounding in sloughs. The land has to be irrigated by means of well water conducted through ditches. Because of the great amount of money and labor required in the boring of wells and the levelling of land for irrigation, there was but little inducement for the white farmer, though the soil, with adequate preparation, was especially adapted to grapes and strawberries. Before the advent of the Japanese, the country was poor, its output of fruits being extremely meagre. The vast fields had been sowed to grain, but the fertility of the soil was so limited that each succeeding year decreased the yield until the grain industry was no longer profitable. Thus the land was permitted to lie idle, but when the Japanese came in its owners saw a chance to turn it into a profit, offering it to them on yearly payments for a price they never would have obtained from the white investor. In a year's time the barren fields were changed into attractive berry gardens. With their usual foresight the Japanese plant grape vines along with strawberries, so that when the three years' life of the strawberry ceases a productive vineyard takes its place. Their vines are robust and their berry plants luxuriant, and in comparison with them those raised by the white farmers look sadly neglected. The Japanese spare no pains in their efforts to improve the quality of their produce, knowing that the best quality brings the highest price.

And to-day Florin boasts of shipping $150,000 worth of strawberries annually. The shipment of grapes is also large. Who created this profitable industry but the Japanese? He it was who put Florin on the map, a tiny sleepy town up to fourteen years ago. The opponents of the Japanese naturally ask:

"What becomes of this money that the Japanese get?" The answer is given by an American resident of Florin. He informs me that the Japanese strawberry growers of Florin annually pay the express company from $15,000 to $20,000. Then, the production of strawberries valued at $150,000 must confer a considerable profit upon the boxmakers, besides giving employment to the millhands. The railroad, too, shares in the grower's profit, while the well-borer and the engine man are paid high wages. Finally, the storekeeper sells the Japanese growers and their employees provisions and sundry articles, for these eclectic folk from the Orient are no more satisfied with Japanese articles alone than they are satisfied with American goods—they have to have both. Last but not least, the local banker, who is always willing to advance cash for the Japanese, has due share in the profitable industry. No industry can be carried on without due investment. Farming means expenditure as well as profit-making. He indeed must be blind who fails to see that a strawberry industry of $150,000 confers a great benefit upon the community in which that industry is carried on.

We think ill of the Russians because they ill-treat the Jews. The Jewish problem in Russia is a problem arising out of the contact of a wonderfully alert and adroit race with a peculiarly phlegmatic, dull people. The Russian peasants, ignorant and guileless, usually go to the wall when confronted with the *finesse* of the shrewd Jews whose characteristic business methods are too well known to require a comment. The Japanese question in California presents a totally different aspect. Here the relations of the Japanese with the white farmers are not relations between two races separated from each other by a chasm of intellectual discrepancy. Intellectually both, I believe, stand on a par; there is neither inferiority nor superiority between them. The American, however, has the advantage over the Japanese in that he is conversant with English and is familiar with the farming methods and tools employed in this country. In the stratagems of bargaining, too, the American is, on the whole, more than the equal of the Japanese. I would be the last man to accept without much qualification such sweeping assertions as are made by Miss Alice Brown as to the relative moral integrity of the Japanese

and American, but her words are worth hearing. Says this resident of Florin:

"It is the whites that bear the record of shame and dishonor in dealing with the Japanese. It is no disgrace to swindle them in their ignorance, to sell them a worthless horse as a perfect animal for a round sum, to unload worthless things on them for a big price, and to overcharge them at every turn. It is these very same white tricksters who denounce the Japanese when they are foiled in their own game; for the Japanese are an alert, brainy people, and they soon learn a means for self-defence. When they can no longer be exploited they are dishonest. It is the same old story of greed and the unscrupulous factor in the white man."

It is untiring industry and unwavering perseverance, and these alone, which crown Japanese enterprise with success where the white farmer reaps a failure. And yet are we to blame the Japanese in order to exonerate the indolent or shiftless whites, and connive at the oppression and persecution perpetrated in our midst, we who gallantly championed the cause of an abused race under the flag of another Government?

THE OLD MAID

Sara Teasdale

I SAW her in a Broadway car,
The woman I might grow to be;
I felt my lover look at her
And then turn suddenly to me.

Her hair was dull and drew no light,
And yet its color was as mine;
Her eyes were strangely like my eyes,
Tho' love had never made them shine.

Her body was a thing grown thin,
Hungry for love that never came;
Her soul was frozen in the dark,
Unwarmed forever by love's flame.

I felt my lover look at her
And then turn suddenly to me—
His eyes were magic to defy
The woman I shall never be.

HER CHILD

Margaret Widdemer

"WHAT has happened to you out in the woods, Anna?" asked her sister Helen. "You look perfectly happy!"

Anna laughed as she threw down her burden of scarlet and gold-colored leaves.

"Nothing at all," she answered gaily. "Isn't it strange? I've felt just this way all the afternoon: as though everything always had been right and always would be. Perhaps it's the October weather. There was the most gorgeous wind outside, all scented with burning leaves, and such bright little stars coming through; and down by the bridge there was the reddest maple I ever saw."

Helen and her mother looked at Anna in a little dismay. She had not seemed so natural or so light-hearted and content since the spring, when her engagement to Neil had been broken, no one knew by whom or why. It had been one of those engagements of which people say, with a feeling of romantic pleasure that something in this world is as it should be, "They always were made for each other." Anna and her lover had grown up together in their little town, comrades and inseparables since childhood. Their marriage would have been a pleasant fulfilment, to their world, of long, quiet years of promise; a happy ending to a pretty story. Anna had been a little quiet since the story had stopped in incompleteness, a little shadowed. And to have to tell her this now, when she stood there, flushed and wind-tossed, the very incarnation of youth and joy and lightness of heart!

Anna caught her breath at their frightened silence.

"But has something happened to you?" she asked.

"Nothing special," said her mother with a forlorn effort at lightness: only things of the feelings were of such old-fashioned moment in that feminine household, and she loved Anna so watchfully! "Only that Neil Winter is married."

Color and expression seemed to have been wiped out of the face Anna raised, but she spoke very quietly.

"Neil? Married?" she said. "And the strange thing is—I don't seem to care."

She smiled stiffly. The dog, in the sudden silence that dropped again, barked and sprang up to her hand, and she patted him.

"Would you like to go upstairs, dear?" her mother asked hesitatingly. Anna looked wonderingly at her.

"Why, no!" she said. "There's no reason why I should."

She sat steadily through their dinner, talking as steadily. Her mother and sister answered her as bravely and naturally as they could, but it was very hard, for her voice was like a dead girl's—as toneless and impersonal. When at last she made some conventional little excuse and went upstairs they drew a breath of relief, though her sister rose to follow her. The mother motioned her back.

Anna, alone in her little white and blue room with its trailing, childishly pretty violets over walls and bed and hangings, stood gripping the window-casing, waiting for the floods to break and cover her. She had always been a creature more of feeling than of intellect, gentle, old-fashioned, with a genius for loving: and, as it is apt to be with girls brought up in a household of women, she was a little given to sentiment and romantic dreaming. There was no sentiment or dream left now that her mind could wrap itself in, and she felt cold and unclad.

She had told the truth when she said that she did not seem to care. Toward Neil she felt nothing at all. She realized only an immense, icy resentment toward whatever unnamed force had made this thing happen. Her lover had tired of her. That was something no one but herself would ever know certainly. Why he had tired of her Anna knew to-night. She could not be angry at him, any more than at herself. He had not willed to do as he had done. Her bitterness was toward those powers, playing with them and with the unknown girl, those irresponsible world-forces which had allowed so brutal a thing, so twisted a thing, to happen.

"I always dealt fairly with the world," she said aloud. "I

always loved it, and most of the people in it. I always loved Neil. He and I have always been *one*. We belong to each other. We always will. It was out of nature that he should go from me—why, he had been a part of me for fifteen years, ever since we were little children! . . . He was not wicked. He would have gone on caring if he could. He could do nothing else but marry the strange girl if he loved her and was tired of me. But it is not right—it is cruel and twisted—I have done *nothing*—nothing but love the man I belonged to. . . . Presently, when this frozenness is gone, I shall suffer horribly. All the while I am suffering I shall see mother and Helen watching me and pitying me and suffering too. And the best I can hope for is that some day when my capacity for feeling is burnt out I shall marry some man—some strange man I was not meant for. Oh, it is not right—it is not right!"

Her mind fought terribly, desperately, as if with powers and principalities, against the undeserved weight of torture it foresaw; dreading it as one dreads pain when the effect of some deadening drug shall have worn away. Presently her powers of concentration flagged, exhausted. Her body was exhausted, too, by the moveless struggle. She crouched on the floor, a slender, lax figure, waiting for the horror to flood her.

Little by little the sick, icy feeling around her physical heart relaxed, but instead of it came no horror, as she had expected. There closed around her cringing mind a sense of her lover's nearness: of that oneness with the beloved which is the closest thing of love.

"Oh," she whispered half-aloud, "if he had died I would think he had come back to me!"

She tried to force against her mind the knowledge that this was his wedding-night—that he was married to another woman. It had no effect. The close, loving wall as of his presence held about her, and with it presently there came a soft happiness, a happiness which had been his and hers sometimes when they were most near to each other.

She rose finally and turned the light on full, and, leaning forward, regarded herself curiously in the glass. The face she

saw was all flushed and lighted with joy again, as it had been in the woods alone that afternoon.

"Yes," she said wonderingly, "I must be mad for a little while. I always knew that I loved Neil very much more than most girls love men. I suppose that is why the shock of this to-night has done something to my brain. . . . Doubtless the realization will come soon enough. Meanwhile it is very pleasant to be so happy. I wonder when the suffering will begin."

For a while she sat dreaming. Then she went lightly and serenely to her mother and sister in the living-room below.

Late that night her mother tiptoed into the little flowered room in the moonlight, and stooped above the bed. Anna lay sleeping quietly, half-smiling like a child, with one slender arm flung out. The hand was flexed as if it held another hand.

Anna had expected to wake to that dreadfulness which comes to the grief-stricken mind in the early morning, before it is freed enough from sleep to brace itself against pain. She wakened instead to peace and lightness. She remembered that Neil was married, but it seemed an insignificant thing, scarcely concerning her. The one great and real fact in life was still his enfolding presence, and her own very great and happy love for him. Her people heard her come singing down the stairs, and said secretly, "She could not have really cared for him so much, after all!"

She went singing so through the next few months. One day she passed a girl on the street with the same light on her face that she saw in her own glass at home. She knew the girl a little, and remembered having heard that she was lately married—a bride. So that was what she felt herself, she realized suddenly—like a bride! It was bride-joy that made her days so bright, and all the world a rose-colored matter for laughter. . . . And still time went on, and still there was no ending! And gradually something else came to her, a vague added joy that she could not define. One day it defined itself. She was sitting crocheting, beginning a shawl for her mother. The work was mechanical, and she was not looking at it, nor thinking of it as the needle flew in and out. When she looked down she saw

that instead of the straight rows of the shawl a tiny, half-finished woollen shoe lay under her fingers. Then she knew what the added rapture had been, and after that her days were like a prayer.

"I will *know,*" her mind said to its inward certainty; "I will know, soon, whether this is madness. Some one will hear something from where Neil is, and I shall know."

She was aware that if she should hear that incredible thing it would not seem a surprise, nor at all incredible. Nor was it. Her sister told her on a day when she stood with a rejoicing heart by the window. Anna, turning a face that had all the light of the morning on it, answered unthinkingly, "Yes, Helen —I know."

"*Know!*" cried her sister—— "But how could you?"

"I spoke without thinking," said Anna gently, turning back to the summer sunlight, and relaxing herself again to the utter, unreasoning gladness that drenched her, soul and body. Her soul clasped the child's soul close.

She found herself planning happily how she would show the baby the golden-glow in late August. . . . If you spread the old gray blanket-shawl down on the grass. . . . Her mother called to her, and she went. Her soul, transcendress of time and space and circumstance, held the child's soul close still.

Late that day she went alone and tried to think it all out. That little flesh and blood thing out somewhere far off was in some strange way present with her, her very own. The vision —impression—obsession—there was no word that exactly described the thing—was proved a reality to the satisfaction of her wistful heart. Her soul, wise, inscrutable lady, was still and content in an old knowledge. Only her restless, questioning mind thought:

"So there really is a child. And the time of its birth corresponds with the knowledge I had. . . . We loved each other very deeply, Neil and I. I love him so deeply now, it seems, that our minds are close still."

Then her heart laughed.

"What use to reason it out?" it said. "I am happier than I ever thought I could be. I have the thought of him close—

close to me! And I have my baby. Even if I am mad no one can know. It does no harm." There flitted across her brain a scrap of Fiona Macleod, to the effect that the soul goes its own way, unknown and unknowing. It may be happy while the mind and body are most miserable, or suffering when body and mind are most gay. And it seemed to Anna suddenly that this was so, and that to every soul on earth there is a particular way appointed. In the tangle of things the little matters we call realities are twisted sometimes, and, as when Neil flung her away from him and married, go otherwise than as they should. Yet the souls go on their appointed way, in some fourth dimension, unknown to the distressed minds and bodies that are locked fast by Space and Time. So at the end, when there are only souls left alive, there is no tangle of loving or of wronging to be straightened. Everything has always been right—somewhere.

Neil and she belonged together, two halves of a perfect whole. The child was meant to be theirs. And somehow, Anna believed, her soul had been given grace to comfort, and to explain this to her perplexed, resenting mind and her longing body. Perhaps it was that her passionate resistance, the night of his marriage, had torn some veil of sense. . . . She smiled, and held her child closer.

"There is no use wondering," she said. "If I am mad it cannot be helped, and it is a most blessed madness! And if I have been allowed to tear a little hole in the curtain of Time and Space and Reality—I'm of all women most fortunate. If only it does not go!"

It did not go. Summer slid into autumn, and she carried her child out and showed it the tall hedges of golden-glow. She grew able to feel, at times, actual physical pressure of a little head against her breast or shoulder. She knew most clearly what it was like in half-dusk alone. It had Neil's wide, mirthful gray-black eyes in a delicately-pointed baby-face like her own. It was called Doris—the name she and Neil had cared most for.

Sometimes she thought a little about the child out there where Neil was—if it was named Doris, and if it had Neil's eyes. She never was able to think long of it, for always there

would come the pressure of child-arms about her neck, or a sudden rush of the feeling of Neil's presence.

Her dual life went placidly on: an outward girl-life with its little gaieties and little duties, and the inward soul-life of the wife and mother. This last, shining through, came to be something that people noticed and could not quite understand. The very real serenity and constant sincerity of joyousness that were so evidently hers are not common things. She was like a light, they said, and loved her.

There came, among others, a man who loved her. He was stronger and kinder and wiser than Neil, her people said—a better man in every way. At last it seemed to her that she should marry him. She was not clever or modern, she knew. Her only talent was a capacity for loving: an instinct for the duties of wifehood and motherhood, and for being, in one of the old-fashioned phrases which came most readily to one's mind on seeing her, "the light of a household."

So one night she sat with him, on the wide old porch, and hearing him ask her to marry him, intended to say yes. It was wisest. At any time the dream might slip away, and leave her shivering, unclad of love.

She had forgotten that it was always out on the porch in the dusk that the child was most vividly with her. It sat on the wide arm of the rocker, and she was holding it. She felt the little hands clinging to her, and even the roughness of a shoulder-knot against her cheeks. Its curls blew a little in the light breeze. It was watching the stranger with baby wonder—it had never seemed so real.

She forgot her new lover and what he was saying, until a change in his voice arrested her. Its tone was lower and more reverent.

"I think it was a certain Madonna-look you have that I loved first," he was saying. "In spite of your slightness and your childlike ways, you have always seemed to me the very incarnation of motherhood. I always think of you with a child in your arms."

Anna cried out suddenly.

"Oh, no, no, no!" she said pitifully over and over again, as if he had hurt her. "Oh, no, no, no!"

A child in her arms! She knew that he saw it as *his* child. She knew, too, suddenly and irrevocably, that so long as her vision-child dwelt with her, and the feeling of Neil's presence surrounded her, there could be no other children, no other man.

Then she heard the man with her pleading with her to forgive him for what he had said. He should have remembered, he said, what a child she was, and how innocent a child-mind was hers.

Anna felt the child clasp itself closer. She lifted her face to him bravely.

"It is not that. I am not a child, and I wasn't angry. Only —I can't marry. I don't think I can ever marry anyone. I cared for some one once, and I feel as if I belonged to him still. It doesn't make me feel badly. I'm—very happy, always. Only I can never marry anyone as long as I feel so."

She could hear him pleading with her a little longer, but she did not seem able to be interested. She was sorry for him, vaguely, but he and all he said seemed very far away. Presently he went. Anna sat still a little longer on the porch in the dusky, scented air, rocking the child and dreaming.

THE VAUDEVILLE AGENT

CAROLINE CAFFIN

IN accordance with the saying "nothing venture nothing win," the Little Authoress determined to try to place her one-act play on the stage of vaudeville. Besides, what is the use of having friends of importance in the theatrical world if one's own ventures must languish in obscurity? So, armed with an introduction from one of the truly influential, she invaded the office of a vaudeville agent.

A hum of voices was audible as soon as she got off the elevator and the turn of the passage brought her into sight of groups of twos and threes, men and women and dogs, engaged in animated conversation. The largest group stood just outside an open door, bearing the name which was written on the Little Authoress's letter of introduction and leading to the outer office, or waiting room.

The Little Authoress passed through the door and found the outer office full of vivid, highly accentuated people of a type not familiar. True, she could remember seeing occasional specimens drifting up and down Broadway; but she had not believed there existed in the whole city as many, all told, as were now included in this room. A gorgeousness and lavishness characterized their garments, except where they displayed a skimpiness which was specially designed. There was certainly not a petticoat in the room except her own. On closer inspection an idea gradually grew in the Little Authoress's mind that none of the gorgeous clothes were new and that most of them had been slept in.

The complexions of the women, however, were mostly brand new; so was the color of much of their hair. Little tight ringlets, obviously pinned on, abounded, and lips were made to taste. The Little Authoress found herself wondering how they recognized each other from day to day. There was less of newness about the men; even their beards and collars dated at least from yesterday. But they were in their own way as vivid and accentuated as the women. Not as to lips and tresses, but in flam-

ing ties, fantastic hats, resonant voices and abundant play of gesture.

Everyone seemed very much at home and called everyone else by first name. There were some chairs placed around the wall, and if those who were weary could find no better place to sit, sometimes they sat on these. But a table, window ledge, office desk or radiator was decidedly preferable. There was a reason, as the Little Authoress afterward discovered; but, not being of the initiated, she seated herself inconspicuously on a chair.

After a little while she observed a young man who came and went through a door marked "Private," and politely bade a shrill-voiced blonde to "chase yourself, kiddo," in order that he might occupy a desk on which she had enthroned herself. Assuming he was a clerk or office boy or some other prominent official, the Little Authoress stepped over to his desk and intrusted him with her letter of introduction to Mr. Marmaduke McDonald, the agent. The young man, who had pale red hair and a pale blue eye and yesterday's beard and collar, regarded the missive languidly and laid it unopened on his desk as he nodded rather wearily. He then proceeded with some writing, exchanging pleasantries with the other occupants of the room. Presently he arose and went toward the door marked Private, and from her inconspicuous seat the Little Authoress noticed that he carried her letter with him.

"He will return and conduct me to Mr. Marmaduke McDonald," the Little Authoress assured herself, and from her inconspicuous seat she watched the assembly, which seemed to gather and disperse without cause or purpose. But instead of the Pale Red Youth there now bounced out of the inner office a small Egg-Shaped Person, with a curved nose and black lashless eyes, gleaming behind eyeglasses, and a hat well on the back of his head. Everybody shouted at him as he passed and a few seemed to try to intercept him. But his eye was fixed on some distant point and he seemed unaware of the obstacles which intervened. In his small mouth a large cigar seemed to be permanently fixed and his drooping underlip repressed a smile, half tolerant, half derisive. Betraying no consciousness of the other

occupants of the room, he went straight to a fuzzy-haired man and spoke to him a few short, quick sentences, emphasized with considerable hand action and a final shrug of dismissal. As he turned his back and started again for the door marked Private, a girl with black eyes and a row of crisp little ringlets showing beneath her hat rim stood directly in front of him. His hat remained unmolested on his head as he answered her in a couple of words. Then he dived again for the inner office, ignoring the cries and avoiding attempts to reach him. At the very door he was successfully intercepted by a flabby youth in a green suit whom he dismissed curtly as he closed the door in his face. The three to whom he had spoken soon left the office.

No one else seemed disconcerted, however, but remained chatting and chaffing and gossiping with freedom rather startling to a new comer. But the Little Authoress sat on, expectant of the summons to the great man's presence.

Presently, the Pale Red Youth reappeared and made his way toward the desk. In passing he looked toward the Little Authoress in her inconspicuous seat and she started in expectation of hearing him speak to her. But he looked away and proceeded to manipulate a typewriter.

Twice more the Egg-Shaped one reappeared and picked out somebody from the crowd as the object of his excursion, and on one occasion the favored person followed him back into the inner office. On the other occasion two or three lingerers managed to evoke from him some response which caused them to abandon their lingering and leave. From time to time other men entered and left the inner office through the door marked Private.

This was all doubtless very amusing and very instructive, but the Little Authoress did not feel that she was accomplishing much and began to show signs of impatience, which interested nobody but herself. A large group of waiting clients resolved to change their quarters, after much discussion and persuasion and entreaties to "Aw! come on now!" and the declaration by one youth, many times repeated and finally taken up by all the other members of the party and giggled over by the girls, that his "feet's begun sendin' out roots, standin' around so long."

Their ultimate departure left the office rather empty and the Little Authoress became conscious that the Pale Red Youth looked frequently across at her. He seemed to note in her something unlike the usual clients of the place, and presently some kindly impulse moved him to take compassion on the maladroitness of a novice. He arose and came toward her to enlighten her as to the accepted methods of intercourse in this new social sphere to which she had come.

"Say," he said, standing before her, propped up by a tilted chair; "it ain't no use your stickin' around in a corner waitin' for him to see you."

"But I had an introduction, you took it in to him," urged the Little Authoress.

"That don't cut no ice when he's busy," he explained. "He's forgotten about it by now."

"What shall I do then?" the Little Authoress asked, grateful for advice from an expert. Then, to show that she was not lacking in courage, "Shall I walk right in to his office?"

The Pale Red Youth looked at her with interest mingled with pity. How could anyone, grown up and apparently sane, make such a mad suggestion? "Well! I guess not. You can't do that, you know," he said deprecatingly. "No. You just catch at him when he comes in."

"Catch at him?" she asked, not quite understanding.

"Yes, holler at him when he comes by," the youth explained.

"But I don't even know which is he!" she protested.

"It's the fat little duck with the lamps as is always running in and out," he informed her.

"Is that Mr. McDonald?" she asked. McDonald had always suggested to her a Scottish origin and there were curves in the Egg-Shaped gentleman's physiognomy that were not those of a Scot.

"Marmaduke McDonald—Mark Eisenstein! You're wise, ain't you?" and the Pale Red Youth winked portentously. "Just you catch at him the next time he comes by."

The Little Authoress thanked him for the hint and determined to profit by it. Since she was in Rome she would do as the Romans. So the next time Mr. Marmaduke McDonald

Mark Eisenstein made his progress through the room she arose from her inconspicuous seat and " hollered " with the rest. And for a moment she almost thought she had " hollered " to some purpose, for he certainly seemed to be coming toward her. She was just going to speak to him when a very blonde lady, the roses and lilies of whose cheeks never mingled but remained in rigid aloofness, stepped squarely between them, standing close to Mr. McDonald, and said in a high-pitched voice: " Just one little word in your ear, Mark! " then, over her shoulder to the Little Authoress, " You'll excuse me, Miss! " as she followed him into the inner office.

The Pale Red Youth had marked her discomfiture and came over to offer condolence. " That was some jar," he announced. " You didn't ought to let her put one over on you like that."

" How could I help it? " asked the Little Authoress, half laughing at her own helplessness.

" Oh, you should 'a' told her to take the next car. They'll walk right over you if you let 'em, some of these baby dolls will." And he retreated pensively to his desk.

The next time Mr. McDonald broke from the sanctity of the inner office, the Pale Red Youth had evidently determined that the Little Authoress was not competent to fight her own battles and he stopped his chief and drew his attention to her with a very obvious air of secrecy. The Little Authoress edged up to the two and the great man turned to her. " Well, Miss, what can I do for you? "

She was prepared with a brief, business-like answer which gained his interest enough for her to be told to " step this way." The promptness with which she obeyed insured that no other intruder should " catch at him " in this her brief moment.

Mr. McDonald walked straight up to the desk of the inner office and seated himself in the revolving chair, tipping it well back, his cigar stationary in the corner of his mouth. The room was lined with filing cabinets and photographs, framed and unframed. On the floor was a carpet which had once been red. No chair was placed near the desk, the only other one in the room being almost out of earshot.

"Now, what about it?" he asked, crossing his legs and placing one hand in the armhole of his waistcoat.

There could be no doubt about it. She was expected to stand as she addressed him. For a moment the Little Authoress flamed hot and she felt inclined to turn on her heel and go. But "in Rome do as the Romans," and before replying she deliberately walked across to the distant chair, picked it up and carried it up to the desk. Without hurry she seated herself facing him.

"Now I can talk to you," she said crisply and concisely.

The Egg-Shaped Man watched her keenly but without a word. Yet he puffed rather hard at his cigar and his drooping underlip tightened up a little.

She stated her business. From behind his glasses he watched her, his black, lashless eyes never leaving her face. Then he asked questions. So she wanted him to read her play? What was it, tragedy? No, comedy with a bit of heart interest.

"How long?"

"Thirty minutes."

"How many characters?"

"Four."

"S'pose it's got a punch to it?"

"Surely yes"; though here the Little Authoress felt a qualm as she caught the unemotional keenness of the eyes above the cigar.

"What's the situation?"

Could she make him see it? Briefly she explained the story, though the words sounded to her halting and inadequate. Tipped back in the revolving chair and puffing hard at the cigar, he listened unmoved.

"So the little woikin' goil throws down the rich guy? What for, did you say?"

"Because she didn't care for him and she didn't think he was her equal."

"Didn't think she was his equal?" he suggested.

"No, Mr. McDonald. Didn't think *he* was *her* equal."

"She's spunky, eh?" and he brought his chair down to the perpendicular, taking his eyes off her for the first time.

"Oh, yes! And she didn't think him worth making a sacrifice for."

Mr. McDonald took his cigar out of his mouth and looked at it.

"Sacrifice? Well! does it get over?"

The Little Authoress thought it did.

"You can leave it with me and I'll let you know about a try out by Tuesday."

The cigar stayed between his fingers as she rose to go, and again he looked her over with a keen, appraising glance.

"It's her spunkiness which makes the hit?" he queried.

The Little Authoress assented, restraining an impulse to enlarge on her theme and turning to go.

"I don't know but p'raps it would," he said, and absentmindedly he took off his hat and laid it on the top of the desk. A gurgle in his throat may have been a response to her parting "good afternoon."

FRAGMENTS OF VILLON

H. de Vere Stacpoole

The Paris of 1465

OPENING the Petit Testament is like opening a window on to Old Paris. The air of winter blows at once in your face.

> **En ce temps que j'ai dit devant**
> **Sur le Noël, morte saison.**

The cry of the wolf sniffing the wind at the city gates crosses the Christmas bells. Spires, chimney-pots, weathercocks, house-gables cut the freezing sky; the windmills of Petit Gentilli stand stark and still as if menacing the always hungry city, and fronting Gentilli the windmills of Pincourt fling their arms to the air.

Shivering and fascinated one listens and looks, till at last, by some alchemy, one finds oneself in the streets themselves, where dusk and dim lanterns struggle together, and the sudden blaze of a torch carried by at a run shows a crowd that is at once a crowd and a shadow. Beggars, prostitutes, tramps, thieves, priests and honest citizens, all those who were once human beings go about their business in that freezing dusk which clings still to the opening and closing lines of the Petit Testament.

The litter of the woman of fashion passes, carried by lacqueys up to their ankles in filth. The vulture profile of the Arblatière and the frozen beard sticking brush-like from his face, gold of baldrick, horror of rags: all are lit by the running torch-man.

You turn a corner and the bells hit you in the face; they seem whipped to life by the wind from the North; you cross the Petit Pont, to the Cité, and the Rue de la Lanterne lies before you, with the church of the Madeleine on one side of it and the Pomme du Pin on the other.

The Pomme du Pin casts its light right out to the roadway. It is the most notable public-house in Paris, and mixed with the bells of St. Merri and the carillon of St. Landry the voice of

the Pomme comes like the crackling of thorns beneath a pot of mulling wine. There you will find François Villon warming his hands at the fire, thawing the frost and the university out of his blood, and cracking jokes with friends and strangers, whilst Robin Turgis serves the drink. Fournier, the Lieutenant of Police, shows his ugly face at the door; Colin Laurent and Jehan Marceau look in; the place becomes crowded with students of the university, each one entering blue with cold and each one leaving red with wine.

Dusk is the fashionable hour at the Pomme du Pin, night at the Abreuvoir Popin. The Abreuvoir Popin is one of those tragic places that possess evil personalities of their own. It is a watering-place for horses just by the Petit Pont, and in summer it is frequented by blackguard boys, courtezans, thieves, coiners; students broken from the university and disfrocked priests. In winter the tavern beside it is crammed. Here you will find Jehan de Loup and Cassin Cholet, duck thieves; Regnier de Montigny, Colin de Cayeux, Guy Tabary, Dom Nicholas, Petit-Jehan, and Thibault the locksmith; all robbers, and worse.

We can see them drinking together with Villon in their midst, discussing the smallest and the meanest matters, unconscious of the immortality he is to give them, and which they would sell for a bottle of wine.

The Three Quarters

The Paris of Villon, armed, spinous, belted by the wall of Charles V, was divided into three quarters: The University, the Cité, and the Ville. The University, a solid mass of slated roofs covering the left bank of the Seine from the Tournelle to the tower of Neslé and spreading over the hill of St. Geneviève; the Cité, with its twenty-one churches, covering the island of the Cité; and the Ville, covering the right bank with its gardens and palaces. Around this city of a thousand churches * and ten thousand houses, all fused and huddled together as if for warmth and protection, the stray towers and windmills of the suburbs of Gentilli, Pincourt, Porcherons, and Ville L'Evêque.

* Figurative.

The Court des Miracles was situated in the Ville. This nightmare place, so vividly painted by Hugo, must have been known to Villon,—it recruited from the university as well as from the Church. Shaped like a market-square, it was surrounded by rookeries populated by robbers, beggars, petty thieves and cut-throats; by gypsies, Jews and Christians. It broke through the ruined wall of the Ville, and some of the towers of the wall were used as taverns and houses of ill-repute. Teeming with people by night, lit by bonfires, unapproachable even by the Archers of the watch, the Cour des Miracles, like a terrible lantern, lights the Paris of Villon for the understanding. Where such a place could be, all things might be, and most things unspeakable were.

The Pomme du Pin, the Abreuvoir Popin, and the Cour des Miracles were but three rungs in a ladder. The student who began by drinking at the Pomme often ended by sleeping in the Cour des Miracles. Villon fell into the pit at Méun-sur-Loire in the prison of Thibault d'Ausigny—but he at least escaped from falling into the Cour des Miracles.

The Ville among its other important buildings held the Louvre and the Hôtel de Ville; it was a much more extensive and less densely populated quarter than either that of the Cité or the University. Though it held the Cour des Miracles it held also some of the finest houses in Paris. On the Seine bank lay the Hôtel de Jouy and the Hôtels de Sens and Barbeau; the Queen's Palace and the Abbey of the Celestins were also here. Behind these lay the vast grounds of the Hôtel St. Pol, owned by the King of France. Further afield rose to view the Logis d'Angoulême and the spires and towers of the palace of the Tournelles. To the right of the Tournelles, grim and black, stood the Bastille.

The centre of the Ville was occupied by poor houses. Here lay the Halles and the pillory and the Croix de Trahoir. The great semicircle of the Ville also included a place which, like the Cour des Miracles, throws a sinister light on the Paris of Villon: the Marche au Pourceaux, where was situated the cauldron in which coiners were boiled alive.

Unlike the Ville the Cité was simply crusted with buildings—

mostly churches. Notre Dame like a mother seemed to have gathered them all around her. In front of the great Cathedral the houses had cleared a space, and the Parvis of Notre Dame, into which three streets emptied, must have been a sight on a feast day and colored by the life of the Ville, the Cité, and the University. Charlemagne, who laid the first stone of the Cathedral, has a place in the verse of Villon, and a whiff of incense from the great old church seems to stray across that ballade written by Villon for his mother.

Notre Dame, like the Cour des Miracles, also holds its lamp to the city of the poet, illuminating other things than the tenebrous and vile.

Here on the Cité was also situated the Palais de Justice at which Villon looks askant. The Palace of the Bishop at which we may fancy him turning up his nose; the Hôtel Dieu on the Parvis, and the Hôtel of Juvenal des Urcines—that chronicler of calamities.

Crossing over from the City to the University by the Petit Pont, one passed the gateway of the Petit Chatelet and found oneself in a maze of streets. Streets, streets, some narrow, some fairly broad; some cutting through rookeries alive with students, some giving frontage to the colleges, forty-two in number, and spired and domed with the spires and domes of fantasy and the Middle Ages.

One passed abbeys and splendid hotels—the Hôtel de Cluny was here and the Logis de Nevers; the Logis de Rome, and the Logis de Rheims—till, elbowing churchmen and students, one at last arrived at the church of St. Benoist de la Bien Tourné, near the Sorbonne.

The church of St. Benoist had a double influence on the life of François de Loge, otherwise known as François Villon. It was Guillaume Villon, a chaplain of St. Benoist, who adopted François de Loge and gave him his name and shelter in his house, the Porte Rouge, situated in the cloister of St. Benoist.

It was in front of St. Benoist one fine evening that François Villon, sitting on a stone and conversing with Gilles, a priest, and one named Ysabeau, was accosted by Phillip Chermoye, also a priest. In the altercation that ensued Villon stabbed Chermoye

so that he died. A crime—if crime it was—which sent Villon to exile, and helped to give us the *Epistre en forme de Ballade à ses amis.*

Villon

Nearly everything in life gave Villon a ballade; if not, a rondel; if not, a verse. A tavern, a church, the picture of a saint, a friend, an enemy, himself, his old mother, or Colin Cholet the duck thief, all found expression in his genius. He was the voice of old Paris, and of all the voices of her bells and her people, the only living voice to reach us. Yet he is enough, for he speaks for them all. For the rioters in the taverns, for the chattering girls, for the courtezan grown old; for his mother, so clearly that we can see her in the church where she worshipped; for the creaking gibbet and the howling wolf. There is scarcely a friend that he has forgotten or an enemy he has missed; and he is frank as day about himself.

He says horrible things, he says sordid things, and he says beautiful things, but he says one thing always, the truth, and his lamentations are real no less when he is lamenting his own fate than the fate of the women who have vanished from the world.

Considering the times in which he lived, he is wonderfully clean-spoken and devoid of brutality. Remember, that in the Paris of 1465 they boiled malefactors alive in the cauldron of the swine market, the graveyards at night were the haunts of debauchery; priests and nuns helped in the recruiting of the army of crime, and the students of the university were often reduced to begging their bread from door to door. He, in his personal life, has been hardly dealt with. He killed Chermoye; and who was Chermoye?—a priest armed with a dagger. He was a robber, but he was a robber in an age of robbers. God made him a robber, it is true, but at least let us thank God that He did not make him a tradesman.

We have no portrait of Villon. If we had I would swear it showed a better face than the swine face of Rabelais. Rabelais, a great genius who rolls in ordure and honor, whilst Villon, a greater, walks despised by people who call themselves honest men.

When Auguste Longon, grubbing amidst the archives of the Châtelet de Paris and the Bibliothèque de la Sorbonne, discovered that Villon had many friends who were thieves, he did a great disservice to literature, inasmuch as he incited Robert Louis Stevenson to write his lamentable article on Villon. How so great a man could have put his hand to so mean a work must ever remain one of the mysteries of life. Without charity there is no understanding, and without understanding you may look in vain for charity.

Ayez pitie, ayez pitie de moy.
À tout les moins, si vous plaist mes amis!

The Ballads

Villon was born in the year 1431. He died on some date unknown. His manner of living, how much he drank, what people he robbed, if he robbed any, his love affairs, his companions and their status in life—all these things are only of interest to us as footnotes to his literary work, and all these things—first verified—should be set forth without comment.

When a man is living and breathing no other man may dare to attack his reputation; only when he is defenceless through death may the literary kites assemble to dig in his eyes and entrails and make profit out of the corpse of his life and reputation—and a corpse over four thousand years—a corpse may surely be left at peace, even by these.

Villon is the greatest and truest of French poets, and if you doubt my word look at his star which is only now in true ascension after nearly half a thousand years. He is the only French poet who is entirely real; all the rest are tinged with artifice, and his reality is never more vividly apparent than when it is conveyed in the most artificial and difficult form of verse.

The ballade in the hands of this supreme master is capable of producing the most astonishing results. It is now the perfect necklace that fits the throat of Thaïs, and, now the noose that swings from the gibbet. He only requires twenty-eight lines to say about women what Zola has prosily said in five volumes, and only twenty-eight lines to write the epitaph of all the women

who have ever lived. Villon is the most modern of the moderns; his verse, with the gibbets removed, might have been written in the Paris of to-day, and in any civilization to follow ours he will hold the same high place; for it is his essential that the forms of his genius are the concretions of eternal principles, not the flowery expansions of ephemeral moods.

EPITAPH IN FORM OF A BALLADE

Which was made by Villon for himself and his companions whilst waiting with them expecting to be hanged.

O brother men who after us shall thrive,
Let not your hearts against us hardened be.
For all the pity unto us ye give
God will return in mercy unto ye.
We five or six all swinging from the tree,
Behold, and all our well-fed flesh once fair
Rotted, and eaten by the beaks that tear,
Whilst we the bones to dust and ash dissolve.
Let no man mock us, or the fate we bear;
But pray to God that He shall us absolve.

O brothers, hear us and do not receive
Our lamentations in disdain, tho' we
Came here by justice, for all men that live
Are not born into good sense equally.
Make intercession for us, graciously,
With Him whose life the Virgin once did share,
That His grace comes to us as water clear,
Nor hell's destructions on our heads devolve;
Dead are we, and as dead men leave us here.
But pray to God that He shall us absolve.

The rain has washed us as we'd been alive,
The sun has burned us bitterly ye see.
The pies and crows that all around us strive
Leave us of eyes and beard and eyebrows free.
Never from torment have we sanctuary,
Ever and always driven here and there
At the winds' will, and every change of air,
More pecked by birds than fruit that beaks revolve;
O brothers, make no mock of what we are,
But pray to God that He shall us absolve.

Envoi

Prince Jesus, lord of all, have us in care,
And keep from us the fires of hell that stare,
Lest those dread fires our fate and future solve.
Men! gaze on us, be warned, and onward fare—
But pray to God that He shall us absolve.

THE LAMENT OF LA BELLE HEAULMIÈRE *

Methought I heard the mournful sigh
Of she who was the town's mistress,
Lamenting that her youth should die
And speaking thus in sore distress:
"Ah, foul age in your bitterness
And hate, why have you used me so,
Why, when you slew my loveliness,
Did you not kill me with that blow?"

Broken hast thou the spell so fair
That beauty once gave unto me;
Merchants and clerks and priests once were
My slaves and all men born to see
Were mine, and paid gold royally
For that without which men's hearts break,
From that which now, if offered free,
No thief in all the town would take.

And many a man have I refused
—So little wisdom did I show—
For love of one black thief who used
My youth as bee the flowering bow.
Tho', spite my wiles, I loved him so
And gave him that which I had sold,
For love he paid me many a blow;
Yet well I know he loved my gold.

Tho' many a blow and many a kick
He gave me, still my love held true,
Tho' he bound faggots stick by stick
Upon my back, one kiss would do

* Heaulmière really means courtezan, from the method of dressing the hair helmet-shape adopted by these ladies.

To wipe away the bruises blue
And my forgetfulness to win;
And how much am I fatter thro'
That rogue? whose pay was shame and sin!

But he is dead this thirty years,
And I remain by age brought low,
And when I think, alas! in tears
Of what was then and what is now;
And when my nakedness I show
And all my ruined change I see,
Aged, dried, and withered, none may know
The rage that fills the heart of me!

Where now is gone my forehead white,
Those eyebrows arched, that golden hair,
Those eyes that once so keen of sight
Held all men by their gaze so fair;
The straight nose, great nor small, and where
Those little ears, that dimpled chin,
The fine complexion, pale yet clear,
The mouth just like a rose within?

Small shoulders with the grace that dips,
The long arms and the lovely hands,
The little breasts, the full-fleshed hips
That once had strong men's arms for bands;
High, broad and fair as fair uplands
The large reins?

. . . . . .
. . . . . .

The forehead wrinkled, hair turned gray,
The eyebrows vanished, eyes grown blind
That once with laughter's light were gay,
Now gone and never more to find;
Nose bent as if beneath some wind,
Ears hanging, mossed with hair unclean,
Life's color now to Death's inclined,
Chin peaked, and lips like weeds from Seine.

And so all human beauty ends,
The arms grown short, the hands grown thin,
Shoulders like twin fair ruined friends,
The breasts like sacks all shrunken in,

The flanks that now no gaze could win;
That's best forgot—
The thighs that once were firm, like skin
O'er sausage meat for stain and spot.

So we regret the good old times,
And squatting round the fire sit we,
Old tripes to watch the flame that climbs
And in the fire our past to see.
Like sticks to feed a fire we be,
A fire that soon is lit and done;
Yet had we beauty once—*Pardie*
—Which is the tale of many a one.

BALLADE
OF THE WOMEN OF PARIS

Take those famed for language fair,
Florentines, Venetiennes,
Each good as love's messenger,
Maidens young or ancients.
Roman girls, Lombardiennes,
Girls whose names Geneva carries,
Piedmont girls, Savoysiennes;
No girls speak like those of Paris.

Tho' for grace of language are
Famed the Neapolitans,
And in chattering Germans share
Pride of place with Prussians.
Taking Greeks, Egyptians,
Austrians, whom no rhyme marries,
Spanish girls, Castillians,
No girls speak like those of Paris.

Brettones-Swiss their language mar,
Gascon girls, Tolousiennes;
Two fish fags would close their jar
On Petit Pont, Lorrainiennes,
English girls, Calaisiennes.
—All the world my memory harries—
Picard girls, Valenciennes,
No girls speak like those of Paris.

Envoi

Prince, to fair Parisiennes
Give the prize, nor turn where tarries
One who saith "Italians."
No girls speak like those of Paris.

DOUBLE BALLADE OF GOOD COUNSEL

Go love as much as love you will
And forth to feasts and banquets stray,
Yet at the end there comes the bill
And broken heads at break of day.
For light loves make men beasts of prey,
They bent toward idols Solomon,
From Samson took his eyes away,
Happy is he not so undone.

For this did Orpheus, who could thrill
With pipe and flute the mountains gray,
Come near to death where stands to kill
Four-headed Cerberus at bay.
Also Narcissus, fair as May,
Who in a deep dark pool did drown
For love of light loves fair and gay.
Happy is he not so undone.

Sardana praised in knighthood still
Who conquered Crete, did yet betray
His manhood, nor disdained the frill
And skirt for this—or so they say.
King David, great in prophecy,
Forgot his God for sight of one
Who washing did her thigh display.
Happy is he not so undone.

And Ammon was a man until
Foul love cast him in disarray,
Feigning to eat of tarts, his skill
O'ercame his sister till she lay
Dishonored, which was incest, aye,
Most foul—see Herod who made John
Headless, beneath a dancer's sway.
Happy is he not so undone.

Next of myself—most bitter pill—
I, thrashed as washerwomen bray
Their clothes, in nature's deshabille
Stood nakedly—and wherefore, pray?
Ask Katherin of Vauselles, malgré
Noe had most part of the fun.
Such wedding gloves no loves repay;
Happy is he not so undone.

But that young man impressible,
Turn him from those young maidens, nay,
Burn him upon the witches' hill,
He'd turn in burning to the fray.
They're sweet to him as civet—aye,
But trust them and your peace is gone;
Brunette or blonde one law obey.
Happy is he not so undone.

RONDEL

Your memory is death to me,
My only good the sight of you,
I swear by all that I hold true
That joy without you cannot be.
When I your face no longer view
I die of sadness, yea—*pardie*
Your memory is death to me.

Alas, sweet sister fair to see,
Have pity on me, for with you
Evil recoils, the sky is blue;
Without you clouds shade land and sea.
—Your memory is death to me!

RONDEL

True god of Love turn here thy gaze,
Draw death to me thro' Death's dark ways
More hastily.

For I have badly used my days,
I die of love thro' Love's delays,
Most certainly.

Grief's weariness upon me preys.

LETTER

In the form of a Ballade, to his friend. From the pit at Méun-sur-Loire in the prison of Thibault d'Ausigny.

Have pity on me, have pity I pray,
My friends may I pray you to grant this grace,
For far from the hawthorne trees of May
I am flung in this dungeon in this far place
Of exile, by God and by Fate's disgrace.
New married and young, girls, lovers that kneel,
Dancers and jugglers that turn the wheel,
Needle sharp, quick as a dart each one;
Voiced like the bells midst the hills that peal.
Will you leave him like this—the poor Villon?

Singers who sing without law your lay,
Laughing and jovial in words and ways,
Feather-brained folk, yet always gay,
Who run without coin good or bad your race.
You have left him too long who is dying apace,
Makers of ballads for tongues to reel,
Where lightning shews not nor breezes steal,
Too late you will praise him when he is gone;
Around whom the walls are like bands of steel.
Will you leave him like this—the poor Villon?

Come hither and gaze on his disarray,
Nobles who know not the tax-man's face,
Who homage to kings nor emperors pay,
Only to God in His paradise.
Behold him who Sundays and holidays
Fasts till like rakes his teeth reveal.
Who after crusts but never a meal
Water must suck till his belly's a tun;
With stool nor bed for his back's appeal,
Will you leave him like this—the poor Villon?

Envoi

Princes, young, or whom years congeal,
A pardon I pray with the royal seal;
Then hoist me in basket the earth upon.
So even will swine for each other feel,
And rush to help at the hurt one's squeal;
Will you leave him like this—the poor Villon?

RONDEL

Good year! good week! good day
Health, joy and honor with you stay,
From Better's door to best pass through,
And joy in love may God give you.
And for a new year's gift, I pray
A lady than Helaine more gay,
Whose purse may always gold display;
Live long without age touching you.
Good year! good week! good day!
And when you leave this earthly way,
May heavenly joy your heart repay
When caught up to the heavenly blue,
Where one may find the only true
Bliss, without pain or sorrow gray.
Good year! good week! good day!

BALLADE OF VANISHED LORDS

And more—that Pope the third Calixte,
Last of his name, where is he gone,
Who four years held the Papalist;
Where's Alphonse, King of Arragon.
The gracious lord duke of Bourbon,
And Artus, duke of broad Bretagne,
And Charles the seventh, named "Le Bon"?
But where is now brave Charlemagne!

Also that Scottish king of mist
And rain, with half his face, saith one,
Vermillion like an amethyst,
Painted from chin right up to crown.
The Cyprian king of old renown,
Alas! and that good king of Spain,
Whose name hath from my memory flown?
But where is now brave Charlemagne!

I say no more, let me desist
In useless quest of things undone,
For none may pallid Death resist
Or find in law evasion.*

* This is the true translation; also, Sigismund does not appear in the original, but he was the person referred to.

One question more and I have done,
Where's Launcelot, ruler of Behaigne,
With Sigismund, beneath what sun?
But where is now brave Charlemagne!

Envoi

Where's Claquin now, the good Breton,
Where's the count Dauphin D'Auvergne,
The last good duke D'Alençon?
But where is now brave Charlemagne!

VILLON'S BALLADE OF VANISHED LADIES

[A version by H. de Vere Stacpoole]

Now tell me in what land may be
The Roman Flora? and again
Where's Thaïs fair, and fair as she,
Hypparchia, cousins once germane?
Where's Echo, heard where rings the rain
On mere, and where the river flows.
Whose beauty hath no human stain?
But where are now the last year's snows!

Where is the most learned Heloïse
For whom, cast forth with manhood slain,
Pierre Abellard at Saint Denys
Suffered thro' love such grievous pain?
Also the Queen who in her reign
Commended Buridan to those
Who cast him in a sack to Seine?
But where are now the last year's snows!

The Queen Blanche like a white lily,
Voiced like a siren of the main,
Berthe-broadfoot, Beatrix, Alys,
And Haremburges who held Mayne;
And Joan, the good maid of Lorraine,
At Rouen burnt by English foes.
Queen, Virgin! where do these remain?
But where are now the last year's snows!

Envoi

Prince, ask me not this week in vain,
Where are they? nor this year that goes;
Aye, must remain the same refrain,
But where are now the last year's snows!

EDITORIAL NOTES

California and the Japanese

RACE prejudice is a curious and difficult question; and it is rarely discreet for anyone not intimately affected to offer condemnation or approval of any specific acts that have resulted from a long period of tension. California may or may not have reason to regard the Japanese with disfavor; but only those who have come into close contact, not merely with the Japanese, but with the Japanese under the conditions prevailing in California, should express any decided opinion with regard to the general question.

But there can scarcely be two opinions with regard to the conduct of the Californian Executive and Legislature in ignoring the grave representations of the national Government. There is here no question either of States' rights, or of the unendurable wrongs of a community. There is a question only of the consideration that should, and must, be paid by every member of this confederation of States to the federal Executive. California has deliberately exposed the nation to the risk of an unnecessary and disastrous conflict. Where delay would have been entirely in accordance with dignity and decency, she insisted upon having her own way, petulantly, in defiance of the public opinion of the country and the weighty remonstrances of the Administration.

The national Executive has come with additional credit through a difficult situation. The Californian Executive and Legislature will have little but discredit in the final balancing of accounts.

The Freedom of the Press

IN a free country, there can be no tampering with the freedom of the press.

The conviction of Mr. Scott, editor of *The Passaic Weekly,* on the charge of "inciting hostility to the government," is obviously incompatible with freedom. All criticism, however sane and sincere, of public men and measures could be twisted to come

within the scope of such an indictment. The conviction must be quashed.

Yet Mr. Scott is not entitled to any special sympathy. Freedom is not license. Vitriolic expression of a purely partisan and prejudiced viewpoint cannot claim the protection that will be given to any, and every, public utterance that is not vitiated by personal prejudice or intemperate narrow-mindedness.

Mistakes can be condoned. Vindictiveness and raucousness cannot.

Far too many would-be guiders of public opinion try to cloak their own inefficiency under the mantle of press-privilege and press-prestige. Far too many declamatory partisans assume that their own little circle of vituperation embraces all the universes of thought.

Freedom of the press involves freedom from prejudice. It must be admitted that a certain section of the press is not entitled to much freedom.

"Outward Decency"

THE first report of the Bureau of Social Hygiene, the organization of which John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is chairman, contains, amongst others, the following interesting statements:

Manhattan alone supports 15,000 prostitutes.

There are 1,606 vice resorts of all grades in the borough.

There are more than 300 "massage parlors" in which not the slightest effort is made to cloak the immoral nature of the real "business" conducted.

Thirty of the most tawdry resorts operated as a combine earn in the aggregate at least $2,000,000 annually.

Twenty-seven such vice resorts were located in tenements, where, all told, some 500 children under sixteen years of age were playing about the halls.

The comforting doctrine of "outward decency" is once more completely vindicated; and the children of the tenements, brought up in such wholesome surroundings, will illustrate in later life the advantages of an admirable environment.

Colonel Roosevelt

COLONEL ROOSEVELT has refuted the charges of insobriety that were stupidly or maliciously given wide currency.

Every man who figures largely in public affairs and public discussion has enough to contend with in meeting the legitimate criticism of sincere opponents, without being exposed to the absurdities of vindictive or ignorant antagonists. Personal defamation for party purposes cannot be tolerated. Colonel Roosevelt has rendered a distinct service to the nation in bringing the matter to a definite issue. But it seems regrettable that, in order to check the spreading of the calumny, he was compelled to bring an action against the editor and proprietor of an unimportant paper. Public opinion should by now be sufficiently informed and powerful to resent and prevent the use of slander and virulence as political weapons.

The Pankhurst Paradox

THE demand for the enfranchisement of women depends largely upon the assumption that physical force is no longer the basis either of citizenship or of government, that a stage of civilization has been reached in which the authority of government is derived from intellectual and moral forces in the development and direction of which women are fully qualified to take part. The reliance of the Pankhurst extremists upon violence is therefore characteristically peculiar.

The Women's Social and Political Union proudly claims a list of 7,000 subscribers. That this insignificant number of fanatics should attempt to dictate to the vast army of constitutional suffragists is almost incredible. For it is not only the men whom they are trying to coerce. They are deliberately attempting to impose discredited and discreditable methods upon all the sensible women who realize what the vote means, why they desire and require it, and how they intend to secure it.

THE FORUM
FOR AUGUST 1913

LITERATURE AND DEMOCRACY

MOWRY SABEN

THE past few years have witnessed the extinction of more than one great literary light, and the passing of Swinburne and Meredith, of Björnson and Tolstoy, has done more than to call attention to departed genius, and to the glory of an era that is no more. It has awakened, indeed, a melancholy conviction that literary genius is almost extinct. It is true that writers like Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. H. G. Wells, M. Maeterlinck and Herr Sudermann have their admirers, and even their disciples, but there is a feeling, nevertheless, in many quarters that the insight which these men possess is an insight into nooks and crannies rather than an insight into life in its largeness and wholeness.

Contemporary literature is indeed ailing. The mantles of the dead literary giants have not fallen on the men and women who are now engaged in cultivating the literary gardens—not on many of them, at any rate. There are few books which come from the press with any promise of immortality. The average tome is cursed with incurable sterility. The hungry sheep of the reading public, who look to contemporary writers for inspiration, are not fed. Verse that is thin, fiction that is still thinner, and plays that are absolutely inane, are the intellectual diet to which the age is becoming accustomed. To say nothing vital, to eschew distinction, to revel in mediocrity and commonplace, is the fashion of the hour in the field of literature. It may be that a majority of readers are satisfied with this drivel, there may be few who look for, or desire, anything better, but the lovers of real literature, the men and women who believe that great books are revelations, bibles, indeed, of the divine spirit

in man, stand almost aghast at the intellectual paralysis which has crept over and struck down those who should be the masters of art.

A truly great writer, whether of poetry or fiction, or whatsoever else may belong to the literature of power, as distinguished from the literature of knowledge, to use De Quincey's division, is always one who inspires us with a sense of the largeness of life, or with the greatness of his own personality. Sophocles takes us to the roof of the world, where we may survey the working of the moral laws that govern the individual in his relations to the world. Dante glimpses the deeps of man's moral nature. Shakespeare fairly pelts the reader with the exuberance of his creative imagination. Goethe breathes the spirit of the highest human culture. Sir Walter Scott glows in the grandeur of noble conduct and great heroisms. Wordsworth penetrates far into the human soul, and discovers nature inscribed therein. Victor Hugo is on fire with a humane impulse. Dickens smites the chords of humor and pathos. Carlyle revels in the immensities and veracities of being. Emerson reports faithfully the visions and meditations of his moods. Whitman sings his comradeship into our heart of hearts. In one way or another, each of these men has fulfilled some true and noble function of literature and has taught us to know a great book when we read it. Have not serious and intelligent readers, then, a just grievance, if, in their readings of most contemporary writers, they fail to find the qualities that quicken the human pulse with the joy of vigorous and commanding life, or personality? It seems to me that they have. There are, it is true, no two men whose genius is quite the same, and if there were, one of them would be superfluous, but genius of some sort a writer must possess if his work would compel intelligent attention. And if a writer have not genius, and know not otherwise how to earn his bread than by writing balderdash, an enlightened society would generously pension him as a reward for silence.

Now if it be true, as it is, that contemporary literature is ailing, if our writers do not inspire and bring home to us the feeling that life is large and their own souls heroic, whose is

the fault? Does it lie in the writers themselves? Or in the public? Or in both? Or shall it be said that life has diminshed since the elder days of art, and that human personalities have dwindled almost to the vanishing point? It is useless for critics to tell us that literary eras have always been succeeded by eras of literary sterility, for, even if this be true, it should not be accepted as an inevitable condition of humanity; rather should it be regarded as a disgraceful fact of history that the intelligence of the race must overcome, unless we are to believe that geniuses are a fixed quantity, few in number, who condescend to visit the earth only during the propitious seasons. Such a theory might be satisfactory to the devotees of certain esoteric philosophies and religions, but it will not be accepted by persons who find only too much evidence that genius is wasted every year and every day, as if it were of no more importance than the dead leaves of October which are hurled hither and thither by the roaring winds. The world is always full of young men who give promise of noble performance, yet, in the end, most ingloriously fail. Again, I ask, whose is the fault, if, in this present year, the last of nature's perennial miracles, there be among us little genius of achievement visible; nothing, indeed, for the most part, but a waste-plot of dull and commonplace conventionalities, stupidly posing as men of letters?

There can be, I think, but one answer to the question which will cover the larger number of observed facts. Our answer must be that present-day democracy does not care for great literature. When theatrical managers tell us that the production of Shakespeare's plays, or other classical pieces, means ruin to them; when publishers demand of an author that he write down to the level of plebeian and silly feminine taste; when the majesty of the law is invoked whenever a master dares to paint life as it is, or even as it ought, in his opinion, to be; we find the reasons, or some of the reasons, why our literature is suffering from a dearth of distinction. Books to be published must be written to gratify the mob, and if the mob prefers, as it usually does, mediocre poems, mediocre novels, and even mediocre meditations on life, its preference will be respected by the whole bread-and-butter brigade of literature, because of that

whimsical notion of publishers which makes them prefer the gold of fools to the copper of the wise. The finer tastes must die of inanition, that the coarser tastes may have their surfeit. The mortifying truth is that our age is not favorably inclined toward genius, and loves not overmuch a virile personality in any sphere outside of business. Anything more vulgar and materialistic than our American democracy it would be difficult to find.

The modern world is committed to the principle of democracy, but this fact should not blind us to the faults of democracy. There never has been a democracy in the history of the world that was very wise—not one. Greece may seem an exception, and Greece was indeed the wisest democracy that the ages have known; yet even the wisest of democracies banished Anaxagoras and Aristides, and condemned Socrates to drink the hemlock. There may be in the womb of the future a democracy that shall live in the spirit of a larger gospel than any gospel accepted in the past; such a democracy may reverence all genius as soon as it is visible; but let us not anchor our faith to any past or present democracy. It still remains true that we have the profane herd that Horace scorned. It is an eternal fact, as Carlyle so strenuously insisted, that history is what great men have done. The Greece that culture crowns is the Greece of the poets, the sculptors and the philosophic masters, the men who created the thoughts and ideals that paint the golden years of literature and art. Henry James, the elder, indeed wrote that the only man recorded in history whom he should consider it a privilege to meet in the world beyond our bank and shoal of time, was the nameless personage whose sole distinction is that he voted to banish Aristides, because he was tired of hearing him called the just, a privilege that I hope has long since been granted; but loyalty to truth compels me to assert that, notwithstanding the enthusiasm aroused in the breast of his American admirer, considerably more than two millenniums after his career was ended, by the unknown Greek whose vote helped to swell the total that drove Aristides the Just into exile, it was not such as this recalcitrant that made the Greece of history, the Greece of our artistic dreams and noblest despair. The Greek heroes of art, oratory, philosophy and statecraft still remain the Hellenic

members of the "choir invisible," whose music has become a part of the gladness of the modern world.

Nevertheless, one must not forget that democracy is here, and is here to stay. It is the central fact of our modern world. Democracy is become the arbiter of the world's destiny. In its favor is life. In its wrath is death. The literary man of to-day must please or inspire this democracy, or he will starve. And he deserves to starve, if he does not try to nobly please and inspire it, for that is the divine task he is called upon to perform in these early years of the twentieth century, the task that he will be called upon to perform in all the years that shall succeed the twentieth century. The people—even the worst of them—are his world. Hegel's doctrine of the unity of subject and object, and of their development *pari passu,* is an excellent one for the literary worker to recall. Without a world of objects, his mind would, like every other mind, be practically, if not literally, nothing. It is true that a prosaic age has a very depressing effect upon an intelligence naturally poetic and creative. One fancies that Thomas Gray, and perhaps Robert Burns, would have sung greater songs if they had lived in a larger and more poetic environment. But it is the sublime privilege of the artist—his heaven-born gift—to find inspiration in what often seems most unpromising. He must see truth where no other man has seen it. He must see beauty where no other man has seen it. He must see goodness where no other man has seen it. In the world about him, with only such help as the life of the ages has added to his own unique vision, the poet must find his poem and the romancer his romance. God help them if they fail, for failure to find poetry and romance in whatsoever age one may live in is the spiritual death of the artist.

I have apparently landed myself in one of those self-contradictions that are said to be characteristic of German philosophers, for I have admitted that all democracy has slain, and continues to slay, genius, yet maintained that our writers must find their poems and romances in the very democracy which has been so cruel to them. But the contradiction is only apparent, not real, for it is the sublimest proof of genius that its eye can see within and beyond the obvious a spiritual meaning that the

masses, for lack of genius, are unable to see. Every man, no matter how small he may appear to his contemporaries, or even to himself, looms large in the vision of a great poet, of one who perceives the real self and the mighty possibilities of him. The man who would immortalize himself in this democratic age must see the larger self of even the most commonplace clodhopper. Of course, he will have no illusions concerning him. He will know, as everybody else knows, that the man is a clodhopper, but he will also know, what is not so evident, that the man is an avenue, leading backward indeed to the trackless waste of chaos, but leading onward to no lesser grandeur than the invisible City of God. It is the glory of Wordsworth and Burns that they saw, what hardly any one else did see in their times, the poem in the simple dalesman and the cotter, the poem for which a man like Pope would never have ventured to look, and would never have found, even if he had cast his vision in their direction. It is often said as a jest at Walt Whitman's expense, that the common people whom he apotheosized spurned him and preferred the poets of more aristocratic temper, while sympathetic appreciation of his work came only from those to whom he was supposed in the morning of his career to be antipathetic. This is very true, but one must not therefore infer that Whitman's democracy is an hallucination. Every great poet and seer is a martyr. He has always been nailed to a cross. But, even as the Hebrew poet expressed faith in his God, by saying, " Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him," so must the poet of to-day have faith in the ultimate goodness of Demos. He may be slain, he will certainly, if original, meet with flouts and jeers sufficient to terrify all except the hardiest, but if his faith endures to the end, he shall be saved from the literary Gehenna, and, in the fulness of time, will find his place in the Pantheon of the Heart.

This mighty democracy, vulgar, brutal, and often vicious, harbors a modern sphinx, with a riddle to propound to every literary aspirant. The question of our sphinx is: " Have I a soul? " The everlasting literary welfare of the writer is determined by his answer. If he say that he does not know, or if he give the wrong answer, nothing can save him from the wrath of

the Sphinx. Only he who sees that democracy has a soul is safe, for the Sphinx of democracy reads the spirit of the future, which the true priest of literature will address. The question rightly answered will cause the sphinx of the question to slay herself as the sphinx of old did, but the modern sphinx will die only to her vulgarity, brutality and viciousness. Otherwise she will remain very much alive, and with many new riddles demanding solution. Even in the welter of falsehood, ugliness, and all other diabolism that threatens at times to engulf whatsoever is true, pure, beautiful and of good report among us, one may find pearls and gems, if one but looks for them. As Emerson said, there is always something singing in the very mud and scum of things. The spirit of sweetness and light is not found in him who never searches for values, save in the abysses of the past. Such an one may tinkle forth a profusion of rhymes, and fill a yard or two of space in public libraries, but the truth and beauty of life are not deeply ingrained within him, and his work will fade away as soon as men's minds are pierced by the first bright arrows of the new intellectual dawn. It is not easy to exaggerate the importance of antiquity, of those great masters who dwelt on the banks of the Ilissus and the Tiber, but the culture of the past is never truly reincarnated on these modern shores, save in men who rejoice to feel the breath of new mornings upon their cheeks.

Our democratic society makes heavier demands upon the individual than were ever levied by the aristocratic societies of the past. The task of the literary worker of to-day, if he would fulfil his function worthily, is likewise harder. The writings of Goethe were only for the cultured few; Shakespeare had only a small class to please and inspire; Sophocles and Æschylus labored for a society so small that an Athenian theatre held it; but the writer of to-day must fascinate and inspire the teeming millions of the globe. The Greek heroes, the kings of Shakespeare, and the characters of Goethe must now find their place in the crowd; they must join the millions who have learned to speak, in some measure, the grand accents of liberty and equality, and reverently, yet boldly, proclaim the genius of the Galilean mount and lake their brother.

The writer who would be true to the vital principles of democracy will never flatter the vices and littlenesses of democratic society. If he does flatter vice and littleness, he will doubtless receive his reward in the merry popping of champagne corks, in groaning festive boards and substantial cheques, together with such other favors as time has in store for those who seek only the gratifications of the passing hour, and to obtain them are willing to indulge in demagogic antics; but if he be a master, he will seek rather the rewards of the eternities, by speaking the truth and by singing the beauty of the substance that lies within and beyond the shadow. I know how hard, and even pitiless, it is to charge the poet and the romancer, or whatsoever kind of artist one may be, to follow implicitly and explicitly the light and leading of the idealistic gospel that illumines our pathway on the rugged steeps of life, yet reveals, in that illumination, how dry is the dust and jagged are the rocks over which he must pass, for if the physiology of man be not real, it is, to use a philosophic distinction, at least actual; and the hungry and weary poets and tale-bearers, no less than the hewers of wood and drawers of water, require their bed and board. Nevertheless, the hero will not flinch. Society has usually starved the bodies of our poets, and she has also starved their souls, which was an even greater offence, yet, somehow or other, the poet, whether he have spoken through the medium of verse, or through the medium of prose, if once he have caught a vision of those towers of the intellect, which reflect the radiance of the City of the Soul, whose beatitudes are tabernacled in the hearts of all truth-seekers and lovers of beauty, never averts his face from the fields consecrated and made elysian through his divinest dreaming, but, though beaten sore in body, and even with his life emaciated, it may be, from rough usage and society's sad misunderstanding of him, goes to his work, or to his death, with a celestial fire burning in his heart, which all the bleak, desolate waters of materialism have no power to quench. There are, forsooth, two kinds of poets, and of artists in general. (All artists are poets, however.) There is the poet who once caught a radiant gleam of pure beauty, or beauty in truth and goodness, and was so charmed with his vision that he desired to inform

the world of his miraculous fortune, but, when he found that the people did not listen, became convinced that his vision was only a mirage, and then, weary and heart-sick, drifted back into " the light of common day." This type of poet is the bud which the frosts of society kill, and how much of beauty and of inspiring worth the world has lost thereby can never be computed. But, fortunately, there is another, though almost infinitely rarer type of poet, who has seen too clearly and too deeply ever to forsake his vision for the meaner things of a materialistic age. This kind of poet has toiled on, though, as history knows him, he has been poor, half-starved, rebuked, ostracized, or condemned, it may be, to the prison or the flames; yet glad of the privilege afforded by life to voice what he has seen; and ready to go, if need be, swiftly to his grave, if the transcendent gift were still in his possession. While such poets have been uncommon, they have been the salt of the earth, and only through them shall our democracy learn its real nature, which is not a howling and irresponsible mob, but a society in which every man is potentially a king, a prophet, a priest, a poet. We have genius among us now, genius that we kill almost as soon as it begins to manifest itself; but when shall we witness again the genius whose vision the ignorance of society has no power to kill, the genius that shall redeem us from our intellectual weakness?

One of the greatest needs of our democracy is a cultured class possessing high ideals, that will, through its independence of financial storm and stress, be able to endow us with intellectual wealth and romantic beauty. Men like Goethe, Byron, Shelley, Browning and Hugo had private means that enabled them to do their work under favorable conditions. More than is generally thought the world owes to high-minded men of leisure, who sang their songs and proclaimed their messages for the delectation of future generations, if not of their own time. Unfortunately for us in America, those who should be our leisure class are still, for the most part, seduced by the siren voice that lures men on to seek greater material wealth. The millionaire must be a multi-millionaire, and next a billionaire. If the seductions of wealth fail to allure this or that man of wealth among us, it is usually not poetic beauty or romance that he wooes assiduously,

but the sensualities. He does not worship Apollo, or cultivate the society of the Muses. His only divinity is Venus Pandemus.

The failure of great literature to appear at this juncture is due to the lowness of our general ideals. Neither the masses nor the classes have any ideals worthy of the name; hence the artist is between the devil and the deep sea. Goethe said that all the great ages have been ages of faith. We live in a faithless age. Here and there a person whose intellect has been fed by the literary granaries of the past still holds to truth, beauty and romance, but he is like a man in the arctic zone endeavoring to keep from freezing by reading tales of the tropics. There is no confirmation of his psychic vision in the actualities his senses report. The evil of our age may be summed up in one word—materialism. Whether rich or poor, old or young, male or female, the average person among us is a practical materialist. The creed of Haeckel may not be explicitly proclaimed, and it seldom is, but the common speech of men to-day betrays them, and reveals the hollowness of the faith that may be publicly professed. Faith must come to us once more, faith not in money, but in great ideals, before the meadows of literature shall again be spotted with flowers of gorgeous color.

There is one great mystery of life to which science can find no solution, and which metaphysicians are apt to leave even darker. I refer to the paradox involved in human personality. Whether we accept the orthodox theory of Monism, or the heterodox theory of Pluralism, as held, in one form or another, by Professor Howison, Mr. Schiller, Mr. McTaggart, and the late Professor James, there still remain perplexities enough to puzzle us. The theory of idealistic Monism, if logically developed to its ultimates, certainly destroys the freedom of the individual, and, if individuals are not free, they are merely puppets. To say that they are fragments, or fragmentary manifestations, of One Absolute Person, or Mind, does not help the matter any. The dignity of man requires, as Professor Howison has clearly pointed out, that man shall have life in himself. And while the difficulties of Pluralism are numerous, I am constrained to believe that, upon the whole, they are less difficult than the difficulties of the opposite theory. I cannot avoid the

conviction that the uniqueness which we witness in every empirical ego is a part of metaphysical reality. Monism is a rational theory for those who believe in despotism, in the kingdom, or the empire; it is not a rational theory for those who believe in a democratic republic, which means, when carried to its logical ultimate, the supremacy of each individual over himself. No two men are alike; no two have quite the same vision of the world; and the more nearly men approach to the heights of genius, the more unique they are seen to be. No one ever mistook Swinburne for Mr. Watts-Dunton, or *vice versa,* although both were poets, critics, scholars, friends, and housemates for many years. Hegel seems to be clearly right in his contention that a mind without a world is nothing, but no amount of philosophic scepticism, or metaphysical word-juggling, can sweep aside the stupendous fact of personality, paradoxical as the fact of personality is. The problem of personality is of vital importance to democracy, and, indirectly, to literature, and, for this reason, I am going to suggest what may be a partial, though not an entire, solution of the mystery. And this suggestion is that the world, which looks so solid and everywhere identical, may be, in reality, only a partial fusion of an infinitude of different points of view, each point of view being the uniqueness of a person, or individual mind.

To present this philosophical theory adequately would require an essay. I merely refer to it here, because it seems to explain in part the necessity for democracy. The conception of an Absolute doubtless has its value, but the logic of democracy demands that every man shall be his own Absolute, for the essence of democracy is not balloting or securing majorities, but individual self-realization. It is useless to maintain that any two individuals have the same vision of the world, for they do not. The sameness of their vision ends with surfaces. The difference is found when they look beneath the surface, because each sees with the uniqueness of his own innerness. We must have a different monistic theory from the one usually presented, if the conception of Monism is to endure. Every vision of a poet, a prophet, or a philosopher, is an ideal glimpse of the world, in which the personal equation is the decisive factor. Every great

poet has felt in some degree, indeed, the possibility of communism, and that the men and the women of his consciousness were a part of his larger self; that nature, indeed, was no solid wall, opaque to vision, but a community of friends; such also is my own belief, but there remains the private self still, and, in the uniqueness of each private self, I find a residuum eternally irreducible and impenetrable, which is not a part of nature's smiling face, but masks one of an infinite series of human unknowables, whose well-springs, hidden from the intellect, are the sources of the rivulets that make, by their confluence, the world-wide stream of real existence.

No two individuals are alike. But all individuals may be complements in their common world. None other than Shakespeare could have written *Hamlet;* none other than Goethe, *Faust*; but after a Shakespeare or a Goethe has given his work to the world, the work becomes common property to all who have the wit to claim it. Their works will not have quite the same meaning to any two individuals, for the personal equation will operate here also, but there will be enough of the universal discovered to make them the joy of the world, and not merely individual possessions. All art is communism. And so is democracy, when once it is clearly comprehended by the free mind.

Democracy is a confession of brotherhood. It means that individuals will use their private and unique gifts for the welfare of the whole. Knowing that he may complement every other man, the democrat resolves that he will do so. But evil frowns upon us because social equilibrium cannot be secured, and the failure to secure social equilibrium comes from the fact that relationships are as unique as the selves that form them. Tennyson belongs to the race, but his relation to Arthur Hallam would not be, even in Utopia, quite the same thing that his relation to other individuals would be. To find our true relations to each and all is a problem that only Utopia can solve.

Mysticism, both ancient and modern, has often done violence to our real nature, through its endeavor to find God in the individual soul alone, rather than in the Temple of Humanity. The mystic has been the victim of a sad confusion of thought. He has fancied that, by shutting his eyes to the many-colored

world of time, the great white light of eternity would burst upon him with its august presence, and that, by turning a deaf ear to the manifold cadences of the human spirit, the voice of the infinite would be heard in his halls. A fatal delusion, for the infinite does not speak to the lonely, imprisoned self, and darkness, not light, always envelops him who refuses to see the beauty of the earth. From such sad and baleful mysticism, democracy must ever avert its face. The grandeur of all must be seen by each; the grandeur of each must be seen by all. To-day life's music is full of dissonance; the larger visions are hidden by the dust raised in ephemeral toil; and the purple peaks of noble achievement are shunned by cowards who hug in fear their narrow vales. Our very democracy, as yet, is only a thing of shreds and patches; no real democracy glorified through faith and freedom, but only the make-believe of spread-eagle spouters and machine politicians. No wonder that literature halts. It is not strange that the sun-kissed hills of romance appear to have dissolved into myths and fables. A person must feel the heart-beat of the universe to be a poet. Only men of faith in ideals can transform the intellectual desert of the world into the gardens of romantic hope and expectation. We still await the avatars of truth and beauty, who shall realize for us democracy and art, and shall, by so doing, scatter the seeds of a new gladness throughout the world.

MOODS AT MAY-DAWN

JOHN HELSTON

I WAKED as one who on the shores of sleep
Has heard naught save his pulses' quiet tune,
When in his veins the night has flowed along
To echoes light as those perchance the deep
Hears only from the footsteps of the moon.
Then suddenly there mounts a wave of song
And makes it morning: so it was begun
For me, that music made before the sun . . .
The night it was when April is away
Ere the dawn kindles in the eyes of May.

Thereat I rose. And drifting down the world
With twilight foam about the white gean trees
I heard the May-tide making on and on;
Until about my being came and curled
Inundant joy grown deep in mysteries
Revealed as stars are, not by light alone.
In that half-dark I heard the thrushes call
And leaves commune, how from their poplar tall
Another moon would fling a denser shade:
And higher suns would hotlier climb, they said.

In that dim hour I hearkened many things
Come darkling 'twixt the night and day: a shower,
That touched the broad black poplar into tears
Of tremulous delight, meseemed had wings
Whose passing shook the scent from every flower
And brought their fragrant breathing to my ears.
A wind awoke and thro' the hawthorn bosk
Went like a lover whispering at dusk:
And starry eyes the cloud had closed awhile
Looked down again and faded in a smile.

In hollow places, hiding from the dawn,
The night held her last court. With rumor's breath

Of coming change her hyacinths forsook
The purple of her presence. I was drawn
To watch their myriad host that streamed beneath
Grow larger with each trembling air that shook
The azure of a new allegiance
Over their serried sweets' obedience.
I saw a thrush sweep thro' them, shouting, " Day! "
They rose in ranks, and murmured it was May.

Where couchant bugles lull the ears of Sleep
When she lies out o' nights among her brood
Of dewy shadows, where the glowworms come,
And great moths go with lustrous eyes to steep
Their tongues in honeyed hours beside the wood,
I wandered till I heard a pine tree hum,
Above my head, old things equivocal.
And in my brain his magic musical
Told of forgotten Mays the place had known,
That none remembered save himself alone.

And here the ground was broken up with sighs:
Black heath and gloomy furrows filled with dearth
Made moan upon the hill and in my heart,
For all I felt the morning in my eyes.
Here like a dark disquiet lay the earth,
From heaven's divine dim breast a thing apart;
Till on me too as on the place did seem
Such blind eclipse as Love's celestial dream
Must wear on earth at times, beyond the sun's,
When all things men call good go out at once.

So stood I, when there floated high above
A sound of silver music heard afar,
Made by no mortal breathings men employ
But by the life between the lips of Love.
The first lark in the last light of a star
Silvered his song and wings and all their joy
Of beating in blue air. And on me came

Expectancy, desires without a name,
Large as the kindling east—wherein a thrush
Sat burning, mute, upon a golden bush.

A glory grew upon the gorse, untold
By poet yet, nor e'er by painter caught
On some sheer breathless moment's mountain height,
When from each nerve of sense the manifold
Quick chords of Beauty tremble into thought
Too swift for words that brush or pen may write.
Whilst her own auras lit that lonely place
The May-dawn came, like to the living face
Of Love beloved amid the gorse and dew
Of primal planets when the world was new.

Then worked within my soul the yeast of years
That rose to Man, and which some men call God.
I knew that all this glory was my own.
So went I on; and holy to my ears
Earth made her songs for May's white period.
From each thick-budded hawthorn bower blown
Came love's exultant clarion call to joy.
And flowers that timid artifice employ
Against the damps and dark heard too, I wis.
I watched them ope their eyes . . . . But Herb Paris
I gathered there, for that for true love is.

THE JEWISH PROBLEM IN AMERICA

FLORENCE KIPER

A SHORT time ago one of our Jewish politicians, in an address before a society of negroes, spoke feelingly of his sympathy as a member of an oppressed race for another race similarly oppressed. In so speaking of the Jews as a race the gentleman was voicing a popular fallacy that will die hard, both because Anti-Semitism has justified itself by the theory of the instinctive dislike of Aryan for Semite and because the Jew has so long gloried in the purity and antiquity of his lineage. Of course even superficial readers of ethnology know that the Semitic is a subdivision of the Caucasian or white group, one of the loose though convenient groupings of humankind according to the color of the skin. But what has not entered the popular consciousness is the ethnological fact that the Jew of to-day, the Jew of Europe and of America, is not a Semite or an Oriental, but has, through a long lapse of time, become so interpenetrated with Aryan blood that he is as pure or as impure racially as any of the European peoples among whom he sojourns. In fact, the Jewish race is not a race at all, but a social group—or groups, that have been played upon in whatever country they have dwelt by similar social forces and traditions. The Jewish "race" presents no homogeneity in those tests that constitute for ethnologists the marks of race division—head measurement, color of hair, stature and so forth. A careful reading of their history would convince one *a priori* that such homogeneity would not be found among this people, the adjurations of whose priesthood against mixed marriages were from the earliest of Biblical times made necessary by their delinquencies and whose women have not infrequently been violated by conquering nations. As the modern Englishman or the modern Frenchman is a resultant of those successive tides of immigration that have swept over the lands where he now dwells, so the modern Jew bears in his blood the blood of many Gentile or alien nations.*

*I have not here space to develop the subject of Jewish ethnology. The most recent book on the subject is *The Jews: A Study of Race and Environment* by Maurice Fishberg, in the Contemporary Science Series.

The status of the American Jew is neither historically nor ethnologically comparable with the status of the American negro. I have found it to present many interesting analogies, however, to the condition of the American woman. It is in America that the Jewish problem presents its most interesting phenomena. In America is granted a nominal equality of Jew with Gentile, nor do there exist here those dark horrors of persecution which grind down to one level of economic and social misery a whole people. In this country the Jew may be studied in all varieties of emergence from his old-time status of debasement. The American woman, too, is varied and complex and yields all gradations of social types. Both Jew and woman are in America conscious of the loosening of the bonds that for so long have repressed the development of the individual in a blind effort to compel him to conform to his group.

The history of civilized woman reveals her as held to a very limited round of occupational activity. Her attention has been concentrated on the physical needs of her household—the domestic tasks—spinning, weaving, the preparation of the foodstuffs. During the time that the man fought and travelled, engaged in commerce, became in our modern age the capitalist, the inventor, the artist, woman remained the domestic slave or the "lady." Even her children meant little intellectual development to her, since she was not destined to be the mother of her sons' minds, but of their bodies only. Education was for men and through men. Women were born to live an indirect or subsidiary existence, servants of men's higher or lower natures, as the demand required.

What wonder that women have developed a moral code separate from that of their masters! There must needs be evolved by the inferior a method of subterfuge and indirection that does not obtain among equals. What wonder that woman has not yet found herself in the highest reaches of intellectual effort, dizzy as she still is from the sudden light of opportunity that has burst upon her!

The Jew has been similarly bound by an artificial code of living imposed for the most part from without. Take any group of human beings, varied though they be in capacity, con-

fine them to one pent-up quarter of the city, allow them the choice of only three or four occupations by which they may eke out a meagre existence, will not inevitably the result be perversions of mind and of body! The Jewish physiognomy, long held as an infallible race distinction, is shown by Fishberg to be for the most part psychic, a peculiarity of expression. But even such physical stigma as marks the Jew wherever found, is stigma of the Ghetto existence. The cunning of the Jew, his servility, are the means of life by which a proud people has maintained itself under a system of oppression whose persistence is unique in history.

Nature, evidently unconscious of our moral law of compensation, has exacted her stern penalty of suffering not from the oppressor, but from his victims. It is but to be expected that a people existing in almost constant terror of sudden death or torture, or of the confiscation of its means of livelihood, should be peculiarly liable to nervous disorders, and medical statistics of Jewish patients reveal a significant proportion as victims of the neuroses, especially neurasthenia and hysteria. But even in the countries where massacre has not for some generations been used as a means of persuasion, the pursuit of sedentary occupations, often in unhygienic surroundings, is doubtless responsible for the muscular weakness of the Jew and his poor physique. The hysteria and the " nerves " of woman, her physical inadequacy, also find a simple enough explanation in the manner of her living. Where she has not been taxed beyond her strength by child-bearing and monotonous toil in her function of worker, she has been made into the be-corseted, idle lady or the prostitute, both trading upon sex as a means of existence.

That her weakness is not natural, not biologically natural, but acquired, is shown by the increasing number of young women of America who are developing sound nerves and strong bodies in a healthful environment. The superstition of women's physical weakness is dying out in the same fashion as the myth of her intellectual feebleness—by proof to the contrary. The newest generation of Jews, of that class able to give its children the advantages of leisure, is fast losing its physical disabilities and presents a surprising number of young people alert, supple and

good-looking. Golf, tennis, horseback-riding, are modifying a type supposed to be fixed and stable. The anti-Semite or the anti-feminist who clings to the belief that the present limitations of Jew or of woman are congenital and inevitable will do well to study the changes at work in the laboratory of social forces that is America.

We are taking woman more and more on her own merits and demerits as a human being. She is ceasing to be the goddess and the meek angel. The militant suffragette may have rudely rubbed the bloom from the illusion of a gentle womanhood, but at least she has proved that women are no more irrational—or rational—than men under the dominance of the mob spirit. The boasted chivalry of men to women has been stripped clean of its romantic veils and has been found to present rather a ghastly face. The pedestal reared for the few chosen ones of the sex is seen to be resting on the crushed and broken bodies of the many. Women are beginning to realize this and are asking for a minimum wage law rather than another Paradiso. Away with high-sounding phrases and sentimentality! Justice now is the cry, not worship.

When the Jew has not suffered from contumely, he has been accorded a flattery that he himself was only too willing to hear. Those writers and speakers who love to roll out sounding sentences on the sublimities of history have found in the Jew a figure sufficiently romantic. His persecutions, his unique survival, his glorious ethical mission—what material for oratory! Mr. Augustus Thomas, in a well-intentioned presentment of the Jewish question in his play *As A Man Thinks,* has his Dr. Seelig speak these words on intermarriage: " Let me call your recollection to the nobility of this trust which a Jewish girl abandons if she marries elsewhere. When Egypt worshipped Isis and Osiris and Thoth, Israel proclaimed the one God. When India knelt to Vishnu and Siva and Kali, Israel prayed only to Jehovah and down past Greece and Rome, with their numerous divinities from Jove to Saturn, Judah looked up to one God. What a legacy—what a birthright! " Besides being historically incorrect, not only in its interpretation of Israel's early tribal-god religion, but of the later monotheistic conception of other peoples

—what a misreading of the great period of Greek philosophy, for instance—the plea to a modern, unorthodox Jew is strained and sentimental. It is true enough that the average Jew would not so consider it. He still likes to deceive himself with the belief of his religious convictions, as the average Christian likes to think that he is following the gospel of Christ in the life of modern civilization. "The grotesquerie of history!" cries Zangwill, "Moses, Sinai, Palestine, Isaiah, Ezra, the Temple, Christ, the Exile, the Ghettos, the Martyrdoms—all this to give the Austrian comic papers jokes about stockbrokers with noses big enough to support unheld opera-glasses." Truly the grotesquerie of it—Moses, Sinai, Palestine, the theatrical syndicate and the wholesale clothing business! Yet as truly the grotesquerie of the Sermon on the Mount and the Spanish-American War!

The fact of the matter is that both the modern Jew and the modern Christian are living by an ethical code that is not the ethical code of Judaism or of its daughter, Christianity. Neither the Christian gospel, nor the Jewish from which it came, is the gospel of twentieth-century America, and many deeply religious spirits of to-day are deprecating the waste of moral energy in the attempt to make it so. Our problems are not the problems of ancient Judæa and we were indeed barren of faith did we not know that the newest age makes and can always make newest Bibles for its needs. The same ardor for social righteousness that burned in the prophets, the same exquisite sympathies that flowered in Jesus, the demands of a new time must recreate in new forms and new rituals.

The Jews have survived as a unique religious group for two reasons—the pressure of persecution from the outside and the cohesive force of religious ritual and emotion within. The fact of the persecution of the Jews—a persecution not more intense but lasting over a longer period of time than other persecutions of history—finds its explanation in those obscure blood-lusts and dark hatreds that man has but imperfectly rid himself of in his long spiritual struggle with his own nature that is the process of civilization. The Jew has indeed been the scapegoat of history "that shall take upon himself the sins of the people." In so far

as his elaborate ritual has differentiated him from other people, he has been the easier butt for contempt and cruelty. Men have always hated that which is different and have attempted to nag or torture it into conformity. The concept of tolerance is but slowly emerging from that welter of emotions and prejudices that we have misnamed reason. The stronger the pressure from without, the more intense has become the religious emotion within the Ghetto, and the very force that has attempted to destroy it has perpetuated a group that sympathy might have assimilated.

What will eventually happen to the Jews of America under the disintegrating influences of heterodoxy within and tolerance without, is indeed a question. The young Jew becomes overnight Americanized and a freethinker, and between the conventions of one generation and the next often stretches a distance of centuries. The American-born Jew generally is a Jew not because of religious conviction but of social tradition. He is not vitally conscious of his destiny as one of a handful of people chosen by God to feed the flame of moral passion. Indeed, in the democratization of our thinking, such an assumption savors just a bit of exclusiveness. The twentieth-century American God is very much of a democrat, little of a monarch. He will undoubtedly make use of the ancient moral fervor of the Jews, but He will not overestimate it, neither will He consider it their unique possession.

Being a God of humor, He will perhaps smile a little also at the alleged moral superiority of women. Compelled to chastity at the pain of death or ostracism if found wanting, the "good" woman has built for herself a place of serene and protected virtue. Without knowledge of temptation, she pronounces unerring judgment on the tempted. Man she finds harsh, coarse, immoral; the other kind of woman a creature too vile to be mentioned. She herself, man has told her, if she has not immediate power, has the subtle and surer power of a spiritual influence. Destiny has chosen her as the moral mediator to keep alive the flame of idealism.

Throughout the civilized world there has been felt a stirring, an unrest in the minds of women. They are becoming con-

scious of themselves, are asking questions. They are recognizing their needs not alone as individuals but as social beings. The next few years will see a growing solidarity of women, a solidarity that will at times and places take on the aspect of a clearly defined sex war. But that there will be a permanent cleavage between the sexes is a false fear and foolish. The temporary struggle is precursor of a future sympathetic understanding such as is possible only between equals, never between superior and inferior. And it concerns such women as have little to gain in the struggle to be most ardent champions of those who might win much, but who are deterred economically and otherwise from making a fair fight. The fortunate woman of to-day dare not complacently isolate herself from her unfortunate sisters if she would save her soul alive.

Solidarity is needful until such time as the political and social demands of women are given their just recognition—but only until then. It is as social entities, divided on grounds of temperament and reason, that women must make their future affiliations. Society till now has known too much, rather than tôo little freemasonry of sex.

The Jews have long been conscious of solidarity. So long have they been conscious that the tradition projects itself into an age where it is an anachronism. The exclusiveness of the Jews no more belongs to the twentieth century than does Anti-Semitism, which serves to perpetuate such exclusiveness. But so long as there attaches ignominy to the " race," it must be a matter of honor to those emancipated intellectually and economically, not to abjure the name of Jew for an easy advantage. A graver necessity confronts such a one, however. The financially fortunate Jew of America has upon him the responsibility for the immigrant class, who are seeking this country as a release from inhuman and outrageous tyranny. America, contrary to their dreams, does not hold her arms open in welcome. She does not want them, is already regretting that she has made it possible for them to come. The immigrant Jew must look to his fellow-Jew for succor—fellow-Jew only in name, since it is literally true that between the newly arrived Russian immigrant, for instance, and the Americanized German there is practically

no bond of language, of custom, of religious observance. But the tradition of Jewish solidarity pulls at the heart and the purse-strings of the financially fortunate, and the poverty-stricken immigrant knows help and sympathy.

The educated Jew of America must possess both pride and humor in his dealings with the subtle and sometimes intangible problems that confront him. He were ungrateful to Providence —or Progress—did he cavil unduly at his disbarment from a fashionable summer hotel with the memory still alive of Kief and of Kishineff. Yet, while retaining his sense of proportion, he must see to it that he be judged eventually on his merits as an individual, and that not for another generation shall there be enacted in our colleges and universities, which purport to be the schools of a nobler life, the travesty of the Greek letter fraternities that under no consideration admit an avowed Jew, but are glad to welcome an apostate.

Pride, self-respect, humor—the American woman needs them also in the country where perhaps of all countries in the world she has the most advantages, yet where she is still shamelessly exploited or petted like a pretty child and given sweetmeats. A fine amount of pride she must have and independence, but let her not lose her sanity and balance. She is not better than men, only—through education and training—different. Her vote and her influence will not immediately, or at any time, transform society. Nevertheless she must have the vote, as she must have those other representations—in the professions, on school boards, on marriage and divorce commissions—from which antiquated prejudices are attempting to disbar her. Not for her sake alone must she have them, but for the sake of men, of children, of our common humanity.

THE I. W. W. AND REVOLUTION

FRANK CHESTER PEASE

LOOKING over the field of American radicalism, at first glance it might appear that the revolution was in a condition of progress commensurate with "general development." From all sides the "dawn of a great social change" is endlessly heralded. One is well-nigh deafened by this self-congratulatory clamor of progress. Liberal magazines flaunt it at us, scholarly books repeat it, that weather-vane of "public" opinion—the press—fairly shouts it from the housetops. From pulpit, lecture platform and soap-box the glad tidings are reiterated, that all who will may listen and marvel.

There are "progressive" and "revolutionary" politics. "New" religions, philosophies and cults clutter the social highway. Much literature and drama is devoted to discussions of or attacks upon Marriage and Puritanism. For a whole decade now, muckraking has engaged the leading journalists. Woman suffrage, a veritable sirocco, is upon us. A tremendous clatter is heard about prison reform—the "social conscience is awakening." Church pews are said to be going empty. The teaching of sex hygiene and many other innovations are being introduced in the public schools. A god-destroying science promotes the comparative method of thinking through the medium of cheap editions and university extensions.

In short, about every brand of reform, every pet scheme of "social uplift," every species of agitation is to be found in these United States. Yet can it be said that the revolution thereby prospers in proportion to industrial development? Are these "signs of the times," these cultural innovations, revolutionary? Or are they something else? Is that historic institution, the ruling class, endangered in its rule, or not?

Perhaps at no time in the history of propaganda in this country, more than at present, does it behoove us to question the validity of much which claims to be revolutionary, take stock of radical "tendencies," and attempt to sift from out these

" phases of revolution " that which has genuine revolutionary vitality, constructiveness, and permanence.

Just what does a " revolutionist " mean by " revolution "?

During the nineteenth century, St. Simon, Proudhon and others helped to clear the ground for Marx' re-interpretation of history as a series of struggles between the ruling class and the proletariat. Marx and Bakounin definitely established the socio-historic concept " working class." It has not been improved upon since. Despite the numerous parties, unions, and " movements " of the American proletariat, this class division was not clearly established in our propaganda here (if one judges from the records) until the I. W. W. Convention of 1905. At this and subsequent conventions the débris of misconception as to what constituted the working class was finally swept away. For the first time a definite conscious class movement of the proletariat toward revolution was launched upon the American Continent.

At the convention of 1905 as clear cut and decisive a belligerency as was ever penned read: " The working class and the employing class have nothing in common." This is the keynote of the latest militancy which is stirring the souls of the workers. Furthermore, indicating the far-sightedness and revolutionary character of this premise, not the slightest doubt can be entertained as to just what is meant by " the working class," for the constitution of the Industrial Workers of the World provides that " no person not an actual wage worker shall become a member."

The gauntlet of revolution is thrown. These are no subtle attenuations spun from the dizzy ideality of potential bureaucrats. No chance here to zigzag from industrial propaganda to politics, from some trivial " ism " to the latest fad in social tinkering. Small indeed are the opportunities for internal obstruction at the hands of the petty bourgeoisie.

" Instead of the conservative motto ' a fair day's wage for a fair day's work,' we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, ' abolition of the wage system.'

" It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized,

not alone for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old."*

Here we have a definite intent quite independent of and distinct from all other "revolutionary phases." With the birth of the Industrial Workers of the World, we span the disastrous years since the destruction of the International and the Commune, to pick up the broken threads of revolution, and couple ourselves with the fine spirit of revolt which gave these two events significance. History will record that *revolutionists* launched this proletarian organization; it is as if they had declared: "If there is no class war in America, we will *make* one!"

In the birth of the I. W. W. great clarification of revolutionary purpose is evidenced. The historic interval since the International is strewn with mistaken or maliciously false issues. American propaganda, unfortunately, inherited many of them. Realization of this, and of the necessity for a militancy which, by its strictly proletarian constituency and by its form, could meet the growing power of the Industrial State upon its own ground—industry—and at the same time bring new strength and new direction to the revolution, resulted in the convention of 1905.

Is it sufficiently understood just what was accomplished at this the most portentous event as yet recorded in the history of the American proletariat? Is it recognized that the mistakes of the past, the abortive starts, all that débris of misconception and experimentation upon wrong lines was decisively swept away? Is it known that a working class militancy, as such, from now on can express itself in tangible form and more tangible effect, where, hitherto, proletarian militancy had always been dissipated by complex political programmes and impossible Utopian idealisms? Such is the case, however, as is proven in the extraordinary achievements of this young though powerful and growing organization.

At that convention, colonization schemes, "propaganda by deed" (that is, in the outworn political assassination sense),

*I. W. W. Preamble.

"proletarian militarism" (!), communistic and coöperative associations, consumers' leagues, grangers' unions, craft unions, large union funds, "identity-of-interests" discipline, contracts, old-age pensions, stock-sharing, civic federations, and, not the least, political suffrage and "political action," were, once and for all, weighed and found wanting.

A bed-rock basis has been reached—at last! Proletarian institutions, as such, now have a chance to evolve. Henceforth, we Industrial Unionists are in a position to create a conscious revolutionary structure free from the contaminating influence of that scourge of the ages—the philanthropoid. We can now steer clear of those transient disciplines, instigated by the ruling class, known as "reforms,"—that is, for just so long as we adhere to proletarian fundamentals, which are: abolition of the wage system, abolition of private ownership in social properties, abolition of an unearned increment—abolition, in short, of any and all social instrumentalities whereby the workers are made dependent on a ruling and possessing class. Departure from our strict class division, jockeying with passing innovations, such as alliance with or incorporation of institutions not founded in the spirit or for the purpose we have outlined, means historic repetition—means failure.

Even if those great rebels of the nineteenth century had not bequeathed to us the concepts of social division into "working class" and "ruling class," we have it plainly enough in this last Declaration of Revolt. But give it to us they did and it is upon this basis that American propaganda of the past half century has—at least in theory—proceeded. Let us see how some of the contemporary "phases," "tendencies," and "revolutionary politics" line up with the proletarian conception of revolution as outlined in the determinations of the Industrial Workers of the World.

It is almost axiomatic to state that the ruling class will tolerate all things but that which constitutes or abets a direct attack upon property. It is easy to understand such a toleration when one realizes that the power and the very existence of the ruling class depend first, last, and always upon its control of property. Perhaps at no time in ruling class history has its

destiny been so intimately and delicately dependent upon property as is the case to-day. Property has achieved highest rank amongst a disappearing race of gods. Indeed, may it not be last of all the gods!

If then, in some tolerant mood, we view these contemporary "phases" from what the "cultural revolutionists" are pleased to style the "broader standpoint," we might agree that they were a manifestation of "evolutionary revolution" (a ponderous platitude worthy of Spencer, and which, by the way, is being overworked in some quarters—à la Spargo, Hillquit, et al.) were it not for one thing: *not one of these "phases," singly or collectively, is a menace to ruling class power as expressed in ownership and exploitation.* Therefore, they are not revolutionary.

It is because of this that so many political, educational and cultural "innovations" are tolerated—yes, and in some cases even fostered, by the ruling class. Yet it is precisely this array of "radical tendencies" which is being heralded far and wide as an infallible proof of revolutionary advance. But revolution rests on no such flimsy basis as these philanthropoids, these "cultural" and "political" revolutionists would have us believe. The ruling class has long since learned that as a fixed historic institution its power is but little—if at all—affected by "revolutions" in morals, in religion, in education, in philosophy, or in politics. It has learned that the *forms* of overlordship may change without disturbing its function. The function of overlordship is to exploit. Throughout history this function has varied greatly in form, but it has never ceased operating. Cromwell, Napoleon, Voltaire and the American Declaration of Independence taught that!

We may anticipate, then, that the issues of proletarian revolution will continue to be obscured partially by the host of innovations which constantly spring up. The philanthropoids' profession is an ancient one; their ranks have not grown less with the lapse of time, nor are they likely to, with the morbid pathology of modern parasitism. But beneath or behind this phantasmagoria of fictitious, transient, and secondary issues, how goes it with the revolution—the revolution in the sense of that fundamental, if misdirected, proletarian affair that spent itself

in wave upon wave of revolt throughout Europe during the nineteenth century?

We have learned a great deal since the International, when the revolution had so many aims and issues, so many wings and "tendencies." We have learned, for instance, that the ruling class can be and often is god-defying, atheistic, indifferent to religion, and yet continues its exploitation of the proletariat with quite as much zeal as ever. If it be supposed that the desertion of old or the embracing of "new" religions has any revolutionary significance, why, there are many of us who know that Christian Scientists, Theosophists, "New Thoughters," "Free Thoughters," Bahaists and many other philanthropoids are quite as voracious as any of the ruling class. Religion or its absence is no criterion of the revolutionary strength of a period. Exploitation is not decreased by the repudiation of old or the adoption of "new" religions. And exploitation is the all-embracing concern of the revolution. We have learned that people are exploiters of labor, subsidiary exploiters of labor, or they are workers.

Everyone is familiar with those philanthropoids who finance settlement work, foreign missions, who build libraries, colleges, temples to peace, who patronize art, who endow scientific research, who establish foundation funds, and who release not one jot of their power of exploitation. Philanthropy, with its innumerable schemes for "social uplift," does not concern us. Sometimes, in ungrateful equanimity we appropriate its products, or, as in the case of the Sage Foundation, its data. But philanthropy is not a reflex from nor a proof of revolutionary growth. It is a result of the psychopathic tendencies always inherent in social parasites. No more than atheism does philanthropy arrest exploitation, though it is frequently mentioned as if it did, and is said to be a part of the "spirit of the times," that timorous platitude which means historically—nothing!

The increasing "freedom" of women, the great interest shown in literature and drama which deal with marriage, divorce and prostitution, suffrage, are other cases of dank enthusiasm. They too are said to indicate revolutionary prowess. The scarlet banners of "sex freedom" wave bravely. "Woman

is coming into her own!" "Man" is about to become as a god—chivalrous, brave, "free." This is how they enthuse—these marriage rebels!

We Industrial Unionists perceive the pallid psychopathics of the philanthropoids once again. We are not led astray by their braying. We know that the "ownness" which woman is coming into is a greater and more mechanical exploitation at the hands of the industrial State than was hers in the home. Her arrival in the competitive arena of wage slavery is no proof of revolutionary advance. Indeed, her increasing presence therein may add difficulties to our organization of the proletariat, as she brings a psychology better fitted to the intensifications of exploitation than to its annihilation. She has less instinct for social solidarity than man. Her supposed instinct in this respect toward her own sex has been based not on the ground of her common labor, but on the ground of sex segregation.

The cold-bloodedness of the industrial State exists through its impersonality. It is precisely this impersonality which makes an Industrial Unionist so certain of his ground. It is a *mechanism* we have to deal with—a colossal machine of investment, exploitation, and profit-gathering, that takes no heed of the man, but cannot exist without men. The industrial State is serenely indifferent to the virtue of its female or the domestic status of its male wage slaves. It is not a paternalistic affair—this new industrial overlordship—this Fourth Estate. It is a property-controlling mechanism which measures the proletariat in the aggregate, values it by its labor power, and is after—profits.

Marriage and divorce, then, are not the "problems" of revolution. The frequency with which they are discussed in contemporary literature is no index of revolutionary growth. Their existence or abolition does not in the slightest degree retard the universality of exploitation. To state that marriage would not be affected by proletarian control of industry would be untrue. But to consider that revolution is gauged by the popularity of the Ibsen-Shaw-Strindberg school is equally fallacious.

And yet, with exasperating persistency, the philanthropoid

continues to confuse revolution with such "problems." The revolution is not a "problem." The revolution is a life to be lived; it is a mode of self-expression. In creating a proletarian structure to combat and conquer the new industrial State, in the daily battles of the war we have declared upon the private ownership of the machine process, we are *living* the revolution into being.

Those to whom the revolution is a rallying-ground for every passing "problem" mistake the increase of toleration in morals and the growth of numerous cultural innovations for a real advance. A false and malicious optimism is thus engendered. Many rebellious spirits are drawn into this philanthropoidal maelstrom and lose sight of the fact that exploitation is the fundamental social affliction. They become disinterested or blind to the fact that revolution is the abolition *by the proletariat* of ruling class power for exploitation, and thereby the social control of one economic group by another.

The muckraking crusade is another case of deplorable optimism. Frightened by the colossal power of the industrial State which has risen before their very eyes, the political State and that portion of the ruling class—the petty bourgeoisie—whose interests can still be best served by it, and who also are still obsessed by the fictional discipline of competition which is so ably kept alive by the forms and traditions of politics, hastened to give battle to the new power. A flood of muckraking literature has deluged the country. Vilification of individuals—the new industrial statesmen—continuous attacks upon trusts, Mormonism, the banking, insurance and credit systems, made "copy" for editors, and brought a good livelihood for the crack journalists who procured it. That mysterious fourth-dimensional race, "The public," is appealed to from every angle. "Reform" and "progressive" politics, along with many other clap-trap "remedies" of philanthropoids, become the vogue. The "spirit of the times" bristles into sublime aggression. "What-are-you-going-to-do-about-it?" becomes the slogan.

It is to be observed, however, amidst this perfervid politico-journalistic uproar, amidst this galaxy of salvational schemes, that one thing has been severely ignored—industrial exploitation.

This dead weight which shackles the working class in an immeasurable slavery is not probed by these pseudo-radicals. No hints to be had from them of the *source* of ruling class power or of the fundaments of revolution; no casting about in proletarian directions for explanations or release from the tyrannies of ruling class property control. And yet we find those who mistake the pale echoes of reform for the scarlet thunders of revolution.

Is it not understood that the most dominant factor of life—exploitation—is utterly ignored by these philanthropoids? Is the insolence of these self-styled " liberators "—these " country-savers "—still unrecognized? Is it not perceived that the ponderous machinery of investment, exploitation, and profit-gathering functions quite as smoothly as ever? Fie upon us for a race of believers!

Muckraking is no criterion of revolutionary strength. It is not even a social reflex from proletarian aggression. Its inspiration lies in quite another quarter. Pressure on the political State and those it represents came from the industrial State—from above, not below. Proletarian aggression from below has scarce begun as yet! We are still in that stage where, as one Western agitator put it, we " care more for a pamphlet than for a loaf." We should make sure of the source of muckraking before we obsess ourselves with the idea that revolutionary accomplishment is measured by the sordid spoils of muckraking Don Quixotes.

In any analysis of contemporary politics and their relationship to the very tangible process of exploitation, it is necessary that at least two things be thoroughly understood: What constitutes power—social control? And what is its basic mode of expression? What is it? How does it work?

It is scarcely necessary to mention that Marx has ably illustrated the historic function of property in class relations. Even if he had not we have a million examples of it in our workaday lives. Contemporary power is just what power has always been: control over the workers' economic and social existence exercised by the ruling class through their possession of property. Property, profits, power are concomitant.

This power is no longer the exclusive possession of the army of lawyers, politicians and bureaucrats which calls itself the

political State. Power is rapidly passing into the hands of the new—the industrial—State, whose expression of it is direct, tangible, automatic. There are, in short, but two dominant phases to contemporary life; the office end of business, and the shop end of industry.

To be sure the mental discipline of political tradition still remains with the workers, but the new discipline inaugurated by the machine process is fast becoming sufficient for the needs of the industrial State. It is because there is a new discipline—the discipline of the shop, which affects the workers more intimately and more disastrously than any of the numerous disciplines imposed by overlordship throughout the ages,—that it is necessary to concentrate our militancy in the place where this discipline is exercised. This place is in the industries—" on the job."

The industrial State has so nearly succeeded in imposing its new discipline that it no longer depends on the old disciplinary adjuncts of the political State; the law, Church, political equality, etc. Nor does the industrial State place its faith in the antique notions of " love," " truth," " justice," " mercy," " loyalty," " coöperation." In the very terms of shop life it has at its command a regimen of discipline more insidious, more dominant, more deadly than any the political State ever possessed.

Some of these are, time clocks, piece work, " speeding up," long hours, infinite specialization, monotonous automatic functions, " scientific management," " psychotechnics," and the isolation of the worker in such fashion that he become dis-related to the rest of life outside the shop. The industrial State is rapidly perfecting its own private militia—purely an extra-legal disciplining device, and a matter about which the political State has done much wrangling. But police discipline, per se, is an ancient institution of the ruling class. It is only in its conjunction with their enforcement of the mechanistic shop discipline, and to illustrate the actuality of the industrial State's power, that it is mentioned.

This latest mechanistic discipline of the ruling class is perhaps the most catastrophic which has ever afflicted the workers. It is producing that monstrosity—the possibility of whose appearance has been denied by idealistic schools—the economic man. In turn, out of these facts, there has been created a device to

offset and to overthrow this latest discipline of overlordship. It is known as Industrial Unionism; that is, union by industries, thence to One Big Union of all workers. Specifically, it is known as the Industrial Workers of the World.

In the struggle between the old political and the new industrial State the latter had won even before the battle began. It could not help winning. Its victory was predestined by the very nature of economic development. The industrial State is not at war with itself. Its existence is dependent on no such attenuated metaphysic as the "political will of the people," but rather on the material needs and wants of the people. Perpetuity of this power of the industrial State lies in the industrial acquiescence of the proletariat.

No question of it! We are not to be deluded by the falsity that power lies elsewhere than in the *control of things.* We are not to be fooled by the manifold phases of combat between these two portions of the ruling class, and led to believe that revolution lies therein. We are not interested in metaphysics, we are interested in realities. Exploitation is very real. In fact it is about the most desperate reality we know of. Revolution is the abolishing of it *by the proletariat.*

In the aggressive acquisition of industrial control the proletariat develops the thing it needs: a sense of social responsibility so essential to an ethical operation of the world's industries, and without which no working class society can ever achieve permanence. In its contemporary battlings for even a margin of industrial control it is developing a sense of power, and will to still greater power. It is accomplishing this by its activities in the terms of industry and not in any terms foreign to the métier in which life has cast it. It is getting a sense of possessiveness over industrial processes. No philanthropoidal alliance with the political State can give it this. The proletariat must take it for itself—on its own terms—on its own ground. It is in this industrial activity sense that there is an historic accretion in the world's revolutionary movement. In America, the Industrial Workers of the World are the heritors of Europe's revolutionary tradition. The I. W. W. *is* the revolution in America. There is no other.

If that portion of the ruling class which finds itself in a struggle with the powerful industrial State cannot maintain the balance of power through its own instrument—the political State—how is it possible to consummate the aims of proletarian revolution by this means? The proletariat never gave birth to the political State. Proletarian psychology is quite alien from the cobwebby intricacies of statecraft, bourgeois statehood tradition, and the entire intent and function of the political State. Bourgeois political functionings have always been the business of bourgeois politicians and lawyers; meanwhile the proletariat has been "building up the country!" Proletarian thinking is in terms of the industrial process it is immediately engaged upon. The proletariat thinks in terms of wheels, enginery, picks, shovels, levers, electrical apparatus, looms, saws, wagons, wheat, coal, trains, ships, lathes, drills, hammers, lumber and other *tangibilities*. And yet there is a school which would lead this relatively simple psychology into the labyrinth of the bourgeois State!

The success (for itself) of trade unionism has largely depended upon keeping free from political intrigue and intrusion, and in keeping itself concerned with that in which it was chiefly engaged—industry: a far-sighted policy. Too long have some of us been misled by the chimera of politics. There is even less excuse for it to-day than in the nineteenth century, when the political State was still the chief instrument of ruling class discipline over an undeveloped proletariat. We shall never be misled by it again. We know it for what it *was*—the device which the ruling class set up to discipline the proletariat and to regulate the division of the spoils. Nothing more!

Marx' predictions of industrial consolidation are being rapidly fulfilled. But some socialist statisticians point out that small property holders and small shareholders are in greater number than ever. Apparently they believe this justifies the admission of all manner of men to the councils of revolution. Clinging tenaciously to obsolete ideals of proletarian political expression, the revolution is lost sight of, and "revolutionary politics" becomes not alone that which it has always been—a mistaken effort—but a *pot pourri* of conflicting economic inter-

ests and equally conflicting psychologies. Revolution has become, with these, not proletarian, but "*societary.*" Shades of Marx and Bakounin!

They appear to forget that the consolidated economic power behind this horde of petty shop-keepers, small industrial shareholders and small agriculturalists is not *controlled* by State or national legislators. It is controlled by the new industrial statesmen—the "Masters of Capital," through their clever device of 51 per cent. through inter-locking directorates, through credit and through unnumbered mortgages held by trust companies and banks; the total bulk of which constitutes the newer and greater power, the industrial State.

It is true that these smaller capitalistic beneficiaries are great in number, and that their very numbers obscure ofttimes our revolutionary issues. This fact, however, does not alter their economic relationship to the proletariat. They are allied to the ruling class. We revolutionists know only too well that it is not their economic interests alone which alienate us. Their entire psychology is hostile to the proletariat, and to every effort at proletarian revolution.

Feeling the implacable organized power of the industrial State, they vent their resentment in muckraking, interstate commerce legislation, "trust-busting," and "progressive" politics. But the industrial State is already powerful enough to defeat attacks from every quarter but one, viz., from the proletariat itself. Indeed, the turmoils and "reforms" which disturb this large class of small property owners are frequently instigated by the industrial overlords themselves, in order to clear their councils of the interference of small shareholders.

Again, the political State "dissolves" some branch of the industrial State. What happens? Is the *power* of the industrial State lessened? Not at all. Prices and stocks go up. Dividends increase, and—*exploitation of the proletariat continues!*

The explanation of this seeming paradox is that the political State did not attack the real power of the industrial State. In fact, it could not, for to do so would be to attack the source of its own power as well—the lesser economic interests it "represents" but does not control. Its power and the power of the

industrial State rest on the same basis that all ruling class power rests on, and that is property and exploitation of the proletariat. The beast has grown, that is all.

It may be mentioned, however, that the two States possess different modes of expression and differing aims. The aim of the political State is to perpetuate the petty bourgeois institution of competition, and to preserve itself in its own form. The industrial State seeks to consolidate all its functions, and to place itself in harmony with mechanistic development. Its will is the will to complete industrial supremacy. We may yet witness a drama more Napoleonic than any visioned by the Corsican. Be that as it may, the two States will continue to have one thing in common—their enmity to the proletariat.

Come, learned acolytes of "political action," read us the riddle of "government by commission," "progressive politics," "trust-busting"—which does not "bust," manipulation of federal finance by others than the Secretary of the Treasury, Interstate Commerce Commissions, extra-legal finance ("panic money"), expulsion of senators, one thousand trusts with a capitalization of $57,000,000,000!

If revolution prospers in none of the foregoing phases of contemporary life, where, then, shall one look for it? The answer is, in the Industrial Workers of the World. The proletarian character of this latest militancy now shaking the world of labor has evoked a psychology and tactic comparable to any which the revolution records. The direction of the I. W. W. is straight upon the source of ruling class power—industrial control. No half-way stations, no tinkering with obsolete experiments, no half-hearted methods, no political "philosopher's stone," but proletarian revolution through seizure of industrial control is our goal.

In the exercise of revolutionary industrial acquisition, collective will is engendered. With will comes the impulse to still greater acquisition, all of which goes into the making of power. It is only by and through power—*tangible,* organized power—that proletarian release from exploitation can be accomplished. History has taught us the greatest of all lessons, that delegated power is no longer power to those who have delegated it. We

propose to keep our power—which is our labor, the tool and the product—in our own hands, and precisely where we exercise it, in our industrial sphere. No great social ends have ever been gained except by and through the exercise of tangible power. Knowing this, we organize and fight where power is—" on the job."

The Industrial Workers of the World is the only proletarian organization with a potentiality for successful revolutionary aggression upon the industrial State. In form it may be said to be complementary to the latter. As the industrial State has achieved financial supremacy through the technic, form and sweeping scope of its organization, so does the I. W. W. possess potentialities for proletarian industrial supremacy.

But the I. W. W. is more than an organization; it is more than a " problem "; it is more than a " phase." The I. W. W. is an effort, and not a social philosophy. It is a secular movement of men, and not the rallying-ground of aspirants for a New Jerusalem. It is not a " cure-all." It is a new psychology, a new value-creating economic mechanism. It seeks economic control, for that is power. We have discovered that men are significant in proportion to the power they embody. Its militancy is more implacable, more potential, more aggressive than the ephemeral " programmes " with which idealists have tortured the proletariat hitherto. It is a recurrence of what Bergson calls " The Vital Impetus." It is the elemental instinct of life in revolt against the latest enemy of life—especially proletarian life—namely, the automatisms of a mechanistic age.

The last invention of the race is the machine process. As long as this machine process is in the exclusive control of the ruling class, through the medium of ownership, the terms of its manipulation will necessitate militancy and organization on the industrial field exclusively. This is the function of the I. W. W.

One looks elsewhere for a clear-cut revolutionary movement which has done with compromise and experiment, but one looks in vain. In accord with the forms of economic development, we are after precisely what the industrial State now possesses—industrial power. This is what revolution means to us. In such a revolution we see the possibilities of abolishing, once and for

all, that historic institution, a ruling class. This is the function of the I. W. W.

No, " friends of revolution," we are not interested in a polyglot individualism, with its cults, isms, reforms, and "social uplifts." We are not interested in that agitation which shrieks for the " economic emancipation of woman," yet bids her scorn the union of her class. We are not interested in the individualizing of sweet souls in a death-grapple with their own inflated egotism—the culturalists. Erotic drama is no concern of ours; nor are woman suffrage, muckraking, " progressive " or " revolutionary " politics matters of import. We are interested in the propagation of revolutionary economics, in the organization of the proletariat on strictly class lines for the *actual* control of industry, and the abolition of the wage system. This is our conception of revolution, nothing less.

If ours be pronounced a narrow sinister creed, so be it. But it could not be more narrow nor more sinister than that of the industrial State whose god is profits, whose shibboleth is " scientific management," and whose juggernaut of exploitation crushes all it touches. The industrial State has produced a phenomenon more sinister than anything since gladiatorial Rome. This is that soulless, mindless manikin—the economic man. His presence is an omen of darker social night than the imagination could depict; unless, through revolutionary mastery of his economic destiny, he shall attain self-mastery, and thereby throw off the deadly automatic discipline which the industrial State has imposed.

To accomplish this is the task of the revolution. It is the task which the I. W. W. has set itself. And so, ours is not a narrow or a sinister creed, but quite the opposite. In our autonomous form we are achieving the art of self-direction, than which there is no greater. In the practice of our code that " an injury to one is an injury to all," we derive the inspiration which springs from solidarity. In our struggles with the enemy we are recovering that long-lost instrument—power. Could anything bespeak more for the future of revolution?

IS APPLIED CHRISTIANITY SCIENTIFIC?

RICHARD DANA SKINNER

I

THERE is a marked tendency at the present time to segregate or pigeon-hole each branch of science and each system of thought. It is largely, I take it, the result of over-specialization at a period when we have not fully adjusted ourselves to the unusually rapid advances along scientific lines. We are stunned by the quick succession of new discoveries. We lack the time, or the will, to correlate them carefully with our former slender supply of knowledge. In our anxiety to measure the shadow of a hand on the wall, we neglect to observe the person whose hand is casting the shadow. Or, sitting securely on our chosen branch of a tree, we fail to consider whether or not the trunk of the tree is solid. Aristotle was one of the greatest scientists of his day, as well as a philosopher; and the same might be said of Thomas Aquinas. But in our own century professors of European history write treatises on Christianity, when they probably know of little else than the political relations of the Church; and palæontologists attempt to philosophize! The result is what one would expect: a chaos of opinion in which even facts are clouded, and incalculable harm to all departments of life.

But one of the most marked results, one which has done more individual injury than the others put together, has been the series of misunderstandings and arguments which has threatened to cut an impassable chasm between a number of men of science and the upholders of Christianity. The misunderstandings, as I believe, have no other foundation than this partitioning of the departments of human activity so that the mind of the scientist is too narrow to grasp a universal idea, and the religionist (if I may use that term) is often unable to comprehend the sense in which the terminology of science is employed. But however that may be, the fact remains that in the field of social discussion, whenever applied Christianity is suggested as a solution of the

social problems of the day, many students of social science, and particularly those who enjoy calling themselves "radical," are apt to laugh. Christianity, they declare, is unscientific!

Some might make this charge the excuse for assailing science as atheistic. But others would more wisely attempt to sift the facts, and try to discover how far, if at all, the charge is justified, or upon what misunderstanding it is based. I shall concern myself now with the methods of the latter type of Christian, and with the arguments of his strongest opponents, the economic determinists. For it is largely the economic determinists who, enthroned upon their branch of economic science, have sought to turn their branch into a root, and to build the tree from the top down.

I wish to emphasize that it is not my province, here, to substantiate the claims of Christianity as a religion, but merely to examine its philosophy of life up to that point where even an atheist might accept the facts upon which it is based. I shall compare it with the opposite philosophy, economic determinism, and endeavor to find out which, if either, can truly lay claim to being "scientific." I shall try to make no assumptions beyond the facts of experience, and shall confine myself strictly to the consideration of the one point brought up by the simple charge: "Applied Christianity as a cure for the social problems of the day, is unscientific."

Obviously, if the subject is to be treated with any degree of fairness to the systems concerned, two points must be settled before we can reach any conclusion. First, I must define clearly what I wish to be understood by the term Christianity. Secondly, I must settle upon a just definition of what may safely be said to place the seal, "scientific," upon a sociological system.

Although I shall have occasion later to elaborate more fully on my use of the word, Christianity, I shall here attempt to clear the ground somewhat by eliminating for the purposes of the present discussion certain aspects of the beliefs it commonly comprises. Since the protest of individualism was made against Christian unity in the sixteenth century, it has become increasingly difficult to define the theological beliefs of Christianity to the satisfaction of any very large number of people. Perhaps I

should modify this by saying that in Anglo-Saxon and Germanic countries the difficulty has increased, for, in the Latin regions, Christianity has to all intents and purposes remained synonymous with Catholicity. The few dissentients who have appeared in the latter countries have played no considerable part in the national politics, and the lines have been quite clearly drawn between belief and unbelief, between Catholicity and atheism.

But in Anglo-Saxon countries, as I have said, the question of satisfactory definition in matters of theology has become so great that we are now witnessing frantic efforts to unite a large number of the various Christian sects on a basis of unbelief! I must, therefore, limit my use of the word Christianity to an unfortunate degree. For, were I to include theological beliefs, on the one hand certain sects, and on the other hand atheists, would be dissatisfied either with my definition of Christianity or with the premises upon which I shall attempt to prove it a scientific system. I shall, therefore, include in my use of the word only such ideas as might well constitute a rule of life for an atheist. This limits the significance and force of Christianity to a most unfortunate degree, but since the opponents of the Christian social ideal could not for the most part accept the premises which make of Christianity more than a mere code of morals, it would be time wasted should I attempt to explain Christianity in its full meaning. Let it be remembered, then, that in confining myself to the material social aspect of the doctrines comprised by Christianity, I am acting quite arbitrarily, and am limiting Christianity not because I believe it to be so limited in fact, but because I realize the urgent necessity for establishing a common ground of discussion with its opponents. I can then come more directly to the important point at issue, namely, whether, as a sociological system, applied Christianity is or is not scientific.

"Scientific," in popular language, may mean many things. It may mean thoroughly organized—in which case a successful bank robbery is scientific—or it may mean *well* organized with relation to some definite end, in which event it might better be termed Eunomic. Again, it may be taken as merely signifying modern, or as being the product of the brain of a scientific man. None of these uses of the word is quite accurate.

Science, properly understood, is the process, or the result, of deduction from observed facts. The conclusions drawn from the observations of certain facts are scientific only so far as they adhere closely to the facts themselves for confirmation. If they attempt to go beyond and postulate conditions or facts not yet discovered, they partake more of the nature of philosophy, and correspondingly less of the nature of true science as such. "Scientific," then, would seem to mean "based on observable facts," or, more accurately still, "so far as we are capable of knowing, in *complete accord* with the facts of experience."

Science itself explains nothing. A law of science is no more than an observed sequence of events, a regularity of cause and effect which lead us to suppose that a certain cause will continue to produce a certain effect so long as our universe shall endure. Hence it in no wise serves to explain phenomena, notwithstanding much popular belief to the contrary; instead it is in itself one of the profoundest mysteries which we, as human beings, encounter. We discover, perhaps by accident, perhaps by deliberate search, that a certain law exists; but do we know why? Do we know *why* an electrical discharge under set conditions should invariably produce ether, or magnetic, waves capable of being recorded at vast distances? The "what" which science has demonstrated only leads to the greater mystery of "why." Correspondingly, a "scientific" method or system is one based on an understanding of the "what," but not necessarily in fulfilment of the "why." A method which would take into account the "why" would be scientific, certainly; but it would be far more. It would be, as I have indicated previously, Eunomic.

Hence, in considering whether applied Christianity as a cure for the social problems of the day would be scientific, we must remember that we are not discussing the suitableness of Christianity to a definite end, nor its probable effectiveness as a cure—although some light may incidentally be thrown on these sides—but solely whether those of its social teachings which relate to man's conduct, morality and social customs in the material sense are or are not in accord with the facts of every-day experience.

Those who claim that Christianity as a social system is unscientific are chiefly those who advocate in its place one or

another of the systems which are based on an assumption fundamentally opposite to that of Christianity, namely, economic determinism. In fact, Christianity and economic determinism are not only opposed, but are mutually contradictory. If one is scientific, the other is not; although it does not follow that if one is not scientific, the other is! Since, however, Christianity is attacked chiefly from the point of view of the economic determinist, it is almost imperative to review briefly the main features of that point of view before we can settle to our complete satisfaction the main issue. I shall, therefore, attempt a short survey of the claims made by economic determinism to be scientific, or in accord with the facts of experience, and also to outline the main aspects in which the theory has met criticism. After that only can we make a satisfactory examination of the charge brought against applied Christianity.

II

Broadly speaking, economic determinism claims that the nature and point of view of man, his religion, morality and social customs are entirely the outcome of economic conditions. More simply, it might be said that man is the product of the food he eats multiplied by the nature of his surroundings. Upon this basis a huge superstructure is reared, which ramifies into all departments of human activity, into painting, into literature and the drama, but above all into the realm of social discussion.

It is a doctrine which many find attractive. It immediately lessens (indeed, if logically accepted, nullifies) the sense of personal responsibility; which, of course, is a great relief to some natures! By its tremendous emphasis upon the power of property laws and the conditions of barter and exchange over the social customs and actions of mankind, it practically raises inanimate property to an equality with a human being in potency for good or for evil. To this extent, of course, it is the mother of socialism, the only source from which socialism can claim legitimate birth. Yet, at the same time, it leaves moral law the outgrowth and victim of local economic conditions, thus apparently confirming the favorite modern doctrine of excessive individual-

ism. If our acts and our morality are determined by conditions not within our control, it is only logical that we should live for ourselves alone. In this system, then, the extremes unite fraternally and agree to disagree. Starting in an assumption, economic determinism leads one everywhere—except to the Christian ideal, as we shall see later.

The first obvious criticism of this doctrine is that it applies with equal force to a brute beast—let us say an elephant or a giraffe. No one would be seriously inclined to doubt that either an elephant or a giraffe would prove eminently tractable if well fed and left in favorable surroundings. But one would hardly like to compare the mentality of the average giraffe to that of a human being. It is precisely because the doctrine applies so perfectly to a giraffe or an elephant that it does not apply with equal truth to a man. If man's aspirations were commensurate with those of a giraffe, no one would ever call economic determinism a fallacy. But who would attempt to prove such a premise?

For man, food and housing are not sufficient. If this were the case, the story of Cain killing Abel, and of Dives finding himself in Hell would not so frequently be duplicated in the life about us. Man requires food and rest, to be sure, just as an engine requires fuel; but as an engine is not all fuel, so man is made up of more than economics. He may also exercise choice and discrimination, which an engine cannot. Environment may play a very important part in shaping his point of view; yet, as an individual, he is almost sure to have different tastes from those immediately about him, even from those brought up in the same general environment. His aspirations reach beyond his physical needs. He begins to know envy, ambition, human hate and love. His mind is capable of grasping a universal idea; he sees himself in relation to his fellow men—and tries to get ahead of them!

These are facts of every-day experience. Economic conditions which we would expect to produce almost invariably the worst sort of men, are frequently overcome by the very force of man's will. If the various tendencies in man's nature which I have mentioned above could be reduced to a matter of bread

and butter alone, the solution of our economic and moral problems would require merely the assistance of a clever mathematician. The rich would nearly always be good (and on that account probably not very rich!) whereas the poor and underfed, instead of being exemplary parents and worthy citizens, as they usually are, would be incarnate spirits of crime. The percentage of moral criminals, I venture to say, is quite as large among the wealthy and well educated as among the poor and ignorant. The criminal methods of the former, however, are much more refined and hence frequently pass unnoticed, or are condoned under such names as " business acumen," " keen foresight," " forceful, dominating personality." In short, wealth and freedom from economic oppression do not, as we should infer from an economic determinist standpoint, produce a higher morality. Practical experience has demonstrated this.

The facts of experience, then, by which alone we must judge the " scientific " qualifications of a system, do not seem to substantiate economic determinism. But there is yet more to be considered. Has anyone discovered as a reasonable basis for economic determinism the process by which food distils into a certain quantity of love? Or has the number of inches round a man's money bag ever measured the envy and hate he could bear his neighbor for having a still larger bag?

With mentality, it would seem, comes the possibility of mental disease as well as physical. Nor do I now refer to those diseases of the *brain* which are obviously the cause of certain tendencies toward specific evils in some men's natures. By the possibility of mental disease I mean the power of man's will to revolt against love, to turn traitor to a code of morals which instinct itself has taught him to respect. In this power of the will to betray itself, experience tends to show us, we must find the source of all human evil, be it spiritual or physical, social or private.

But the economic determinist, although claiming to be scientific, is unwilling to accept these plain facts of experience. He continues to maintain that man is not really diseased mentally, or that, if he is, the disease, like a fever microbe, enters him from without, and does not breed spontaneously from within. The economic determinist demands, therefore, a system of social re-

form which shall re-make man through his property and economic surroundings. He demands that the State (a creation of man as far as its institutions are concerned) shall re-create man himself—largely, one takes it, by giving him more to eat! The logic of this reasoning may seem tortuous; but it is claimed to be "scientific," hence sacred.

This survey of economic determinism is necessarily brief and superficial, since I wish to come immediately to the main issue, namely, an examination of the charge made against applied Christianity. But from what we have seen of the economic determinist doctrine, we cannot well call it "scientific" according to the definition of that term which we have adopted. It is, of course, negatively scientific in that it explains nothing. But on the other hand, it is in strict accord with nothing, so far as we can ascertain. Yet any qualifications of out and out economic determinism must tend to bring that doctrine in closer alignment with the Christian view of society. We are now prepared, therefore, to examine the charge that applied Christianity, as a standard to guide us toward social betterment, is unscientific, that is, "not in accord with the facts of experience."

III

I have already imposed certain most unwelcome and stringent limitations upon myself with regard to my use of the word Christianity. I have agreed to confine myself as far as possible to the merely material social aspects of the doctrines which it comprises.

First, however, I feel that I should point out two fundamental tenets of Christianity as a social ideal. On the one hand, life is understood as being not an end in itself, but a period of test in which our faith, or our will to believe, is tried through virtue of the limitations which are placed upon our understanding. Our faith is in the Divinity which has created us and is drawing us to Himself. On the other hand, during this period of test, we must direct our physical acts in accord with the natural laws established by the Divinity, with the laws of love. Faith without good works is dead. But good works alone without faith are

equally dead, since they are not directed toward an end in union with Divinity, but, imperfect as they are, are made ends in themselves. Christ taught that above all we must love our God; but that the next most important commandment was like unto this, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." In brief, faith, and through faith good works; and Love as the keynote of all.

This, then, is the essence of Christian social teaching, and from this basis all else is reared. But for the present discussion I am obliged to omit the vitally important factor of Faith, simply because I would no longer be on a common ground with the opponents of Christianity. I can consider only the second in importance of the two great commandments, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," the command that our life should be one of works of love. This limitation will destroy the full meaning of Christianity; but on the common ground of observable facts, I wish to show that applied Christianity is scientific, and since there is not space for a long metaphysical discussion, I must be satisfied with this aspect alone of Christianity.

Now let us remember the charge of the economic determinist. Applied Christianity, he claims, is unscientific because it is based on mere sentiment. Economic determinism on the other hand holds that what evil there is in man is the result of conditions without himself, and that we must eliminate this evil by changing man's economic surroundings, and not, as would the Christian, by appealing to the individual conscience.

The crux of the question seems to be, "what is the source of evil?" If we are to overcome evil scientifically, we must know its source. The economic determinist, as we have seen, has failed to take into account all the facts of experience. His system does not even explain the "what." Does the Christian view, on the other hand, give any valuable light on the subject?

I have hinted previously that the source of all human evil must be sought in the power of the will to revolt against Love. Christianity claims to be the religion of Love; it claims further that all the positive commandments are summed up in the idea of perfect Love, toward God or our neighbor as the case may be. If love is perfect, then evil cannot enter in. My statement, therefore, that evil results from a revolt of the will against

Love, is in accord with the essence of Christian teaching. But does this statement accord with experience?

In the first place, I must explain the full significance of Love. It is generally spoken of as a sentiment, as an instinct which prompts us to fulfil the designs of nature. But it is far more than that! It is not only a mental or emotional force, but is the *one positive force of the physical universe!*

Scientists recognize love everywhere in the world about us; but they call it by other names. To science it is known sometimes as "attraction," sometimes as "adhesion," again as "cohesion," or still more commonly as "magnetism." All the observable laws of nature—if scientists would see it clearly—may be resolved into laws of magnetism or attraction; and the negation of magnetism produces nothing but disorder, or, as I shall show, *heat!*

This fact is so seldom, if ever, realized, that I must give a few examples of the working of this great law of love, or magnetism. The ordinary process of congealing or hardening is, in reality, the evidence of increasing cohesive or magnetic force. The cohesive bonds tighten, a contraction takes place—which, be it carefully noted, is always accompanied by the sensation of increasing *cold*—and the body in question becomes more "solid." All "solid" substances are held together by magnetic bonds, which the application of *heat* tends immediately to destroy. The moment heat is removed, most bodies tend to resume their former state. The application of heat, then, results in disorder, or the disruption of magnetic bonds. Heat, therefore, is *negative* in its effects!

But disorder itself seems to be the original cause of heat—or rather, of that strained sensation of particles forcibly separated which we commonly experience as "heat." For example, if a resisting wire be placed between the magnetic poles of a dynamo so that it interferes with the *order* of the regular magnetic circuit, the wire becomes *heated.* The principle of the incandescent light is based upon this invariable action. If the magnetic waves (often called "electrical") are passed through water, the water *decomposes.* Friction, which is nothing more than the rubbing away of small particles of matter, hence a viola-

tion of cohesive force, always results in heat. The magnetic waves caused by the electrical discharge of a wireless telegraph transmitter create a disorder in the normally tense magnetic lines. The result of these waves in the coherer of the receiving station is a slight burning or oxidization, which at once forms a closed circuit. Again, disorder in the human body caused by *abnormal* acts of excess results in disease, which, if properly understood, is nothing more than a process of destructive heat, or decay.

An act of disorder, then, or an act in opposition to the force of Love (call it " magnetism " if you prefer) would seem always to produce a negation of law, a chaos, of which the manifestation to our senses is a feeling we call " heat." Literally, then, opposition to Love, as proved by science, produces self-destruction, a " second death," heat, or, if you will, a genuine " Hell-fire ! "

Now Christianity teaches that we must strive toward a more perfect and complete Love in all the relations of life. Opposition to love brings about evil, that is, disorder, negation, " heat." In the social order this negation is experienced as strife, restlessness, that " social unrest " of which we hear so much. This experience also shows us.

It would seem to be proved negatively at least that the keynote of Christianity is in accord with the facts of experience. The " peace " to " men of good will " would really seem to be the peace brought about by the desire to accord with and not oppose Love. But science is still more positive and emphatic in supporting the Christian philosophy of life.

Science shows that the world is slowly progressing from a state of chaos, " heat " and disorder to a state of cold where life and activity—the accompaniments of the transition period—will no longer be possible. Activity, as we ordinarily understand it, is a mere evidence of restlessness, a state of semi-demagnetization, of semi-heat. To life as we know it, a golden mean is necessary, an excess of either heat or cold being fatal. Nevertheless, as I say, the world is gradually tightening its cohesive bonds, gradually lessening the strained conditions which result in " heat," and a time will come when, like the moon at present, it can no longer accommodate human life. The whole universe is

advancing toward a state of greater magnetic order, of greater Love.

On the positive side, therefore, Christianity is also in accord with the demonstrations of science; for it makes an ever-increasing love and peace the keynote to the universe. The scientific philosophy of Christianity is the supreme philosophy of the ages!

I have said that Christianity implied faith, or the will to believe, and works of Love. The supreme effort of the will, then, from the Christian point of view is to separate that which is in accord with Love from that which is opposed to it. The faith is the will to believe in the Supreme Love, which gives motive to all our works. Our works of Love are the result of that faith, whether it be fully realized, or only instinctively. Hence from the Christian point of view the importance of a bond of love between God and man, a religion, to act as an inspiration for good deeds.

Applied Christianity, therefore, would seem to be the application of religious belief as a motive force for acts of love. But for the present, since the economic determinist could not accept the premise of Faith, we must consider, not the motive forces for actions, but only the results, that is, works of love as a social ideal, works of love brought to being by the voluntary effort of the individual to accord with love instead of opposing it. This leads us to the remaining point to be brought out, namely, the truly essential difference between the Christian and the economic determinist point of view.

The economic determinist denies the power of the will to revolt against an accepted principle of morality. In fact, morality itself, from the determinist's view, is not a permanent law; it is an ever changing factor, the outcome of economic conditions. Even the operation of the scientific law of love is not recognized, nor is evil seen to be the negation of this law. It is not seen that the very fact of the existence of evil in the world necessitates the power of a will, an agent independent to a degree of mechanical forces, freely to oppose love. If the will could not directly oppose this all powerful love, where would evil arise? There would be no negating force! Yet the economic determinist—claiming always to be scientific—condemns not only the existence of per-

manent morality, but the power of the will to oppose such laws if they existed. He denies the power of the will to be a traitor to Love, and hence denounces the marvellous Christian ideal as unscientific sentiment!

But the failure of the economic determinist himself to be scientific merely emphasizes more strongly the complete accord of Christianity with the facts of scientific and common experience. If the science of Love were only more generally recognized, instead of being clouded by the over specialization of this century, Christianity would at once take its place as the greatest of all sciences.

With applied Christianity proclaiming as a scientific fact the supremacy of the universal law of love, and applying it to the individual conscience both through persuasion, high religious motive, and through effective legal channels, the true social science would have come into being. Without this science of love as the basis for action, every effort at social reform must be as a mere phantom, a false image of the reality it dimly reflects. The great power of the individual, independently of his surroundings, either to revolt against Love or to place his entire being in accord with it must be recognized; and it is applied Christianity alone which properly upholds this standard. When the Christian science of love is applied, the State shall no longer attempt futilely to re-create its creator, but shall be regenerated by him, infused anew with the one positive force, Love!

A WORLD CRUSADE

ANNA GARLIN SPENCER

THEATRE-GOERS have recently found interest in a play called *The Servant in the House*. That drama is one of many proofs that the Christ-ideal is being yoked to humblest human service. A companion picture, with no mystic figure in it, might be written. The central character would be a woman, little known and not on the calendar list of saints; a woman gently born and bred, occupying at will high social position in an aristocratic group, lovely in personality, and gifted with power of persuasion, Marie de Pollalion by name. Left a widow in early life, she became governess to the children of the Duchess of Orleans. After a while the atmosphere of the Court became revolting to her and she left her position to devote herself to the service of the poorest and most distressed of her sister-women. She established industrial schools for girls incompetent to self-support, opened refuges for outcast and suffering women, and shops where the unemployed might find both shelter and work. She personally sought the objects of her help and this made her life a dramatic experience. Learning one day that a poor young girl in whom she was interested had been lured to a house of ill-fame, she ran to the place, and bursting past the door-keeper with an impetuosity which would not be denied, entered the house, sought, found and claimed the girl, and took her away to safe refuge. In that house she found a number of gentlemen of the Court who were her familiar acquaintances, and these she rebuked with such severity and scorn that they fled discomfited from her presence. This incident led her to think much of the peculiar position of those women, above the average of their class in intelligence and breeding, the prostitutes still young and beautiful who lived luxuriously by the patronage of men of wealth and power. Learning of eight such women who lived by themselves, in freedom from control by extortionate "madam" or "master" and seemingly in voluntary choice of this manner of life, she disguised herself as a servant and took service with them. Adopting

the dress, the manner and the function of a household helper, she devoted herself at first to earning their commendation for her skill and faithfulness. The first week, we are told, she "only prayed for power" and said no word to indicate that she was there for anything but the usual relationship. The next she began a subtle course of "suggestion" of better ways of life; a word dropped, as if by thoughtlessness, about home and relatives; a song, as if sung to herself; a printed page left about as if in carelessness; a gentle touch as of humble loving-kindness as she arrayed her eight mistresses for their evening entertainment. The third week she revealed more of herself and such was the magnetism of her nature that by the end of the month of her work as "Servant in the House" she carried all that company of women back with her to a new start in life. What a picture a genius might make of such an experience!

Such a dramatic picture would reveal the vital urge of sympathetic feeling that started the crusade against vice; that passion of pity which bade the shepherd leave the ninety and nine sheep who were safe and warm in the fold and go out into the storm and dark to find and succor the one stray lamb. Although, however, this world crusade began as rescue work, it could not remain a mere effort to save one here and there from among those abandoned to evil. It had to grow wider and deeper; to force effort further and further toward the causes of the evil to which these women were abandoned.

The fire of love and service to individuals has indeed not died away. It shows itself in great national movements of rescue and help like the Florence Crittenden Mission and the Salvation Army. It flames in new efforts of personal ministry in devoted probation officers and in Big Brother and Big Sister movements. It will never fail while any element of religious devotion remains. No man or woman, however, can long face at first hand the actual conditions without learning that there are other and more important aspects of prostitution than the need to rescue a few lost women. Marie de Pollalion herself found it necessary to supply the unemployed with paid work in order to help the poverty-bound; and in all schemes of rescue work the economic need has place. Enlightened States have also recognized the

necessity of training in honest self-support the girls sent to public institutions for reformation; and hence industrial training for all offenders still young and teachable has become the rule in reformatories.

The second great element in the early movement against social vice, however, was not one for initiating thorough-going treatment of the economic aspects involved, but rather a conscious and determined effort to abolish State licensing of houses of prostitution, and all its attendant slavery of women. This was the master incentive which called together and made effective the moral leadership of the enlightened world. The would-be rescuers had learned that to pluck a brand from the burning when she was "registered" and set apart as a legally permitted prostitute was well-nigh impossible, and that an imperious "demand" supported by the State would inevitably secure a "supply" that no philanthropy could effectively succor. Hence the first impulse to save a few women was necessarily extended to the determination to destroy the legal bondage of all engaged in the business. The "Servant in the House" had to become the advocate before the Court and Parliament. The passionate love that sought to lead a few back to the light had to be enrolled in the army that was sworn to destroy the blackest slavery the world has known.

In the year 1875 this impulse toward abolishing State regulation of vice reached its conscious and definitive expression. The events leading up to that movement are narrated in the little book *The New Abolitionists,* published under the direction of its leaders in 1876. This book contains an account of the journey of Mrs. Butler to Paris, Genoa, Pisa, Rome, Naples, Florence, Milan, Geneva and other continental cities to stir the conscience of the people and help to form permanent bands of workers against the State license system. Returning to England, she and those whom she led, formed the "British Continental and General Federation for the Abolition of Government Regulation of Prostitution." The Right Hon. James Stansfield, M. P., who led the fight in Parliament for the repeal of the Contagious Diseases acts, in England, accepted the presidency, and Josephine Butler the honorary secretaryship, and M. Aimée

Humbert of Neufchâtel became the able Continental correspondent. M. Humbert had been ten years Chancellor of the Swiss Governmental Federation, and still occupied a distinguished position in the public affairs of his country, and was also well known throughout Europe; and his adhesion and practical service placed the abolition movement at once upon a footing which commended respect even from its opponents.

Workers in Italy, France, Germany and other countries united with those of England in this coöperative association. Organs of the movement soon appeared; *The Shield* being the British publication. Steps were taken the first year for the holding of an International Congress under the auspices of the Abolitionists, at Geneva in 1877, in connection with the fifth meeting of the International Congress of Medical Science. The British Medical Association, which was a constituent part of that body, had already demanded, on grounds of public health as well as of morality, that legal license of prostitution be abolished in Great Britain. The attitude of the medical profession as a whole, however, gave reason to fear that the cause would be lost if put to a vote in the International Medical gathering. It was therefore felt that the Federation for Abolition should appear with a strong array of speakers and workers to hold its first great meeting directly following that of the medical scientists. As M. Humbert well said, this should be done "to formulate the results of the triumph if our cause gain a victory among the representatives of science, or if a majority of the Medical Congress declare against our work, that we may give a refutation to their errors on the very morrow of their proclamation and at once weaken their deleterious influence on public opinion." The result of this action was to secure at the Medical Congress itself a more outspoken and morally earnest discussion than had ever before been held on this subject, and to call together at Geneva in the first Congress of the Abolition movement many distinguished and eloquent advocates. The medical men were not all convinced, but the presence of such a body of able reformers had a great influence upon them. M. Humbert, who, with his gifted wife, entered upon this crusade at an age when most people feel themselves entitled to rest and to

enjoy well-earned honors in peace and happiness, issued from the office of *The Continental Commissariat* a programme for the work on the Federation which was not only a complete statement of the movement as it was perceived by the pioneers in the work, but contained some items which showed that he was deeply sensitive to the effect of the oncoming economic tendencies. He placed last on his list of proposed labors of the Federation that element which was historically the first to initiate its work, namely, the impulse toward rescue work and personal effort for the salvation of individuals. He declared that " the Federation would favor refuges and strive to help all institutions exercising preventive action, such as employment agencies, protective measures, lodging houses and the like." But he added, as vital parts of this " Benevolent Programme," which up to that time had been hardly heard of as essential to the crusade against the social evil, but which now loom largest of all in the minds of most, " the raising of women's wages " and the " question of industries suited to young girls." He placed first in importance, however, the " political point of view," the aim of the Federation to " oppose the toleration of vice on the part of the State on any pretext," on the ground that " the State, as representing justice, may not itself support moral wrong." M. Humbert also showed his prophetic quality by making prominent the first pledge of an international body ever yet recorded, " to strive for the elevation of the standard of morality among *men*" and to " fight against the prejudices and conventions of the world in things which concern morality."

In Italy a fire and passion not manifest elsewhere were imparted to the movement by the affiliation of the old " revolutionists " led by Garibaldi, and by the instantaneous response of working-men to the call to oppose State license. The venerable Maurizio Quardrio wrote of the Federation cause, " I, who am the oldest among Mazzini's disciples, believe with our master that this question, which the upper classes consider of trifling importance, is inseparably linked with the gravest problems which weigh upon society at the present day." Count Saffi, one of the triumvirs of the Roman Republic of 1849 and afterward professor at the University of Oxford, and revered by thousands of

his countrymen, wrote to Signor Giuseppe Nathan, who was in active charge of the Central Committee of the Federation for Italy, "The laws regulating prostitution strike out 'women' from the world, and substitute the 'female'; thus, on the pretence of medical tutelage of society, fostering a sore which destroys its most sacred foundations,—the sanctity of the family; man's respect for woman, which he owes to himself even more than to her; and all human dignity in the relation of the sexes."

Prelates and leaders of the Church joined in the Italian movement; but it was left to a working-man, whose name was not divulged, to stir the hearts of the people of that country in a passion of revolt against the State license system. The common people, long silent in sullen submission to conventional rules and the domination of the rich and powerful, had more and more come to see that prostitution is one of the phases of class privilege, and hence this outburst from a fellow-worker awoke a storm of wrathful assent. The *Letter from a Working-Man* was published in the Italian organ of the Federation, *Emancipazione,* and was in answer to a leading physician who had written in defence of the Regulation laws. "If there are people," said the workman, "who have nothing better to do than to eat and drink and play the dandy in a café, who believe prostitution to be a necessity, we working-men do not believe it. If they think that they ought to spend not only the money but the morality of the nation in order to maintain a standing army more or less healthy, we working-men do not want this. What do we care about the balance of power if it can only be kept straight by paying those who hold our side up by the sacrifice of the virtue of our daughters? Let those who make such a noise about the necessity of prostitution not forget that in order to satisfy this necessity the dishonor of the daughters of the people is indispensable, since as yet no worshipper of these medical theories has been willing to sacrifice the daughters of the rich. Instead we find gentlemen employing every method of seduction that men or devils could invent to drag poor girls of our class into the mud at an age when, to those who understand that art, corruption is an easy task. We who work twelve and even fourteen hours a day know only too well that food is a

necessity, but we never forget that it is a duty to satisfy even that necessity lawfully. And as to maintaining a wife and family, it is not workmen or peasants who remain unmarried because they cannot afford to keep a wife. That which is done under sanction of law by Government doctors is infamy and we workmen know that it is so, whatever gentleman may say or think."

The letter from which these burning words are quoted was published in many editions and translated into several tongues. About this time, also, three suicides occurred which gave shocking point to the denunciation of the license system. One was in England in a "garrison town," where any woman might be arrested and forced to be examined by one of the Government physicians and placed on the "register" as a "public woman" if suspected by the police of being immoral. This woman, a young and attractive widow and found afterward to be of spotless character, had worked since her husband's death to support two very young children. Losing her position through no fault of her own, she wandered about the streets almost dazed by her trouble, trying to determine where she should go, or to whom she should appeal to secure another chance to earn bread for herself and her little ones. A police officer arrested her as a "suspicious person" and she was commanded to prepare for the examination and threatened with immediate registration. Ignorant of any way to save herself from the ordeal, she rushed wildly from the court and drowned herself in the river before she could be reached. A second instance was in France, where a young girl denounced as "probably immoral" by an anonymous letter, which in the "Morals Police Court" at that time was a sufficient legal reason for arrest both in France and Italy, was brought before the Court. Against her agonized appeals and those of her aged parents, who testified to her good character, she was obliged to submit to the Government doctor, who assured the police that she was "as pure as a baby." She insisted upon his signing a written statement to that effect, and then dashed to the open window and threw herself upon the pavement below, from which she was taken up dead.

Another case occurred about the same time in Milan, where a girl of extraordinary beauty, but poor and inexperienced, was decoyed into an unlicensed house of ill-fame by the promise of honest work, and there told that if she did not accede to the demands made upon her she would be placed in the hands of the police as "a regular prostitute" and thus be put upon the "register" as a "public woman" and be worse off than if she were quiet and did as she was told. The girl was locked into a room to render her obedient, and placed herself upon the bed, clasped her crucifix in her arms, and breathed fumes of charcoal until she lost consciousness.

The taboo of silence concerning the social evil had by this period begun to lift from the public press and these instances of the working of the license law were widely commented upon and served to call forth many similar instances known to workers among the poor but hitherto not publicly described. This made the work of the new Federation seem more necessary to many plain people who had not before recognized the dangers of the license system in relation to virtuous but exposed womanhood.

The International Federation for the Abolition of the State Regulation of Vice still exists. Its work is not yet done; but its later reports show that the license system is weakening in all its strongholds. After thirty years of effort it was able to report that in England, Norway and a part of Switzerland license had been abolished; that in Germany, so long deemed impregnable, many influential forces were fighting against it, including every important women's organization; that in Italy immense gains had been made, Dr. Santoliquido, the official chief of the Department of Health, using his power to supplant gradually the old system with free treatment and efforts to lessen vice; and that in France, so long the pride of Regulationists, the system was confessedly in ruins, having broken down at every point in attempts to stop, to lessen, or even to prevent the increase of the diseases against which the system was devised.

In our own country, with its widely diffused and many-sided legislative control, the Regulation system has never been legally established by national or State action. Individual cities, however, have tried various forms of partial or complete license and

"tacit permission" is common, and few, if any, municipalities have dealt squarely and consistently with this matter. Sporadic attempts to introduce the worst features of foreign systems have always, however, encountered a strong public sentiment of opposition.

In 1876 the New York Committee for the Prevention of State Regulation of Vice was formed, and to this body we were long indebted for the arousing and focussing of that sentiment at critical moments. Before the appointment of this committee several Moral Education Societies had attained useful prominence: one at Boston under the leadership of Abby Morton Diaz and kindred spirits; one at Washington, D. C., led by Dr. Winslow, who in *The Alpha* reached many thoughtful persons, although her radical views concerning sex-relationship in marriage prevented a wide influence for her magazine; and one in Philadelphia, under the wise leadership of Mrs. Peter Lesley and Mrs. Enoch Lewis, which was distinguished by the practical work of securing the signatures of fifty-nine distinguished physicians to a public "Declaration" affirming that a chaste life for both sexes is consonant with the best conditions of physical, mental and moral life. This declaration and one of the same tenure from New York physicians of equal prominence, constituted the first open entrance of medical men into the field of moral prophylaxis and was therefore of the greatest importance. The formation of the New York Committee was inspired, however, not by the educational, but the legal needs of the situation, and was the direct result of the visit of two messengers from the English crusade against the Contagious Disease acts. These English workers found a welcome waiting them from Mrs. Abby Hopper Gibbons, a remarkable woman who, born in 1801 and dying in 1893, embraced within her long public service every phase of the social purity movement. Worthy daughter of her father, Isaac T. Hopper, whose benevolence was only equalled by his gentle earnestness, she early entered the conflict against African slavery; and with her husband, who was a noted Abolitionist, made their home a refuge for escaping slaves; so well known as to be marked for the destructive fury of the rioters of 1863, who burned the house with all its treasures while Mrs.

Gibbons and her daughter were at the front ministering to soldiers of the federal army. With her father founding the N. Y. Woman's Prison Association (later associated also with the honored name of Josephine Shaw Lowell) and helping to establish the Isaac T. Hopper Home for released women prisoners, Mrs. Gibbons had the interest and the training that led her at once to see the need for organized effort in the United States to counteract the influence of the European system, which had already vitiated the thinking of many police magistrates and physicians in this country. She became the first president of the new organization and retained that position until her death. Her tact and resourcefulness seemed illimitable. How often she saved the day when crises arose in the struggle for wiser and more humane methods of dealing with the wayward and unfortunate, no one can know, but she was often summoned to Albany, as leaders in the legislature telegraphed, " Send up the little Quaker lady at once."

The N. Y. Committee for the Prevention of State Regulation of Vice merged its life in the American Purity Alliance in 1895, signifying by its change of name and organization the nationalizing of its scope, and the increase of its objects. This change necessitated securing a trained leader to give whole time to the work, and a " knight without fear and without reproach " was found for the task, Aaron M. Powell. To him the people of the United States owe more than many know for labors which saved our country from the blight of State license of vice. When a lad of nineteen years of age, Aaron Powell attended an anti-slavery convention and became convinced that he must take up the cause of the African slave. His speaking face must have revealed his purpose, for Sojourner Truth, with her intuitive feeling, pressed to his side and reaching out her long arm placed her big black hand upon his head and said, " I'se been a-lookin' into your face and I sees yer in the futur' a-pleadin' our cause." The boy fulfilled the prophecy of the " Black Sibyl," and from 1854 to the events which substituted the dread arbitrament of war for urgent moral appeals, he devoted his life to the cause of the slave; acting as the editor of *The National Anti-Slavery Standard* and speaking constantly. After that the temperance

cause attracted him and he served for twenty-two years as the editor of *The National Temperance Advocate.* When the Committee for the Prevention of State Regulation of Vice merged its work into the larger organization of the Purity Alliance, Aaron Powell was enlisted to carry its banner in *The Philanthropist,* which was its organ, and to lead in the legislative and propaganda work which was needed. So compelling in his moral earnestness that no sane man, however bad, could despise his influence, so wise in judgment, so elevated in thought and so quietly eloquent in appeal that no audience even of stupid and unscrupulous legislators could hear him unmoved, he became the tireless watcher on the walls whom no movement of the enemy escaped until death found him in the midst of his labors. He held city after city and commonwealth after commonwealth back from the wave of impulse toward State license which pressed in from the other side of the ocean; and at the same time led the educational movements with sane guidance. So modest, so self-sacrificing, just and true was he, that no comrade-worker ever detected a fault in his private character to mar his public achievement. Like Mrs. Butler he had happily a helpmeet to share the hardships of his service and cheer and aid him in every way. It is not without significance that among the " earth's great bridals chaste and calm " are not a few partners in this great cause. Such comradeship in the struggle against an evil which most of all slays love at its hidden root, prophesies " that wedded constancy that sweetens all from its deep heart."

The present hour is one of tumultuous awakening on the subject of the social evil. Not, indeed, as it has been called by one newly come to its intensity, " a new conscience for an old evil," but a new stirring of the common life. Nearly sixty years of organized effort under the leadership of the moral élite of all enlightened nations, years in which the sensitive conscience of two generations was trained to effective work, work without which the present attitude of the public mind could never have been reached, cannot be called " new." What is new is the emphasis, often too exclusive, placed on the economic causes of prostitution. What is new is a clear understanding of the vital need of youth for morally protected recreation. What is new

is, not concern for the sanitary aspects of the social evil, but a clearer conception that the great black plague is one of those preventable diseases which humanity is under bonds to the future to get under social control in both sexes and under all conditions. What is newest of all is the advent of art, as handmaid of reform, and the appeal, sometimes loud-voiced and coarse, and therefore questionable in its total effect, but strongly demanding and receiving the attention of the common mind in drama, fiction, painting, sculpture, poetry and current literature.

To one who recalls the meetings presided over by the pioneers in this cause, a mingling of beauty and horror remains as their lasting effect. The exquisite refinement of taste that made plainness of speech incapable of offence; the delicacy of perception that chose unerringly words needed for each occasion and each varying audience, so that although the timid and conventional might be shocked and frightened by revelations of dark truths, they could never be disgusted; these things have left a memory as of angelic guidance through an inferno that must be explored. By these signs the advance army conquered in this reform in the first struggles. These men and women used no fancy sketches, no highly wrought fiction, no extravagant inferences from a few undigested facts, to strengthen their appeals. The yea and nay of the plain speech of Friends was native to the lips of many of them and all were too deeply consecrated to too difficult a task to use words lightly. To-day when the newspapers find vice reports and white slave prosecutions "good copy," and "best sellers" deal with the worst phases of the social evil, and the drama finds its most intense sensations in the underworld of sin and suffering, there is some danger that the need to keep this subject of all others on a high plane of ethical fastidiousness may be forgotten.

Moreover the artist's treatment of moral questions often gives such unusual contrasts of light and shade that those interested only by dramatic fiction may lapse into reactionary torpidity, when they find general facts not fully justifying the special presentation. For example, the haunting horror of *My Little Sister,* by Miss Robbins, owes its power to the consummate art with which the charm, the high breeding and the aristocratic

home seclusion of the victims is contrasted with the pit of infamy into which their tender beauty was flung. But this is not the type of girl we find sold to the slavery of vice. Were all the doors of all the "terrible houses" of London flung open to the agonized seeker one such maiden as "My Little Sister" would hardly be found. It is common girlhood whose moral and physical being is at stake. Girlhood not very charming, not very well bred, cultured or beautiful, but fresh and sweet with youth and the potential power of womanhood's service to the race. If normal (and many are below that plane), they are simple, ordinary girls, "creatures not too bright and good for human nature's daily food" and precious, not for their rare quality, but for the very commonplace part they are born to play in the drama of life. These are the girls that the world's conscience must be pledged to protect and save. The fact, however, that Miss Robbins has written this story, with its imaginative spur to that world's delinquent conscience, is the vital fact. It shows that art itself is forced by the Time-Spirit to take cognizance of this deepest tragedy of outraged girlhood. We may differ, also, about the use of Miss Eberl's *White Slave,* hawked in the market place by her monstrous captor—whether it should appear on the cover of *The Survey,* or only inside as illustrating a special article, or whether it should be excluded altogether from a magazine open to the reading of young and old in the family circle. But the vital fact remains, in any case, that sculpture has at last been moved to portray what to be seen, as it is, must compel social destruction. To-day the World Crusade against the sex-slavery of woman, which began in secret chambers by consecration of those who offered good name, fortune and life itself in ransom, has become a mighty army in which all may enroll with ease and honor.

The American Purity Alliance established its Vigilance Committee in 1907 to focus effort upon abolishing the traffic of commercialized vice, and this committee has become a National Association with men like David Starr Jordan, Cardinal Gibbons and Charles W. Eliot at its head. The educational side, reinforced in brilliant and effective fashion by Dr. Prince Morrow in his Society for Sanitary and Moral Prophylaxis, has become

nationalized in the Federation for Sex Hygiene. Expert investigation of vice conditions is now a common experience of cities under local commissions, and is set a high example of scientific thoroughness by Mr. Rockefeller's Bureau of Social Hygiene. These varied approaches to the new Abolition Movement may well be united in one great organization pledged to cover the whole field in order that the specialization demanded by efficiency may not defeat its end by over-lapping of effort. Led by such an army, fitly officered, the race may emerge from its age-long subjection to social vice and its inevitable results. Led by such an army, the human race may at last take its function of parenthood seriously, and grow generations better born, better bred, better taught and better circumstanced, to justify the dreams of poets and the prophecies of seers.

POEMS

Allan Updegraff

I

THE GHOST AT THE PIANO

WHAT master's fingers are on those keys?
Chopin, of course, first dreamed and played
And out of his magical mad brain made
The moon-and-starlight witcheries
That enfold us now: but look at the breeze
That quivers over the ivories!
Has the great man's ghost not been well laid
That it comes back here into times like these,
Revealing itself as a wind to the trees?

Of course:—a wire, that box over there
Our hostess holds, an electric spark,
And the music follows: but watch those keys
Tremble and dance in the dim half-dark
That the flickering golden downward flare
Of the hooded candles gathers where
A player *might* bend at his mysteries.

The hooded candles on either side,
In the dusk between—the wraith of a man!
The man himself, who lived and died
So hard, so soon,—yet's glorified
By encompassing in his narrow span
Worlds that the best of us never can!
A little imagination,—and there
Is the long black coat with its graceful curves,
The high white neck-cloth, the crisp brown hair,
The high-held long bold head above—
But it bent too low at George Sand's love!

Look thro' his misty back at his hands,
The long white fingers like naked nerves
Flying to carry his soul's commands,
Feeling the way for the dips and swerves
Of his dream, his dream, his hope and pain—
The fiend at his throat, the god in his brain,—
And each resolution wails "In vain!"

Now the lights go up, and all is changed.
A Chopin nocturne in the gloom!
A good conceit—it is well arranged:
There's a buzz of pleasure about the room.
The auto-piano deserves all praise—
It's a splendid thing in its gilt and glaze!
And Chopin's ghost is out in the snow
Cooling with Keats, McDowell, and Poe—
Prometheans burned that we might glow!

*

Dead, now, these—million years or so.

II

SERENADE

ROSE and lily lights are on the river;
Rushes are awhisper in the dusk;
Silkenly the clustered aspens quiver;
Hints the air of meadowsweet and musk;
And the iridescent summer eve is falling,
And gleam the gorgeous windows of the day;
And a lonely hermit thrush is calling, calling,—
Sweetheart, O sweetheart, come away!

Would thou wert the twilight, I the river:
Thou a golden bullrush, I the dusk:
Thou the air and I the leaves that quiver
To its breath of meadowsweet and musk!

For the summer night is lonely, falling, falling,—
And lonely are the windows of the day;
And the lonely thrush's heart is faint with calling,—
Sweetheart, O sweetheart, come away!

Would we both were twilight on the river
Shining 'mongst the rushes in the dusk:
By the secrets of the aspens set aquiver:
One with air and meadowsweet and musk!
So the summer night would close us in its falling,
And the stars light up the windows of the day,
And the hermit thrush's rapture stop his calling,—
Sweetheart, O sweetheart, come away!

Shadows creep and glimmer on the river;
All the rushes tremble in the dusk;
Mournfully the clustered aspens quiver;
Faints the air with meadowsweet and musk;
And the vast, strange night is falling,
And darkened are the windows of the day;
And the hermit thrush's heart is broken, calling,—
Sweetheart, O sweetheart, come away!

III

THE TIME AND THE PLACE

WILL you not come? The pines are gold with evening
And breathe their old-time fragrance by the sea;
You loved so well their spicy exhalation,—
So smiled to smell it and old ocean's piquancy;
And those weird tales of winds' and waves' relation—
Could you forget? Will you not come to me?

See, 'tis the time: the last long gleams are going,
The pine-spires darken, mists rise waveringly;
The gloaming brings the old familiar longing

To be re-crooned by twilight voices of the sea;
  And just such tinted wavelets shoreward thronging—
    Could you forget things once so dear—and me?

  Whatever of the waves is ceaseless longing,
    And of the twilight immortality:
  The urge of some vast, inchoate aspiration
Akin to afterglow and stars and winds and sea:
  This hour makes full and pours out in libation—
    Could you forget? Will you not come to me?

  What golden galleons sailed into the sunset
    Not to come home unto eternity:
  What souls went outward hopeful of returning,
This time and tide might well call back across the sea.
  Did we not dream so while old Wests were burning?
    Could you forget things once so dear—and me?

  From the dimmed sky and long gray waste of waters,
    Lo, one lone sail on all the lonely sea
  A moment blooms to whiteness like a lily,
As sudden fades, is gone, yet half-seems still to be:
  And you,—tho' that last time so strange and stilly,—
    Tho' you are dead, will you not come to me?

IV

THE FLAME-FLOWER

SO red it floats in forest glooms
  One does not see the stem like wire
That lifts its little gleaming blooms,
  Its cyme with all the hues of fire.

So like a tongue of flame o'er the old,
  Rough, hoary rocks it waves its light
Of crimson, scarlet, and hot gold,
  Its slender body fails the sight.

Its thin gray stalk puts out no leaf;
Its little blazing flowers are all—
And summer brings them soon to grief:
But how they flame before they fall!

V

EVENING ON BROOKLYN BRIDGE

THERE'S a beauty on the work-tired faces
That endlessly flow by:
As if each carried away some promise, some prediction
Of peace out of the day's turmoil:
Some joy, be it only from the lifting of the burden,
The day's end of toil.

They are ready for the benediction
Of soft light from high windy spaces,
For the twilight benediction of the sky.

There's pain to regret, hardness perhaps to pity,
On these faces;
But their souls are alive.
They have found something, somewhere in the city
To make up for the gentleness of flowers,
The peace of grass, the stolidity of trees.
They have thriven, they thrive
Among the carved canyons and towers;
They feel, they trust, they know: these
Are no brothers to the ox, but sensitive, passion-wise.
You may read it on their faces,
In the clean set of profiles keen to strive,
In the quick uplift of eyes.

For the most part,
They have kept the faith.

Unconsciously they must have taken to heart
The daring of spun steel on which they walk
In the wind-fragrance, between sky-streamer and low white river-wraith:
The whole beauty and magnificence and holiness of New York.
The level light brings out something of religious emotion
In the calm lips and brows:
As each, with stirrings of a dim Moslem-like devotion,
Remembered his hope and his soul
At the down-going of the sun.

Beyond a vast proscenium of towers,
The tired day
Bows herself away
Like a dancer in an orange-flaming stole
Whose turn is done.

THE IMPORT OF THE SUPERFICIAL

B. Russell Herts

THE world has become noisy with fundamentalities. Everywhere we see little people strutting about looking for the bottoms of things. Folk whose fathers were content to dabble around in their own particular set of stupidities without speculating much further than the following Saturday's payroll are now discussing problems and movements and fundamental things generally.

Dissatisfaction with things as they exist is pretty general and the little people have started out to adjust it and bring to solution the difficulties of the ages. The expense in good black ink and good heavy paper to which the world has been put to publish the panaceas of perplexing nonentities has never been so great as it is to-day. The stage is largely occupied by puerile problem plays while the press is compelled by popular demand to dispense still more puerile propaganda articles. The cults and the isms are thriving and anyone can start a movement who has six personal friends, a studio and a touch of paranoia.

So we have all these little people roving the realms of sociology, science, philosophy and morals, with big black spectacles fastened to their craning faces and geological hammers ready to knock off projections everywhere on our later half-petrified formations, and to get down to what they expect will be bed-rock. We hear it said that there is no movement that has not its usefulness; and, indeed, the Theosophists, the Single Taxers, the Eugenists and the Cubists, with all the hundred other manifestations of desire for better things in each of their fields, each and all have their degree of merit and worth. They are valuable for one thing particularly, and that is for showing a tendency of the age. They can scarcely be credited with supplying this tendency to our time, since they each drive (or carry, if one feels favorably inclined) in a different direction.

There is something, however, that is common to all of them, and that is that they seek the basic fact of existence, the fundamental remedy of error as they see it. The typical Socialist is

obsessed with the idea of employing economic power; the Christian Scientist is equally obsessed with the use of spiritual power; the Physical Culturist is dominated by the desire to create physical prowess; the Futurist is determined to discard the conventions of the past; while the thorough-going Anarchist would let everybody do just about as he pleases. One might be a follower of almost all the movements, and then he would be a fundamentalist with a vengeance.

That would be the most admirable and desirable type of human being were it not for the fact that there are elements in existence of the greatest import that are not within the scope of any labelled movement. There is a certain calm thoughtfulness and generally progressive tendency common to all genuine and intelligent people that is neither dominated nor dominating. It simply persists aside and in spite of the violent outbursts of propagandists. Contemplation is one of its considerable elements and tolerance is one of its chief effects. The lackeys of new creeds look upon it as a superficiality. Its possessors are not spouting such a volume of water as the more radical whales and so they seem to be sailing in shallow seas. Really, it is never lack of courage that keeps them on the surface: it requires sublime courage not to be an intellectual diver to-day—the epithets of the seekers of the bottom are so fulsome.

What strikes one most forcibly about the habitués of causes is their intellectual ugliness. Generally rasping, their thinking on all subjects is crude and perverted. They possess power, but it is the power of a very lumbering elephant who cannot manage itself when it gets into steep places. If the road is blocked with petty opposition it can knock its objectors over and proceed; but on a free yet rocky path it rolls about from side to side and may even turn a few somersaults on the way.

The man whom the propagandists deem superficial is saved from these mildly ungraceful proceedings. He is commonly supposed to do little more than save himself in this fashion. In reality he goes down the ages as the tribunal before whom all causes and all movements and all propaganda are tried. His is the judgment that will not perish. In art he furnishes taste to posterity. In science he supplies the undiscredited facts of the

future. He is the backbone of the generations; and while difficult to characterize, he is thoroughly recognizable, and decade after decade he goes on being born, growing in thoughtfulness and tolerance and reserve force, and coming to act as the great creative modifier of opposed violences. He represents the most attractive type and the most important, and through him man's lasting and permanent progress must come.

BERNARD SHAW AND THE FRENCH CRITICS

ERNEST A. BOYD

IT is not long since *Candida* first revealed Mr. Bernard Shaw to an unsuspecting Parisian public. After a preliminary experiment in Brussels, this play was produced in Paris in 1908. In the Belgian capital M. Hamon had taken the natural precaution of introducing the author to the public by means of a lecture on the Shavian Drama, thus lessening the inevitable shock which *Candida* must have produced on the uninitiated. In France, unfortunately, the only attempt to soften the blow was a short *conference* on *Candida* itself by Mme. Georgette Le Blanc-Maeterlinck. In the circumstances it is not surprising that the success of Brussels was not repeated in Paris. The acting was far from satisfactory, and resulted in giving an atmosphere of sexuality to a play in which the struggle of sex is purely intellectual. Moreover, the whole play was interpreted in a tragic, rather than a comic key and was therefore unintelligible. The traditional trio of the French drama, *le mari, la femme et l'amant,* seemed to be present in *Candida,* and no doubt it was for this reason that the play was chosen for a first experiment. But, as M. Cestre has pointed out, this apparent resemblance proved the greatest obstacle to the understanding of Shaw. The familiar premises being granted, the French public was not prepared for the apparently paradoxical conclusions which the author drew from them. M. Faguet expresses this feeling clearly when he says that Shaw is not sincere, that his *dénouements* are too traditional, too moderate in view of the audaciousness of the author's theses. Compared with Ibsen he is wanting in depth, his characters are " all on the surface." " We understand why Nora Helmer leaves her husband and children," says M. Faguet, but few French critics would understand why Candida remained with Morell. The relations between her and Marchbanks seemed utterly incomprehensible in Paris. The famous scene in which Morell leaves Candida and the poet alone was a sad disappointment to an audience accustomed to the passionate interludes of the Boulevard drama. At last it looked

as if a real " dramatic " moment had arrived, but Shaw, with, as it seemed, deliberate malice, fails to rise to the situation. Marchbanks contents himself with reading verse to Candida until she falls asleep. Naturally the audience was indignant at being deprived of a traditional, if illegitimate, thrill. The poet must have produced an effect somewhat similar to that of Charteris upon M. Filon. *" C'est un homme qui ne fait la cour aux femmes, ni pour le bon ni pour le mauvais motif—comme on l'a dit des Anglais en général, il s'amuse tristement."* As for Candida, the same critic says she is not a real woman but " the incarnation of a paradox." On the whole the play interested the critics rather than the public. Some of them compared Candida to Nora and Hedda Gabler, to the advantage of Shaw, who was credited with trying to combat the " emancipated heroines " of Ibsen by exalting the traditional domestic woman. He was hailed as " an inferior English Ibsen."

The failure of *Candida* resulted in the lapse of a considerable period before a second attempt was made to acclimatize Shaw in France. *Mrs. Warren's Profession* was not produced until February, 1912. Meanwhile M. Hamon, the French prophet of Shavianism, had delivered a course of lectures at the Sorbonne on Bernard Shaw and his work. In this country we are supplied with prefaces so that we may understand the true significance of the author of *Candida.* It was, therefore, necessary, in the absence of these elucubrations, that some one should prepare the way by a preliminary exposition of the dramatist's point of view. Thus, pending the translation of the plays, M. Hamon provides the information necessary for the enlightenment of his countrymen. Finally, when the public had been sufficiently impressed, *Mrs. Warren's Profession* was submitted to its newly awakened judgment. This play, of course, arrived in Paris with the inestimable advantage of having been censored; a fact which was sufficient to guarantee the sympathy of the intelligent and to arouse the curiosity of those who were indifferent. It seemed also that the efforts of M. Hamon had not been in vain for, without being enthusiastic, the reception of *Mrs. Warren's Profession* was much more favorable than that accorded to *Candida* four years ago. There was some disposition

to take the play seriously, and several critics went so far as to admit that Shaw might possibly be described as " a thinker."

It was inevitable that *Mrs. Warren's Profession* should be compared with *La Maison Tellier* and *Yvette,* owing to the similarity of the problems treated by Shaw and de Maupassant. Naturally opinion favored the French writer, whose treatment of the question was held to be immeasurably superior to that of Bernard Shaw. Vivie Warren was accused of having narrow-minded middle-class prejudices, and her lack of emotion alienated sympathy. In spite of her profession, Mrs. Warren gained the approval of the critics by her natural humanity, as contrasted with the inhuman intellectuality of her daughter. That Yvette should revolt at her mother's life from sentimental, emotional motives was comprehensible, but nobody could understand or, at all events, sympathize with Vivie, when she leaves her mother, not so much for moral reasons as from a desire to be independent. The aggressive puritanism of Vivie Warren was contrasted unfavorably with the charm and freedom of Yvette, who was none the less pure in the conventional sense. This, of course, detracted somewhat from the success of the piece, which was viewed almost entirely as a presentment of the particular problem which Vivie and Yvette had to face. The wider significance of the play, in fact Shaw's fundamental thesis, was apparently lost in the theatre, for it does not appear in the comments of the critics. M. Henri Bordeaux perhaps had some inkling of the truth for, when he described Shaw's irony as " anti-social," he must have felt all that was subversive of conventional morality in this criticism of existing social and industrial conditions. But he too cannot refrain from crushing Shaw beneath the weight of de Maupassant, whose *Maison Tellier* he considers a more effective study of the perverted sense of honor which Mrs. Warren displays. As the chief exponent of banal traditionalism M. Bordeaux could hardly sympathize with Shaw, nor would he dare to speak disparagingly of a writer like de Maupassant. Consequently, while he accepts *Maison Tellier,* in which precisely the same point of view is expressed, he accuses Mrs. Warren of " insincerity " when she tries to justify her profession. " One would imagine," he says, " that the author took her seriously." In-

comprehension could hardly go further than this. Perhaps the most extraordinary feature of M. Bordeaux's criticism is his justification of his preference for *La Maison Tellier* on the grounds that if it is "rather ignoble," it was, at least, "amusing." Thus we have the spectacle of a champion of conventionality who objects to a serious discussion of prostitution because it does not amuse him. M. Bordeaux, it seems, holds the same view as the English Censor, who tolerates what is respectably indecent and forbids all that is "unpleasantly" serious. At the same time, while he sees the humor of prostitution, he is horrified at the sacrilegious witticisms of Frank Gardner at the expense of his father. But, of course, M. Bordeaux is one of the staunchest supporters of the French family system. Any departure from the attitude of slavish submission upon which that incredible tyranny is based, would seem to him a step in the direction of anarchy. In spite of his evident and natural irritation at seeing his most cherished convictions subjected to criticism, M. Bordeaux hastens to inform Shaw that he should have contented himself with trying to frighten the English middle-classes. It is useless, he pretends, to attempt the same thing in Paris where "people are rather used to dramatic subjects of a daring kind." "The wit of Mr. Bernard Shaw," he concludes, "astonished us here by its seriousness, not by its irony. We are surprised at so laborious a paradox." Yet some years ago M. Filon was so shocked by the "painful" nature of *Mrs. Warren's Profession,* that he confessed to some hesitation in summarizing it for readers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes.* No doubt during his prolonged residence in England M. Filon had become affected by that English sensitiveness from which M. Bordeaux imagines himself and his countrymen immune.

Only three of Bernard Shaw's plays have been produced in Paris, while the French public is still awaiting the publication of his complete works. In the circumstances it is obvious that his appeal in France must be distinctly limited. At the same time it is hardly possible to form a just estimate of a dramatist whose works have not been published and who can only be studied in the theatre, or in the single volume of *Unpleasant Plays* which has just appeared. Literature must be the ultimate test of

drama. While it would be too much to assert that Shaw's work is literature—he himself has described it as journalism—it is nevertheless primarily addressed to the reading public. The combination of Fabian pamphlet and philosophic dialogue which Shaw usually sets upon the stage has little dramatic interest, the ideas alone have any value and they can be best appreciated in their printed form. These considerations, however, have had little weight with the majority of French critics, who have no hesitation in pronouncing judgment upon Bernard Shaw, in spite of the fact that his work is, for the most part, inaccessible. *Candida* and *Mrs. Warren's Profession,* upon which their opinions rest, have not been seen, in their entirety, while even the title of *You Never Can Tell* has been mistranslated.

The elaborate prefaces and discursive stage directions, without which the Shavian drama would apparently be unintelligible, were, of course, not forthcoming at the Théâtre des Arts. As may be imagined, the criticism based upon such imperfect knowledge was singularly inept. The quotations which have been given from M. Henri Bordeaux, represent the bulk of what has been written in France on the subject. Shaw's ideas are described as "ancient novelties" calculated, no doubt, to shock English susceptibilities, but merely tiresome to the enlightened French public, which cannot, we are told, be startled. Apparently this failure to surprise condemns Shaw irrevocably in the eyes of these critics. They never stop to inquire whether he could have any other object in view, having decided beforehand that he could not have any ideas to impart. It would never do to admit that an English play could shock a French audience, the reverse operation being the time-honored privilege of France. They agreed, therefore, that Shaw must be labelled banal and old-fashioned. Certain critics, however, were undoubtedly shocked by Shaw's immodesty. They complained that he "beat the big-drum" in order to draw attention to his genius. This appeal for self-effacement and reserve on the part of those who hailed Rostand with enthusiasm, is not without its humor. On the production of *Chantecler* it was effectively demonstrated that in the art of "log-rolling" and self-advertisement there was nothing that Shaw could teach Paris. It would perhaps be un-

kind to remind these champions of modesty that their own literature is singularly rich in examples of men who failed to practise the virtue of retirement; Chateaubriand, for example, whose "very skeleton was vain," as Lemaître recently said, *à propos* of the famous tomb at St. Malo, or Hugo whose ego-mania was proverbial. The recently constituted Hugo Museum is surely one of the most vulgar, offensive advertisements that ever disfigured the memory of a great man. A moment's reflection would have warned these critics of the danger of the proposition that a writer of talent must necessarily cultivate the virtue of humility.

Apart, however, from the criticism obviously inspired by a superficial examination of *Candida* and *Mrs. Warren's Profession,* several eminent critics have turned their attention to the author of those little-understood plays. These studies have been mainly concerned with the dramatist, although occasionally, as in the case of M. Régis Michaud, attempts have been made to include the novels and to sum up the general teaching of Bernard Shaw. M. Michaud's study was clearly the work of an enthusiast writing in the early days before the failure of *Candida* revealed the abyss of misunderstanding which separated Shaw from the French public. Speaking of the absence of emotion in Shaw's work he says that it is "dialectic rather than pathetic, making one think of 'a story of Voltaire or a philosophical drama of Renan.'" He examines at length each of the well-known plays and some of the novels, but his task is one of exposition, he seldom criticises and his comments are usually favorable. Toward the end he ventures upon a prophecy which has yet to be fulfilled. "Translated into our language Shaw would have more than one claim upon us, by all that is social, purely intellectual and even Utopian in his work." M. Filon, on the other hand, is not so sympathetic. "Shaw would be a great dramatist perhaps, if his plays were only—plays," such is the keynote of his criticism. He, in his turn, proceeds to give a summary of Shaw's plays, but not in the impartial manner of M. Michaud. He waxes virtuously indignant at *Mrs. Warren's Profession,* while *Arms and the Man* is evidently too much for his traditional French love of the *panache.* Even M. Cestre, the

most rational and intelligent of Shaw's French critics, prefers not to dwell upon so painful an exposure of the popular conception of glory. Similarly M. Filon revolts at *The Man of Destiny;* as Yvette Guilbert said, "Shaw's portrait of Napoleon is too true to the original to suit the French." He accuses Shaw of repeating the calumnies of Gillray and of Seeley, in modern times. His explanation of this phenomenon is not devoid of interest. Shaw, it appears, hates Napoleon because, "like Shakespeare, he is still discussed"; he occupies a certain space in history which might otherwise be devoted to George Bernard Shaw. But M. Filon's chief complaint is that while the Shavian drama is rich in characters it is devoid of situations. "His gallery of women is astonishing— They are all real and living except Candida." On this point he is in agreement with M. Michaud who says: "You would think that Shaw had endowed his women with all the feeling he denies to his men." This unanimity of opinion, which is reflected in French criticism generally, contrasts strikingly with the view of English critics, who have invariably objected to the "Shaw woman." It is probably due to the fundamental difference between the treatment of the sex relations in English and French literature. Shaw's view of sex, being more human than the artificial romanticism to which we are accustomed, brings him nearer to the French mind. But this point of contact is exceptional. As a rule the mentality of Shaw is widely separated from that of his French critics. M. Faguet, for instance, who is usually a tolerant and penetrating critic, sees nothing in Shaw's work except "paradox pure and simple." He denies that there is any philosophy underlying this paradoxical form. Shaw cannot be sincere, he argues, because of his violence and exaggeration. He lacks the calm, moderation and profundity which distinguish Ibsen, even when the latter's thesis is most daring. He is "a clown disguised as a preacher," not "a preacher and a mountebank," as he once described himself. Nevertheless M. Faguet compares him to Swift. "In my opinion this man is simply a satirist, but he is the greatest satirist of the present time." He doubts, however, if Shaw will achieve success in France. First, because the French are tired of paradox; nowadays, to be original in France, a writer must "dare"

to be simple. Secondly, because his work is essentially English, and difficult to understand outside the country in which it was written. The cant and hypocrisy which Shaw attacks are, of course, common on the other side of the English Channel, but the details of his satire are peculiarly English and involve a knowledge of local conditions. In conclusion, M. Faguet promises him the appreciation of the " élite of the French nation," as soon as his works have been properly translated. In France there are ten thousand people capable of enjoying really intellectual literature and they will not fail to do justice to an author " who has the wit of Swift and Sterne combined." Thus the *amende honorable* of M. Faguet.

French criticism has so far displayed the same hostility to new forms and ideas which characterized the attitude of the English critics toward Ibsen and Shaw himself. France, however, can point at least to one adequate study of Bernard Shaw and his work, while England is as yet without anything of the kind. In addition to Mr. Holbrook Jackson's interesting little book, we have had a characteristic effort of Mr. Chesterton's, and the " authorized " biography of Mr. Archibald Henderson. None of these can be compared with the recent volume of M. Cestre. *Bernard Shaw et Son Œuvre is* probably one of the finest studies in foreign literature which has appeared in France for many years. The author has those gifts of clearness, lightness and order, and that power of synthesis, which are characteristic of the best French criticism. M. Cestre modestly claims to have merely written an introduction to Shaw for those of his countrymen to whom he is still unfamiliar. Invaluable as his book will be in this respect, it may yet be read with interest by the most ardent Shavians. Into the " chaos of clear ideas " which constitutes the work of Bernard Shaw, M. Cestre has succeeded in introducing order and method; in an admirable introductory chapter he sketches Shaw's biography, his early journalistic work, his socialistic propaganda and finally his *début* as a dramatist. Henceforward the bulk of the volume is occupied in a masterly analysis of the Shavian drama, which the author divides under the following headings: Social realism, psychology, love, morality and social philosophy. The spirit in which he approaches the

plays, may be judged by the statement with which he begins. "One cannot judge the dramas of Shaw, as one would any other dramatic work of less depth, by simply estimating its descriptive reality and its emotional strength. In order to enjoy and sometimes even to understand them, it is necessary to have stopped to consider the ideas which they contain; the characters and feelings, the action and even the emotion, depend upon the thesis." As the thesis is precisely what French critics have consistently misunderstood or failed to grasp, M. Cestre never fails to bring it out clearly in the course of his analysis; he sets forth the fundamental ideas with which Shaw approaches life's problems. The reader is enabled to get the Shavian point of view, so that what appears to be "paradox pure and simple" resolves itself into the mere statement of facts viewed from a different standpoint. M. Cestre's attempt to set forth the philosophy of Shaw, will be a rude shock to those who had decided in their infinite ignorance that the author of *Candida* was engaged in the familiar pastime of trying to *épater la bourgeoisie*. This prejudice is so deeply rooted that even M. Faguet is only half convinced of the truth of the author's contention that Shaw is a serious critic of social conditions; he accuses M. Cestre of reading more into Shaw than he contains, of "clothing him rather too much as a philosopher." M. Faguet will have to wait for this translation, for which he guarantees an intelligent public; he may then change his mind, when he has studied Shaw's work. At all events he will be better able to appreciate the admirable chapter in which M. Cestre discusses the matter, as distinguished from the form, of the dramatist. This constitutes what is probably the finest exposition of the Shavian philosophy which has yet been given.

Under the title *Le Molière du XX^e Siècle: Bernard Shaw,* M. Augustin Hamon has just published the first six lectures which he delivered at the Sorbonne in 1909. On his own showing his qualifications for acting as the interpreter of Shaw in France are (1) that he is a socialist; (2) that he has an imperfect knowledge of English; (3) that he is more familiar with sociology than literature. These idiosyncrasies are painfully evident in the volume in question, which rivals in ineffectiveness

the "authorized version" of Shaw for which we are indebted to Mr. Henderson. M. Hamon has evidently strictly followed Shaw's advice that he should qualify for his task by "going to the circus and watching the methods of the clowns." Filled with a boundless enthusiasm for his subject, devoid alike of a sense of style and a sense of humor, the author shrinks from nothing. Shaw is not merely the profoundest of philosophers, the most trenchant of humorists and the greatest of moralists, but he is also "a dramatist of genius." He is classical, mediæval and modern. He has the style of Voltaire, Renan and Anatole France, the imaginative strength of Rabelais, Rousseau and Beaumarchais, and the artistic touch of Hogarth, Holbein and Gainsborough. M. Hamon is never at a loss for a comparison or a superlative. His judgments in literature are disconcerting and confirm his own statement that he has hitherto left the subject severely alone. In order to prove that Shaw is a great classical dramatist he embarks upon a history of the theatre, manufactures a definition of drama which will suit his own conclusions, and then proceeds to interpret dramatic literature in the light of his theories. Thus he has been able to make the discovery which is his sole original contribution to the criticism of Shaw, namely that the latter is "the Molière of the twentieth century." He was the first to identify systematically the work of the two writers, although both M. Filon and Mr. Henderson had already compared Shaw and Molière.

Having incorrectly attributed to Aristotle the law of the three unities, M. Hamon formulates the golden rule of drama, which is that it should "please." He then proves that Shaw pleases, therefore we must conclude he is a genius. Why he should not have called him "the Aristophanes of the twentieth century" is not quite clear, for he states that the absence of acts and scenes in the Shavian drama is renewed from the Greeks. However, let us see why he compares him with Molière. They are identical in the absence or unreality of plot and action, they invented the play with a central figure, they mix comedy and tragedy and they are both moralists, the philosophers of common sense. Like Molière, Shaw takes the part of youth against old age, he is no respecter of persons or institutions, his servants

play important parts and parody their masters, he is an optimist and his morality consists in obeying the laws of nature. These are the superficial resemblances upon which M. Hamon bases his belief that Bernard Shaw is the Molière of the present time. With a similar lack of any sense of proportion, and the same data, it would be possible to prove that Shaw was a tragic dramatist like Æschylus, or that his plays were identical with the farces and moralities of the mediæval theatre. In fact at one moment M. Hamon apparently wrestles with this temptation, but finally contents himself with the statement that the women in Shaw, like those of the *chansons de geste,* are the pursuers and captors of men. M. Hamon should re-read Molière and try to understand why *L'Avare* and *Tartuffe* still live. He may then ask himself whether *Candida* or *The Man of Destiny* will be appreciated after the lapse of three hundred years. When he has convinced the world of this we shall be prepared to regard Shaw as "the Molière of the twentieth century," but not until then.

It would be hazardous to prophesy the success of Bernard Shaw in France. As has been shown, criticism oscillates between the unqualified hostility of the ignorant and the equally indiscriminating idolatry of M. Hamon, whom he has chosen to translate his works into French. It seems that in so doing he has deliberately decided to lessen, if not wholly to destroy, his chances of appealing to the French public. M. Hamon admits himself that he has no qualifications for the work, beyond his admiration for Shaw's ideas. Thus the task of translation, always a delicate and difficult one, has been intrusted to inefficient hands, as witness the title of *You Never Can Tell,* so inadequately, if not incorrectly, rendered by "On ne peut jamais dire." Shaw once said that he himself was the greatest obstacle to his success. In France he will be seconded in this work of obstruction by his translator, to whom he is attached, as M. Robert d'Humières has said, "like a criminal to the rope which hanged him." The same critic described this as "a defiant and heroic act," being nothing short of "suicide on the threshold of our admiration." It is a pity, for France has many things to learn which Shaw could teach her, even though he be, in the words of M. Filon, "an iconoclast who has, so far, only broken cheap

plaster casts of our immortal gods." A people notoriously conservative and unusually critical of literary form would naturally have had some difficulty in accepting Shaw's work. Defective translation will not help to simplify the process of assimilation. M. Hamon, however, may console himself and his victim with the *tu l'as voulu, George Dandin* of the author whose name he does not scruple to take in vain. Meanwhile M. Cestre, maintaining the best traditions of the great critics for which his country is famous, will serve as an admirably sane interpreter of George Bernard Shaw in France.

IN PERFUME LAND

SADAKICHI HARTMANN

READERS of modern literature undoubtedly have often wondered at the persistent hints given by authors in regard to psychological influences of odors on human emotion, and the possibility of raising perfumery to an art of some pretension. These suggestions, being mostly nothing but individual impressions derived from the enjoyment of some perfume, or vague ideas how this new field of æsthetic sensations might be cultivated, are too speculative to be of any practical value. They only show that there are serious minds almost in every country, who consider the sense of smell capable of artistic and intellectual functions.

Prompted by a similar belief I tackled the problem several years ago, and by private tests and occasional experiments in a circle of friends endeavored to arrive at some *practical* conclusions. The scientific literature afforded but little assistance, as the writers on the physiology of smell, like Bernstein, von Vintschgau, Cloquet and Ramsay—to mention only the most important ones,—deal largely with the physical causes of smell, comparative studies of the olfactory organs and the chemical constitution of smell-exciting substances and not with æsthetic possibilities.

The only contribution, which seriously broaches this subject, is *The Art of Perfumery* by Dr. Septimus Piesse, the French chemist who invented the "Octophone," a scale in which forty-six different odors are arranged in such a way that each of them corresponds with a note on the piano. They are complementary and can be combined to harmonies as sounds to a musical chord. It is a valuable guide on a quasi-scientific basis for the manufacturers of perfumery, for it is only necessary to strike a chord on the piano, and to know what odors the respective notes of the chord represent, to arrive at the suggestion for some new bouquet. For æsthetical experiments, however, his system is of but little value. The affinity between sounds and odors is purely speculative. Although one cannot deny that the lowest *e* in the

base corresponds with the heavy, almost obtrusive smell of patchouli and the highest *f* in the treble with the soft, yet penetrating aroma of civet, it is impossible to note a similar and so distinct resemblance in the majority of the other odoriferous substances, which Dr. Piesse selected for his scale. Their relation to the corresponding notes is based purely on individual opinion.

It is obvious that if perfumery could ever be carried to a higher pitch of perfection, its poetic effectiveness must be based on the more pronounced physiological characteristics of smell itself and not on laws borrowed from some other art. I realized this one day on testing several new compositions. The atmosphere was laden with some heavy, extremely pungent odor like Concentrated Carnation, and the first impression I received from it was almost overwhelming in its obtrusiveness. Strange to say, only a few minutes elapsed before the impregnated air seemed absolutely odorless to me, and when I opened other bottles, each filled with a different distillation (less powerful than that of the Concentrated Carnation) I was to my great astonishment able to distinguish clearly the different smells. I had imagined that my olfactory nerves had been deadened to all other sensations.

This experience made me acquainted with three important physiological facts: 1. that the first moment of contact with an odor is always the acutest one; 2. that even the most persistent smells become imperceptible to the olfactory surface after a few minutes' exposure (contrary to the visual and aural sensibilities, which are affected by the sensations as long as they are renewed); and 3. that different odors exposed in the same atmosphere never mix, but, subject to their specific gravity and the prevailing motion of the air, continue to assert their individual sensations of smell from time to time.

The incapacity of the mucous membrane to distinguish more than one smell at a time bars all attempts to convey several odors to an audience simultaneously. An æsthetic enjoyment in the realm of smells can, at present, be derived only from a succession of single odors, so arranged that their sequence forms an artistic unity, vaguely resembling a melody. The monotony of constant succession can be relieved by contrast, repetition in different de-

grees of intensity, more or less rapid succession and the gradual passing to a climax.

Having thus established a satisfactory theory of expression, I began with my experiments. My instruments consisted of atomizers with air pressure attachment, which carry the spray to a distance of about nine feet, and steam evaporizers (such as are used for medical inhaling) with sponges steeped in odoriferous substances. I found them adequate for any fair-sized room which would comfortably seat from one to two dozen persons. Various minor details of mechanism need not here be described. My material embraced the principal standard perfumes, essential oils and tinctures known to the art of perfumery, and also a few balsams, chemical bodies like coumarin, natural ingredients like mace, and various odoriferous fluids, as for instance a varnish with the odor of bananas. I sometimes used the oils and tinctures in their pure state, as sold on the wholesale market, but generally moderately diluted with alcohol. They belonged, of course, to the class of agreeable smells, as my intention was solely to excite æsthetic feelings and not elemental ones like depression, fear and devotion, for instance, which can be produced respectively by the burning of tallow, the burning of meat, and the burning of incense,—sensations which were characteristic of every ancient sacrifice. My first object was to determine how the sense of smell was affected by a rapid and distinct succession of impressions.

By various experiments I found that it was impossible to distinguish clearly a succession of ten or eleven perfumes, produced at intervals of two minutes each, in an ordinary sitting room without any draught or special device of purifying the air. The first three evaporizations became perceptible (on the average) within forty-five seconds at a distance of eighteen feet; to perceive the others took a little longer, but hardly more than a minute and twenty seconds. After the eleventh perfume the air in the room was so clogged with the various odoriferous strata of perfume, that it took over two minutes before a change could be noticed, and even then occasional sniffs, rarifying the air in the nasal passage, were necessary to reach any degree of intensity.

With a proper ventilation up to fifteen or sixteen odors can

be differentiated, after that the mucous membrane is exhausted and in need of rest for a considerable length of time before it is capable once more of subtle differentiation. Strychnine mixed with sugar and taken as snuff is a means to prolong the susceptibility of the olfactory nerves, a proceeding, however, not to be recommended.

With an atomizer the experiment was less successful; the smell conveyed by a spray is too fugitive, and although more forcibly propelled against the membrane and therefore more sudden, it lacks the quality to irritate the nerve endings of the olfactory membrane in as pronounced a degree as a vaporized odor. Aqueous vapor is known to lend a heightened energy to all odoriferous particles, as can be easily observed in flowers, which smell more distinctly as soon as the moisture of the ground, accumulated either by rain or dew, is dissipated by the sun.

These experiments can be made only with odors of decided contrast, and these are scarce. The majority are too subtle to be distinguished in succession. Orange blossom and Magnolia blossom almost make the same impression, and comparatively few people can distinguish between Verbena and Lemon, or Menthol and Tonquin beans. Among the two hundred odoriferous substances known to me—there are many more—I have found less than ten per cent. with an absolute individuality of their own. Among them are the well known odors of Musk, Civet, Patchouli, Geranium, Bitter Almonds, Bergamot, Wintergreen, Rosemary, Violet, Tuberose, Juniper, and Carnation. And even these cannot be recognized instantaneously, as there are many others that have a striking resemblance to them. Thyme and Marjory smell very much like Juniper, and Sandalwood reminds me of Patchouli. Lemon and Verbena are very much like Bergamot. And no olfactory apparatus can distinguish a succession of Rosemary and Lavender, while, on the other hand, if Lavender is smelt first, Rosemary seems to have a similar but more pungent odor. In an æsthetic distribution one has to be careful to select the sweet and delicate perfumes for the introduction, to use the intermediate ones for the development of the theme, and to reserve the sharpest and heaviest tones to the last, as they are apt to deaden the sensibilities of the others.

Just as the boom of a cannon deafens our ears for lesser sounds, (pure) musk and patchouli are so persistent that they monopolize the complete attention of the mucous membrane for at least two or three minutes.

Having examined the principal difficulties which accompany successive distribution of perfumes, I may now dwell upon the emotional stimulation which is produced by it.

The suggestiveness of odors is very startling. Smell is the most emotional of all the senses of man, and is able to arouse sentimental as well as intellectual associations more swiftly than any other one, furnishing thereby momentary reliefs from the prosaic duties of life and calling forth sensations of immediate and disinterested pleasure.

The feelings aroused by odors alone are either *explanatory* or *reminiscent* in their effect. If our intellect associates distinct thought with an odor it is explanatory. If our mind is carried back vaguely to some experience producing a pictorial vision directly or indirectly connected with a sensation of smell, it is reminiscent. The reminiscent impressions are infinite in their variety, are absolutely a matter of individual taste, and can in no way be analyzed; and when Herman Bahr, a German writer, asserts that White Rose reminds him of the colors of Chavannes and the death song of young Siegfried, we have to take it for granted that he really gives us the benefit of his experience and individual interpretation. Such interpretations may at times represent a high order of intellectual discrimination, but they are absolutely futile as far as the determination of æsthetic laws is concerned.

The explanatory impressions lend themselves more readily to investigation. The odor Bergamot suggests the orange and lemon groves of some Southern State or the Mediterranean Sea, and far better than Lemon, which is a rather common perfume, and apt to remind one more readily of its various utilities at the bar. Turpentine-like smells will recall in most persons the healthy atmosphere of a pine forest, as incense does a church. The delicate aroma of Magnolia blossoms will take us to the magnolia swamps on the Mississippi River. Rosemary conjures up in every mind, acquainted with New England scenery, an old homestead with its flower beds before the front porch. But it is

doubtful whether in most instances these emotions would become recognizable, without some outside influence or some mental suggestion.

Practical knowledge about a perfume, where it can be encountered in its natural state and where it is cultivated, has little to do with the effect it produces. Few people, for instance, will connect Peru with the odor of Verbena. And the fragrant aroma of Thyme will not recall Surrey, the English county, where it is most extensively cultivated, but merely a field of thyme with its peculiar reddish bloom. Geranium reminds us more of roses than attar of rose itself, and Neroli-oil, having quite a different smell (of a subtle, strangely aromatic yet rather stagnant quality) from that of the natural orange blossoms from which they are distilled, arouses in many vague sensations of sadness, a desire to dream, quite independent of Italy and the South.

Many of the strongest perfumes are absolutely inadequate for æsthetic impressions. The majority of spices yield no longer any poetic charm to us. Oil of cloves, for instance, recalls unpleasant experiences with the dentist. Musk, unless of the best quality, reminds us of chloroform and the hospital, and Wintergreen and Cassia make us think of candy. And in a perfume recital, if this term be permissible, we hardly wish to become acquainted with smell as an anticipator of taste.

Descriptive fragments carrying out an idea, analogous to a "musical thought," can be expressed easily, and depend solely upon an intimate knowledge of the various effects which the perfumes, suitable for such a production, can produce. I made several experiments with a succession of Juniper, Civet, Violet, Strawberry, New-mown Hay and Crab Apple. The first perfume of the series readily suggested a stroll in the woods. Civet introduced to the Western æsthetics the always absolutely necessary feminine element, some "soncy maid," which the author encounters in the copses. Strolling side by side, they search for violets and the first strawberries beneath the brambles, to return at last to the open fields and to wander homewards along the apple orchards in full bloom. The larger part of my audience, kept in ignorance of the names of the perfumes, became conscious of some train of thought similar to the one I wished to convey.

The Crab Apple was for some not strong enough in contrast to be clearly distinguished from the preceding New-mown Hay, and the smell of strawberries was found deficient, as the perfumer's recipe, consisting of one hundred parts of spirit of vinegar and one drop of oil of cloves, hardly does justice to the delicious aroma of the natural fruit.

Another series of pictures, which I tried to convey by a succession of Peau d'Espagne, Incense, Patchouli and Carnation, was less successful. The Peau d'Espagne was meant to suggest Spain, but only two out of an audience of twelve realized the meaning. The burning of some ribbons of Bengal suggested to most the twilight atmosphere of a church, while Musk and Carnation reminded the majority merely of the heavy odor of some tropical flower. The idea that was in my mind, some Carmen kneeling in the darkened aisles with a red carnation in her hair, was entirely too subtle and too literary a conception to be conveyed by odors.

In the reading of a short story, in which magnolia blossoms form an important part and recur from time to time in the text, a repetition of the aroma of magnolia blossoms in various degrees of intensity was a novel and most gratifying form of æsthetic pleasure. Without the text, in a darkened room, as suggested by one of my friends who was irritated by the mechanical part of the performance, the various experiments proved unsuccessful.

Whether the enjoyment of odors can ever be raised from an amusing, but rather expensive, parlor entertainment to a more popular artistic expression, such as could be enjoyed in lecture halls or theatres, will depend largely on the successful solving of mechanical problems. After many experiments I succeeded in constructing *an apparatus which drives the odors from the stage forcibly enough to fill a large space almost instantaneously and to produce precise impressions in an audience.*

The idea occurred to me as follows: One night, riding home on a trolley from a visit to Newark, and passing through the salt marshes with their disagreeable stench, I suddenly perceived the odor of clover. A sudden idea struck me. The perfume must come from a clover field perhaps miles away, I reasoned. How did it get here? The wind carried it. Well, if that can be done

in nature, it surely can be done in the comparatively small space of a theatre.

So I set to work, and constructed an apparatus on the principle of surface condensation. Twenty cheese cloth layers of 16 x 16 inches drenched in a perfume represent a surface of about 53 square feet, two apparatuses a surface of more than one hundred and six square feet. All that is further necessary is to let a powerful current of air sweep over it. That should be sufficient to fill any theatre of ordinary dimensions, I reasoned, and it proved to be so.

I concluded to give a public performance, and specially composed for the purpose a fantasy entitled *A Trip to Japan in Sixteen Minutes*. I endeavored to suggest the journey by a recitation accompanied by eight perfumes, of decided contrast, which I used in the following succession: White Rose to suggest the departure from New York, large bunches of roses brought to the steamer to the departing tourists; Violet told of a sojourn on the Rhine, Almond of Southern France, Bergamot of Italy, Cinnamon of the Orient, Cedarwood of India and Carnation of the arrival in Japan.

After many vicissitudes the performance featured as the main attraction took place in the New York Theatre, November 30, 1902, and proved a complete failure. The vulgar tendency of a Sunday "pop," and the fact that it was a rainy night with an unusual amount of moisture in the air, and that I figured as the last number on a very long programme, helped to make it so. But it could not possibly have been a success even under more favorable circumstances. I had not yet found the right vehicle of expression for an ordinary popular theatre-going audience.

For this performance I made numerous trials in the Carnegie Lyceum, the New York Theatre and various places under different conditions of ventilation. The Carnegie Lyceum was not favorable to these experiments. There was no draft from the stage to vestibule and the current had to be produced by the electrical fans. The downward system of ventilation perhaps helped the odors not to go to waste, but pressed them too much to the ground. I stationed my friends all over the auditorium, and they had to call out "Now" as soon as they perceived an

odor. The first perfume, White Rose, reached the front row in four seconds, the middle row in ten, the last row in thirty, the balcony in sixty-five. The box nearest to the proscenium was reached in twenty seconds, the one farthest away in thirty. Violet took a trifle longer on the ground floor, but went up more quickly to the balcony. And then happened a strange thing. The third perfume, Almond, travelled to the balcony as quickly as to the middle rows, in ten seconds. The others took longer and longer, 60-90, to the last row of the balcony. This was due no doubt to the exhausted membranes of the audience. I was afraid of the larger auditorium of the New York Theatre, but the apparatus worked perfectly well, it filled the whole theatre to the fourth tier in one to two minutes.

I did not realize at the time that the sensation of smell was not produced instantaneously enough. Two minutes is a long time in any kind of performance. It made me reflect on the velocity of diffusion of different perfumes. The specific gravity of odors greatly varies, some diffuse more readily in the air than others; the distribution of solutions, containing resin like Benzoine and Juniper, takes at least twice as long as of those which contain merely liquid fats charged with odors. This, however, can be easily adjusted by adding more alcohol to those solutions that are less easily absorbed. Some scientists claim that perfumes have a radiating force, that particles are propelled into the air, but this state of evaporization is comparatively slow, and it is safe to state that no perfume travels more quickly than the current of air which carries it. So the principal thing is to create so strong a current by the help of suction fans that the farthest distance in the auditorium could be reached in ten seconds or even less. But the velocity of the odoriferous molecules would after all differ in each case, according to the chemical make-up, and this is one of the problems that will be difficult to overcome. Also the olfactory capacity of the individual smellers will interfere, and thus it might be necessary to use penetrating perfumes like almonds toward the end, and not a sluggish one possessing a very low degree of volatibility like carnation.

Very few perfumes produce in different persons the same effect. During the following winter I gave the performance in

half a dozen clubs or more, as a lecture or after dinner entertainment. It proved fairly successful, as the audiences were of a more intellectual order. Their interest was held, but I doubt whether there was any desire to solve the significance of each perfume. The impression produced varies too much. Cedar wood has to me the mouldering smell peculiar to houses which have remained uninhabited for years, but it reminded one person in the audience of a shipment of Oriental goods and another of a pencil factory in Long Island. Of course, music is also subject to individual interpretation, but music produces a succession of vague emotions and ordinarily does not connect them with a distinct thought. The function of the art of odor would be to produce vague mental pictures or visions rather than emotions. The difficulty is that the appreciation of smell is still too far remote as an æsthetic pleasure to be appreciated without an attempt at some prosaic explanation.

The disconnectedness of the various waves of pleasurable feeling make it impossible to carry this act to the same pitch of perfection as music and painting. Each impression is isolated and as a quicker succession is mechanically as well as physiologically impossible, our mind hardly receives enough intellectual information to last from one perception of smell to the other. Grant Allen's objection to perfumery as a basis of fine art, because artificial essences never yield the same pure fragrance as natural products, is no weighty objection, as also the palette of the painter cannot vie with the colors of a sunset. Deplorable only is the inability of the perfumer to reproduce certain actual odors of a pronounced æsthetic nature, like the smell of the sea breeze, the aroma of a clover field, of newly ploughed land, of linen spread out on a lawn. This limits the repertory almost entirely to flower smells.

A by far more serious objection is our defunct memory of smells. We are able to reproduce mentally a melody and to recall colors in all their vividness, but we find it absolutely impossible to reproduce a sensation of smell of even the most popular perfumes, for instance Violet. I do not agree with physiologists who use this fact as an argument that the delicacy of the olfactory sense has deteriorated in man. We simply have

outlived some of its uses because we can depend on other senses for such information as the lower animals obtain from it. The sense of smell, although still an assistant to the organ of taste and a premonitor of the lungs, has become with us largely a source of agreeable or disagreeable sensations, and we should be grateful to evolution that we can keep up our connection with the outer world by other means than our mucous membrane, for it deprives us only of painful and unpleasant smells, such as the lower animals experience at moments of approaching danger. From an æsthetic point of view, we lose as much as we gain by it. The absence of memory is undoubtedly the cause of the fugitiveness of all olfactory impressions; it deprives us of the "after flavor," the mental repetition of the enjoyment we derive from them, which forms a conspicuous part in the æsthetic pleasure we obtain from all other arts.

The immediate practicability for such a distribution of odor lies in the ability to enhance dramatic performances, in its use as a disinfectant in hospitals, institutions and private dwellings. The latter usefulness is not on the æsthetic order and for that reason does not need to be discussed here.

If in the last act of *L' Africaine,* when Selica is dying from the poisonous exhalation of a huge manchinell tree, the aroma of some heavy Oriental perfume could become perceptible in the audience, it would no doubt produce a new agreeable sensation in harmony with the action and setting of the play. In a similar way, the beautiful night scene in the *Masters of Nuremberg,* when Hans Sachs sings "Wie hold duftet heut der Flieder," might be greatly enhanced if suddenly the perfume of Lilac could be wafted into the audience. And if in a play like *Madame Du Barry,* at the moment when the unhappy mistress of Louis XV, on the way to the guillotine, meets the lover of her youth and utters words to the effect that "everything might have been different if she had kept her appointment on a certain morning years ago to gather violets in the woods with him," suddenly the odor of Violet, like a vague reminiscence, became perceptible in the audience, it would undoubtedly produce to the fullest extent that sensuous and emotional thrill—pleasing to the highest and lowest intelligences alike—which we know as an æsthetic pleasure.

I am afraid that at present an appreciation of perfume would be eligible only in conjunction with scenery, music and acting. Imagine a Japanese pantomime play with a tea house on the cliff of a lake, all overgrown with flowers, the Fusiyama in the distance. As the curtain rose, some blossoms would fall and a vague perfume be noticeable in the audience. The people would come and leave the inn, some would be served with tea, and a delicious aroma would float from the stage. Then night would come, the light in the lanterns would flare up, and Fusiyama and the lake would shimmer in the moonlight. Two girls would appear and dance strange Oriental flower dances, throwing off one robe after the other, each representing a flower whose perfume would float through space. I believe the majority who witnessed such an effect would indorse my belief that smell is not a " mere relic," but, æsthetically speaking, an undeveloped sense, similar to the sense of hearing in those prehistoric times when monosyllabic chants were the only expression of music.

SONG PRIMITIVE

FRANCIS HILL

THOU Eve who art my Eve—
Sole to me, in the earth alone!
Ten thousand thousand women cleave
My path, and smile and dance and weave.
And I am stock and stone.

For us two hidden lies
The Garden, spread in myriad light.
If Angel of the Sword arise
To brand us forth with flaming eyes,
We two shall tread the night.

THE TURKISH DRAMA

HELEN MCAFEE

THE Turkish drama—as Westerners use the word drama—is almost wholly a matter of modern growth. Oddly enough its rise seems to have kept pace, on the one hand, with the decline of Turkish power, and on the other, with the increasing influx into the decadent empire of European ideas. The influences that have made for it take us back no farther than Mahmoud the Reformer (1808-1839), the *Giaour* Sultan, as he was called, because of his well-known European leanings; it was in his reign, it will be remembered, that an end was finally put to the Janissaries and that the process of disintegration, still going on, began with the successful revolt of Greece. From the time of Mahmoud down, the growing study of European languages—French, above all—and the broadening knowledge of European literature, tended to stimulate the interest of Turkish writers and critics in a literary form which they had not themselves developed. This interest first showed itself in the translation into Turkish of the works of French dramatists, Molière, Victor Hugo, and Dumas *fils*. Finally about 1870, a group of Turkish writers appeared—among them, Namik Kemal, Abdul Hakk Hamid, and Sami Bey, all men of considerable ability—who gave their best efforts with notable success to the creation of original Turkish drama along European lines. Their plays were received with great popular enthusiasm in spite of Government opposition, and the best of them still hold the boards. Since their day, still another group of playwrights has sprung up who already refer—so rapid has been the whole development!—to the writers of the seventies as the "classicists," they themselves being the "young pens," the romanticists of the new movement.

Before all this happened there existed in Turkey, to be sure, certain older dramatic forms, interesting at least from a historical if not from a literary viewpoint. Though the legitimate drama is a product of the past century, several types of native

oriental folk-plays have been known in Turkey from the very beginning; and while the drama of the present day is not directly descended from them, it does show certain traces of their influence. The most important of these types are the Karagöz Play and the Orta Play. The Karagöz Play takes its name from its principal character, a sort of Turkish Punch. It has a long history, having come to Turkey, it is thought, with the Turks—perhaps from the Far East; but through all this time it has remained and still is to-day a very primitive form of shadow pantomime in which the actors are grotesque puppets cut out of leather, or paper even. In the various texts which have been handed down, the hero, Karagöz, is always represented as a clumsy clown of a fellow who allows himself to be drawn out by his partner in the action, Hagievad, who, in contrast to Karagöz, is a well-educated man of the world. On these two personages rests the chief burden of the performance, though a number of other stock characters such as " a Persian," " an Arab," and " a Jew " go in and out of the play. The interest, such as it is, lies rather in what the actors say than in what they do, the plot being chiefly distinguished for its casual construction. How negligible a quantity the plot interest is, may be seen from the typical *Caïque Play,* as it is called (a *caïque* is a Turkish row-boat). In this play, Karagöz and his companion are oarsmen, and the entire action consists in their rowing the other characters one by one from wharf to wharf on the Bosphorus! There are eleven scenes in all: in the first two, Karagöz and Hagievad go into partnership and invite patronage; then the ferrying begins. They ferry, among others, an opium-smoker who keeps falling asleep, a Greek doctor who makes mistakes in his Turkish, and an Arab pilgrim who goes free—for it is a matter of principle with Karagöz to take, as he says, from some money, from others only a prayer. There is no pretence at connection between any of the scenes except the last two. In Scene 10, a girl very much excited comes to the boat and begs them to row her away at any price. Against the advice of Hagievad, who suspects that she is running away from someone, Karagöz helps her aboard and they row off. In Scene 11, a pursuer sure enough has appeared on the bank and yells at them to row the girl back. They obey,

put up their boat, then congratulate each other on having gotten off without a punishment from the angry man. And that is all. It would certainly be difficult to invent a slighter plot; but the dialogue is not without interest: it abounds in exactly such humorous and philosophical turns as one actually hears at the caïque-landings of the Bosphorus. And in the same way in other Karagöz Plays, the speech of various familiar phases of everyday life in Turkey, of the baths, the cafés, the bazaars, is faithfully reproduced.

The Orta Play is probably an equally old type of folk drama; it has been pointed out that it has its roots, on the one hand, in the "imitations" of the old Byzantine mimes (in which, it will be remembered, the Empress Theodora starred before she married Justinian), and, on the other, in the naïve plots of the early Genoese *Commedia dell' arte*. It is usually given, as its name indicates, (*orta* means middle) in the middle of a square or open place, the centre of the ring being the stage, and the stage furniture consisting solely of a table to represent a shop and a screen or two which do for a house. In other respects it differs from the Karagöz Play in that the parts are taken by real actors instead of puppets, and that there is more head and tail to the plot, which is divided into two parts. The first part is a battle of wit between Pesekjar and Kavuklu, as the "end-men" are usually called, while the second part is given over to the telling of a simple story. Between the two, as well as at other points in the play, songs and dances are often introduced. As in the puppet play, so here the secondary characters are for the most part familiar types suggestive of the mixed population of Turkey; among them are usually a Persian, an Albanian, an Armenian, and a "Frank"—as the Turks are pleased to call any European. And a great deal of the interest of the performance, to the native as well as to the foreigner, depends on the success of the "imitation" of each type down to the smallest details of his mis-pronunciation of Turkish. Some of the most famous of the Orta Plays, like the *Shoemaker Play,* have survived to the present time and have been translated into Hungarian, German, and other European languages. But even the best of them, interesting as they are for the light they throw on the Oriental attitude,

humor, and social customs, have no great merit from the point of view of drama.

The contribution, however, of these old folk-plays to the modern Turkish drama is not to be underestimated; from the one to the other the tradition of naïve realism in dialogue, in costuming, and in acting has been handed on. Whether or not, given time, a fully developed drama would ever have grown unaided out of these embryonic forms is another question. Probably not. For it is *yavash, yavash* in Turkey with the folk drama as with everything else, and the Karagöz Play and the Orta Play after all these centuries flourish to-day, particularly in the holy month of Ramazan, in much the same form in which they did in the beginning. But there is little good in speculating. For foreign influences have as a matter of fact crept in, influences that have made not so much for the evolution of the Turkish folk-play as for its transformation.

The first outside influence to bring forth fruit came by way of Russia, and fell upon one Mirza Feth Ali who was born in 1811 and died in 1878. He passed his whole life in the Caucasus, and in his plays he depicts with vividness and humor the Mohammedans of this region, of southern Russia, and Turkestan. At first a student of Persian literature, he was later through his official position thrown with a group of South-Russian writers under whose influence he gained a wide knowledge of the Russian works of the period. His ability was at once recognized by his Russian friends; and his six comedies, which were translated into Russian in 1853, were produced by Count Sollobug, the director of the Royal Theatre in Tiflis. For Mirza Feth Ali succeeded—where many later Turkish dramatists, influenced by French writers, have failed—in pouring new wine into old bottles, or rather (to turn the figure about) in making new bottles out of his knowledge of Western dramatic structure to hold the old wine of Oriental humor and local color. It has been pointed out that this is doubtless partly due to the fact that Russian literature is both geographically and spiritually close to that of the East—a fact that must have impressed all readers of Russian plays! Mirza Feth Ali's best comedies are *The Members for Tabriz, The Parisian Botanist, M. Jourdan, in*

Karabagh, and *The Vizier of Lenkoran.* Of the last-named there is an English translation, and all three became widely known throughout Europe. What is perhaps more of a test, they were and still are the most popular plays in the répertoires of the travelling theatrical companies of the Caucasus and Turkestan—among the very people whose lives they so faithfully reflect. But they are not, even yet, well-known in western Turkey; and, since Mirza Feth Ali left no successor in Tiflis, his work, brilliant as it was, had had little effect on the general development of the Turkish drama.

Moreover, the main body of modern Turkish dramatists in Constantinople—and Constantinople is the literary centre of Turkey—were to look further west for their models and their inspiration—to France. From the middle of the last century on, French books of all sorts were translated into modern Turkish; among others, Molière's *George Dandin, Le Médecin malgré Lui,* and *Le Mariage Forcé.* This was in 1870, and close on their heels followed the first original drama, New Style,—a tragedy entitled *The Fated Doom* (*Ejel-i-Qazá*) written by Kemal Bey in collaboration with Tewfik Bey. The authors belonged to the group of literary Young Turks from whom the best modern work has come; and for one of them, Kemal Bey, this was the first of a succession of dramas which in form as well as in subject marked the beginning of a new era. His other important plays are: *An Unhappy Child, Akif Bey, Gulnihal, Djelaleddin Chwaresm Shah,* and *Fatherland.* In style, they represent an attempt to get away from the over-ornate, over-intricate book-Turkish, to the simpler, more effective speech of real life; and from the formlessness of the old folk-play to dramatic structure on European lines. In handling of theme and plot, they resemble the mid-century French melodrama. But in subject they are essentially Turkish. In two of them, *Akif Bey,* and *Fatherland* (*Watan*), Kemal struck the new note of patriotism which was to distinguish the work of these Young Turk writers. Before their time, it had always been loyalty to religion rather than loyalty to country that had been written about. But Kemal in his *Akif Bey,* published in 1874, made the hero leave his beautiful young wife to fight not for his religion but for his country;

and, in his still more important *Fatherland,* he used for his plot the story of the heroic defence of a Turkish fortress against the Russians in the Crimean War. The latter play, which is full of patriotic outbursts, was received with great enthusiasm by the people; but to the Government such a theme as " The fatherland is sacred," seemed alarmingly revolutionary and it forbade the public performance of the play after the second night. The influence of *Fatherland,* however, did not cease here; it was immediately printed and it ran through several editions. Since the incoming of the new régime it has again been allowed on the stage.

But Kemal Bey was not the only dramatist of the seventies who wrote plays to arouse patriotism. In 1875 Sami Bey's *Sidi Jachja* appeared on a similar theme, expressed in the line " For the Fatherland to die—that is our duty." It dealt with the fall of the Moorish power in Spain. And in 1879 it was followed by another important patriotic play, dealing with the rise of the Moorish power: this was *Tarik,* written by the distinguished diplomat, Abdul Hakk Hamid.

Aside from patriotic plays, the so-called " classical " dramatists wrote chiefly love-tragedies of a romantic and sentimental order. The motives that bring about the catastrophe are usually either jealousy, as in Ahmed Midhat's popular *Misfortune;* or the passion of two lovers whom circumstances part, as in Kemal's *Gulnihal* and Mahmoud Ekrem's *Love is Brief.* One of the most successful of these love-tragedies is Kemal Bey's *An Unhappy Child,* written in 1873. Its plot is a typical one. The mother of fourteen-year-old Shefik marries her to a rich middle-aged pasha, believing that this is best for her daughter since the pasha is to pay off the family debts as well as to support her in style. The mother knows at the time that Shefik declares she is already in love with a young student, but this does not trouble her, for she holds that true love comes only after marriage. However, things do not turn out as she plans. Shefik sickens—becomes consumptive—and dies. And her lover, the student, takes poison at her death-bed. This ending, by the way, in which one lover, either repentant or inconsolable, puts an end to his life at the death of the other seems to be a favorite dénouement

with Young Turk dramatists. But in spite of its sentimental ending, *An Unhappy Child* is an effective play; its characters are sensitively delineated, and its dialogue is poetical and natural. It has to a less degree the faults and to a greater degree the merits of the plays of its period.

No group of distinguished men has arisen to succeed these gifted pioneers of the seventies, though interest in the drama in general has increased in Turkey, especially since the Revolution. To-day the round wooden shells of buildings, enclosing a small stage, a pit where stools are placed on the bare ground, and a row of rude stalls on a raised platform, have been superseded in the large Turkish quarters by solidly built theatres on the European plan. In the best known of these, the Schark Theatre in Stamboul and the Winter Theatre in Kadikeuy, Turkish plays are regularly given, and they have begun to invade theatres once devoted to foreign plays in the European quarter of Pera. That these plays may be adequately acted, several fairly good companies, headed by such actors as Burhaneddin Bey and Minakian Effendi, have recently been formed. The men of the companies are often excellent; a Westerner cannot help being struck by the freedom of the Turkish actor from all stage-consciousness and theatricality. Unfortunately as much cannot be said for the actresses, generally Greeks or Armenians whose sole conception of acting seems to consist in running about and shrieking.

While these companies often revive the works of the older dramatists, they present for the most part contemporary plays. The most important of these are the Turkish historical plays which have sprung up in great numbers since the Revolution. Doubtless the sudden interest of the people in their early history, shown by the popularity of such plays, is due largely to the increasing concern for the national welfare felt by everyone since that great menace to it, Abdul Hamid, was removed. It is also due to the growing feeling of patriotism, stimulated by Kemal Bey and his contemporaries, which is fast replacing the older religious fanaticism. Thus it will be seen that the dramatists of to-day are carrying on the traditions of their predecessors, at the same time adding their own message.

Among the historical plays given during the season of 1911-1912, may be mentioned *Sultan Osman Ghazi, The Rise of the Ottomans, Murad the First, Bayezid the Thunderbolt, The Taking of Constantinople,* and *Selim the Third.* All of them are patriotic plays in that they glorify the great Ottoman sultans; but their patriotism is both of a higher and a broader type than that of the "classicists." What they glorify is not so much the Turkish heroes themselves as their heroic qualities; and, what is more important, they do not do this at the expense of the subject races. In structure, these plays are a good deal alike. The plot interest is distinctly cumulative, the first two acts being given over to long dialogues—for the Turks have not yet outgrown the old folk-play form of stage conversation strictly limited to two participants. In the third act signs of coming action are visible; in the fourth something actually happens; and in the fifth comes the grand crash, usually a battle. In *Bayezid the Thunderbolt* it is the Battle of Nicopolis which one sees on the stage; in *Murad the First* it is the Battle of Kossova with the dramatic assassination of the sultan on the battlefield. In *The Taking of Constantinople* one sees the defence of the city by the brave Emperor Constantine as well as the victorious entrance of Mohammed the Conqueror. It must be admitted that the costumes are often more faithfully reproduced than the historical events. For example, a significant deviation from history was evident in the ending of the last-named play, which was given shortly before the Italian War began, when an era of better feeling between the Turks and the subject races seemed to be in sight. After the city had been taken, Constantine was made to die in the arms of Mohammed! He committed his people into Mohammed's care and the latter promised faithfully to protect them—in the midst of loud applause!

But the most popular and the best of these plays is *Selim the Third,* written by Selah Djimdjoz and Djelal Essad Bey. It is a dramatization of the last days of this ill-starred sultan who dreamed of a regenerated Turkey—a modern European state,—but who was too weak even to keep the throne. The play abounds in realistic scenes (such as the scene in the *harem*

where Selim is between his two wives!) and in truly pathetic passages—one is especially impressive where Selim from his prison on the Seraglio looks out with longing on the imperial city and weeps over its fallen state. The subject was a happy choice for the days following the Revolution, when it seemed that Selim's dreams of freedom and justice for all races in Turkey might come true. But such a use of the life of Selim is more especially interesting from the point of view of the history of the Turkish drama; for this sultan stood for the two principles which have constituted from the beginning the creed of the modern dramatists—a tendency to seek guidance in the West rather than in the East, and to put loyalty to country before loyalty to religion: a creed which in its broader applications, it might be added, they share with the most enlightened and progressive of their countrymen.

It is as difficult to predict of the future of the Turkish drama as it is of the Turkish nation. One could hope that its besetting sins of sentimentality and that fatalism which has always made the drama of the East seem undramatic to the West, will be further overcome, and at the same time that its national character will be retained. However this may be, it will certainly be interesting to watch the continued development of a drama in which the East and the West have already met with such interesting results.

JUDGMENT

Louise Elizabeth Dutton

ENDERBY came home a day ahead of time from a motor trip upon which she had declared herself too tired to accompany him, and found Herrick making love to his wife.

From behind Rose's gaily figured boudoir curtains, he looked at the firelit little room, the lace bordered cloth of the supper table, damp with spilled wine,—it was a favorite parlor trick with Rose to let men teach her to pour champagne,—and her crimson gown, cleverly cut by the French woman whose reputation she was making, so that it gave free play to the soft, shifting curves of her strong, slow moving young body. He looked at a picture that was not new to him, but familiar in every detail, a stale scene from melodrama. He could not take melodrama seriously, he could not take part in it, just because the figure in the centre of the stage was Rose.

Then Herrick slipped to his knees by Rose's chair, and hid his face in the red folds of her gown, and at the sight of the quick, cat-like grace of the boy, and of Rose's dimpled, ringless hand in his black hair, Enderby suddenly felt unaccountably ill, and blind and dizzy, and he wanted to come out from behind the curtains and kill young Herrick, who was six feet two, and would not have submitted gracefully to death. Enderby wanted to see him lying dead and motionless, a big, black blot on the white bear-skin rug in front of the fire, and he wanted to hear Rose scream and say, " My God, it is you. "

He wanted this for exactly three minutes, no longer. For Carleton Enderby was an artist at life.

If he had been shut up in a burning building, he could have been depended upon not to jump out of a fifth story window and break his leg. He would have climbed to the street down a substantial ladder, without ruffling a hair of his sleek, blonde head, or getting his name in the papers, or he would have died like a gentleman, self-contained to the last, and intent to the last on the problem of how to get out, and get out with dignity.

He slipped down stairs, and let himself out of the house. He paused on the door-steps, a respectable, slender, shrunken figure of a man, and peered about him for a stray taxi. One came in sight before he had been seen from the house, as he had feared he might be. He wanted to get away and think. He got into the taxi, and gave the chauffeur some direction,—he could never remember afterward just where he had been driven through the rainy dark that night, but the drive was memorable.

Huddled into a corner of the cab, with a damp night wind blowing cool into his eyes through an open window, he thought clearly. He ceased to wonder how Rose had gotten the servants out of the way. He ceased to speculate as to how far the affair had gone; there seemed to be small room for speculation. He did not think of Herrick. He thought only of how he should punish Rose.

To think out, adopt and carry through consistently to the last detail the line of conduct which would prove most painful to Rose; it was a pretty problem. Scientific interest in it crowded the last trace of resentment out of his brain. And it was a vital problem. To play the injured husband with dignity, to beat the high gods, who decree that a deceived husband must bluster or forgive, and be ridiculous whichever he does, would be a service to humanity. Enderby tasted the joy of creation known to the authors of all great ideas, when he had settled the question, and decided how to punish Rose.

He finished the night at one of his clubs, and slept well, and went home the next morning only inwardly a new man, outwardly his usual tubbed, groomed, immaculate, inconspicuous self. Rose spent the day locked into her room, feigning a headache, afraid to meet him; but she dined with him. He accepted the headache as authentic, and was solicitous about her health. He talked smoothly, to cover her frightened silences. He could talk charmingly; it was some time since he had taken the trouble to exercise that gift for the benefit of Rose. She became reassured, and regained her normal amount of animation, and more, a flushed excitement that in itself was enough to tell him she had secrets to keep. After dinner, she wrote to Herrick:

"He is here, but it is all right. Come at four to-morrow."

Enderby read the note. Lisette, Rose's maid, opened the envelope for him with a dexterous twist of a knife-blade under the flap. Rose did not suspect that he had found her out. Very well, his plan was then safely under way.

Neither Rose not Herrick gave him any sign of suspecting that he knew their secret. The two did not care what other people thought; there were no other people in their world. Rose was very happy. The woman's soul which Enderby had never tried to wake up in the child he married, because he had never been sure she possessed it, was stirred to life in her now. Her color was softly heightened, her smile was ready and wistful, and there was a look in her eyes that he had seen in other women's, but never before in his wife's cloudy gray eyes. Rose was so happy, that until that brief, unconquerable happiness passed, nothing that Enderby could have said or done would have given her pain. It was not time to hurt Rose yet.

Rose had never loved Enderby. He had not wished her to. He had tired of women in love, and the endless letters they wrote, and the scenes they made, and the sleepy eyed content like a full fed animal's which creeps into all women's eyes alike when the man of their choice begins to make love to them. Then he had met Rose, a shy, overgrown child, but already beautiful in spite of a pink gown too bright for her silvery blonde hair and faintly flushed cheeks. The intricacies of the new waltz step interested her more than he did until half way through their second dance, when he asked her to marry him.

Her cousin, who threatened to blow out his brains upon learning of her engagement, but announced his own a month later, and a matinée idol, enshrined on her bedside table until she found out he had a wife and three children in Harlem, had been all that stood for romance to Rose. Herrick was her first love, and Rose was Herrick's first love.

He belonged to one of Enderby's clubs, and there Enderby, who hardly knew him from a dozen other young fellows who played bad bridge and good billiards with him, made inquiries about Herrick, guarded inquiries, as if he had been a father,

looking into the boy's past for his daughter's sake. Herrick's past was clean,—and Rose, flowering into womanhood, deserved something better than an amateur lover, Enderby thought.

Herrick sent her orchids, instead of the violets she preferred. He selected the only make of bon-bons that failed to appeal to her Catholic taste in sweets. He kept her singing flashy Italian songs to him, instead of Enderby's favorites, the light French things that showed off her pretty voice without overtaxing it. He made her box-parties at the Metropolitan; Enderby had known without being told that her chosen form of amusement was musical comedy, seen by preference from the front row of the orchestra, and that over decorated restaurants pleased her best, and bright colored bits of jewelry caught her eye. It occurred to him that there were points about being an old man's darling, whether Rose realized them or not.

But Rose found no fault with Herrick. She grew more indiscreet every day. She was dancing with him too often, and avoiding the houses where she had no chance of seeing him, and vanishing into obscure corners with him too promptly when she did encounter him. The two were inseparable, and they were not ashamed of it; they were proud of it.

Jealousy had no place in Enderby's plan of action. He was not jealous. But he had come upon the two young people once too often at tea-time with their full cups grown cold untouched on the tiny, over crowded table, and the print of Herrick's elbow plainly to be seen in the cushions close by Rose, though he sat the length of the candle-lit drawing-room away. He met them leaving the park one spring afternoon, with their horses splashed from hard riding, and their clear-colored, eager faces grown strangely alike in their splendid, reckless happiness, and the picture haunted him. Was there, after all, a chance that his plan would go wrong?

He had waited a long time for Herrick and Rose to tire of each other. Had he waited in vain? Was their romance the immortal, unfading enchantment that we all believe possible in our hearts, though we deny its existence, and go on believing in to the end of our days without proof or reason? Was he to grow old waiting, while Rose and Herrick went on forever

brazenly keeping tryst in the face of a disapproving world, forever fair and kind and young?

The world was not yet disapproving openly, but Enderby had caught stray looks exchanged, and divined a hint of unborn gossip in the air. He determined to check and prevent gossip. Rose was not to lose her reputation, she was to be deliberately deprived of it, and deprived by him. Until he was ready to take it away, he would protect it. He wanted to act for himself, and employ no agents in punishing Rose. The blow was to be unexpected, and to come from his hand, and no other.

So he hunted up Herrick one morning, alone in the club billiard room, knocking the balls about with an absent smile, and took him to lunch. The boy was a thoroughbred, and his breeding carried him through the awkward hour, and succeeding ones, until there were no longer any hopelessly awkward hours, for he had grown to be friends with Enderby.

By the time Enderby had learned that he was inordinately fond of sweets and took his coffee Turkish fashion, with three lumps of sugar, Herrick had become convinced that Enderby did not intend to order pistols for two sent in on the coffee tray, and he was free to get what enjoyment he could out of their tête-à-tête meals. Herrick had a good mind, though he was inclined to be ashamed of it, like all healthy boys. Stray bits of information about Persian rugs and antique jewels and out of the way periods of French history rewarded Enderby's tactful attempts to draw him out.

Enderby gave him a chance to talk about himself, and Herrick revelled in it. The self-effacement of making love to a selfish woman had been going on long enough. A reaction was due. He was a clever boy, and he had devoted himself for months to a stupid woman, so he responded now readily enough to the charm that Enderby, who was not a stupid man, could exercise at will.

The two men were not only seen together constantly; they were seen to like each other. Herrick was not Rose's property, but the friend of the family. The scandal was checked. The family dinners at which Rose included Herrick at her husband's request went off brilliantly. Rose and Herrick and Enderby

were as gay and amusing and considerate of each other as only three people bent on deceiving each other would have taken the trouble to be.

Enderby did not open letters or listen at doors, or resort to any clumsy expedient now; he did not need to. He had his hand on the pulse of the situation. He had come to know every turn of Herrick's mind as well as he knew his way to the ice-box and the cigar box in Herrick's apartment. Enderby knew before Herrick did, that the boy was falling in love with Callista.

"Why do you look at me like that?" Rose asked one morning, with the touch of sharpness that was creeping into her voice under the strain of her prolonged affair with Herrick.

Enderby, with his critical eyes on the young face across the table, fresh-lipped, clear-eyed, and unlined in the morning sunlight, was watching his wife as jealously as a physician in search of new symptoms for some flaw in her beauty, as he had watched every day since his plan was made; but he found no flaw.

Her blonde hair caught the sun, and did not brighten, but dimmed and paled into delicate transparency, as if at a touch it would melt away from the low forehead it framed in rippling parted waves. Under the firm flesh of her throat, which showed clear white against the dull blue of her morning gown, he could trace the regular beat of an almost invisible pulse. Her deep eyes met his, and held them deliberately. He felt the new-born, unconscious lure of Rose, a full blooded magic of health, and satisfied appetite and youth. Feeling it, he could not easily believe that the night before, hastening at once to get himself away unseen, shamed as if he had intruded upon some sacred rite, he had found Herrick in a palm sheltered corner, reverently, almost reluctantly, bending his black head over Callista Manners' slender brown hand.

"I am not worthy of your friendship," Enderby heard him say to her. "You are the finest woman I ever knew."

Callista was not a fine woman. She was only a girl, a sun-browned, quick-witted, every-day nice girl, with a firm handshake, and sound views on the suffrage question; only the girl with whom Herrick was in love.

She was not the unquestioned lady of his dreams, as Rose had been. His new love was less and greater than his love for Rose; a shy, unwilling, slow growing love, the mating instinct, that shows itself, and hides itself, and waits its time, and grows strong in secret until it is so strong that it takes its own, and will not be denied.

Herrick might dance half an evening with Rose, and pay court to her with the radiant assurance that was his triumphant habit, until all the women in the room could guess what he was saying, but he had only to make the circuit of the room once with Callista, slim and withdrawing, in his arms, to prove to discerning eyes that he belonged to Callista.

But Herrick was shifting his allegiance gradually. For weeks at a time he would ride and drive constantly with Rose. Rose would meet him at shabby, questionable restaurants, accounting for her absence glibly enough to Enderby. Her education in the conventions of clandestine love affairs was progressing. Again, for days at a time, Herrick would vanish from the Enderbys, to refresh himself with a staid round of decorous walks and duly chaperoned tea drinkings with Callista.

This was a nerve racking time for Enderby. He began to wish that Callista would take the crude but time-honored course of asking Herrick his intentions. He would have liked to abduct them, and look up an obliging justice of the peace, and marry them to each other. They were so slow in learning their own minds. They were wasting their time and his. He was tired of waiting.

And they were torturing Rose with uncertainty. Enderby could square it with his conscience to plan in cold blood to deal out retribution to her. Retribution was just, but the hour for it had not come. Meanwhile it gave him no satisfaction, it hurt him, to see Rose fretted and harried, and shaken out of her gentle poise by the petty, prolonged worry of playing a losing game.

Automatically, as women worry about a sick child in the night, he found himself rousing to listen for the sound of Rose, crying softly into the dark. One night he waked with the echo of his own name in his ears, as if he had heard it called. He

could hear nothing, but he had groped his way to her door in his sleep.

He was sorry for Rose, at night when she cried, and by day, when she did not cry, but hid her trouble behind a white-lipped calm more pitiful than tears. Rose laughed too often now, and talked too much, and he could not hear her high, light laugh without being sorry for her. But he could not have forgiven her now, if she had thrown her two warm arms round his neck of her own free will, as she had done once or twice when she was afraid of something, thunder, or harmless noises in the night. Not if she had begged him with her pretty, absent smile, a smile that was always the same, whether she was admiring a strawberry tart, or the colors in a sunset, or had failed to understand what you said, and wished to indicate it without hurting your feelings. Enderby could not forgive Rose, because it was too late to change his mind. He had cast himself for a part, and it had possessed him. He was not his own man. He must go on playing the part to the end.

The end came suddenly. The Manners sailed for Italy in June. Herrick had not committed himself. How many times he had betrayed his feeling for her in hungry, incoherent phrases that did not commit him, and long, veiled glances that she understood, and pretended not to understand, nobody knew but Callista, and Callista did not tell. Neither Callista nor anyone else has yet had the courage to give an unexpurgated account of that startling and heart-breaking experience, an apparently conventional love affair from the girl's point of view. Herrick held her little brown hand as long as her mother's, and no longer, and said good-bye to her, and went into Long Island the same day for a week-end at their farm with the Enderbys.

He was the only guest. Rose wore fluffy, muslin gowns, and wound her hair round her head in two school-girl braids, and played with him, tramping, and golfing, and drifting off for long moonlight walks alone with him, and the faintly traced, deepening lines disappeared from the corners of her mouth, and the dimple showed itself in her left cheek again. And Herrick played with Rose as if it had been his one hope and dearest ambition for the future to go on playing with Rose; for four

days. At the end of that time, Rose went back to New York to close the town house for the summer, Enderby went up into the Adirondacks for a fortnight, and Herrick followed Callista Manners to Italy.

Enderby did not know that the boy had gone. He had been fifty miles from the nearest post office or telephone. Just before his train got into New York, he read in his evening paper the announcement of Callista's engagement to Herrick.

It was a brief paragraph, on an inner page of the paper. To the day of his death, Enderby will remember the score of a baseball game on the page facing it. The score danced before his eyes in smoochy, black figures, all the time he was eating his dinner in the big, half-empty, neutral-tinted dining-room of a big, neutral-tinted, impersonal hotel. He wanted a breathing space there before he went home to Rose.

Enderby played with his great moment there, and put it off, and dreaded it and longed for it. He hurried his waiter to bring it nearer, and followed an elaborate meal with liqueur to delay it, and sat listening while a discouraged violin or two completed an excerpt from *Pinafore,* in dragging tempo.

The clear, light melody sang itself into his ears as he left the hotel, and turned south, down the Avenue, into the cool, lifeless night air. The scattering hurry of people in the street seemed unreal to him. Nothing was real in the world but himself and Rose, and their time of reckoning, which had come at last.

He looked for a light on the third floor of their house, her floor, and he saw it. He had not written her the date of his arrival, and he had not telephoned her. He had felt sure he should find her there. Past rooms where the furniture showed bulky and unfamiliar out of the dark in its summer shrouding of white, he made his way quickly up the dimly lit stairs to her open door.

In her sitting room, her favorite perfume challenged and offended him, a blend of rose and carnation and violet, spicily sweet, like a nosegay of old-fashioned flowers. The mantle was clear of its frivolous array of porcelains, and the French clock, with Cupids and rose garlands sprawling across its gilded

face. The great, soft pillows that Rose could tuck into just the angle to supplement the curve of a chair-back, or rest a tired head, and mass on the couch in one careless heap that you found so comfortable you were compelled to admit there were not too many of them, were gone. The couch was gaunt and lean in its close-stretched white cover.

Rose had a trick of slipping into her sitting room at night, for an hour by herself, after her maid had left her, like a child who reads a book without permission after being put to bed. But to-night there was no current best seller, face down on the hearth rug for Enderby to stumble over, read to the last line by sleepy eyes,—Rose never skipped; she had not enough imagination to fill in the gaps for herself,—no bit of sheer needlework, with the last clumsy stitch just added to it. Rose had left no forgotten toys in this bare little room.

But on the hearth lay a sprinkling of ashes, not all in one heap; wide-spread. She had not burned her letters all at once, but one after the other. She had re-read them one by one, perhaps, and cried over them. In a corner of the grate lay the charred remnant of something that would not burn, a man's driving glove. On the table, with a crumpled handkerchief beside it, a poor little sodden ball of a handkerchief, devoid of romantic suggestion, and wet with tears, a red morocco writing-case lay open.

"Dear, I want you to be happy."

Enderby folded the heavily monogrammed lid of the case gently over the close written pages of unformed hand-writing. He was done with suspecting, and pretending and spying. He had something better to do than to read her letter to Herrick.

He knocked softly, twice, on her bedroom door. In the expectant hush of the house, the door creaked sharply under his hand, as he threw it open and stepped inside the dark room where Rose was.

A breeze blew into his face through the uncurtained windows. In the chaise-longue in the bow window, he saw a glimmer of white. Rose was not in bed. He was glad. Bed was the appropriate place for injured heroines, like Camille. Rose was not an injured heroine. The chaise-longue was a prop-

erty associated with French farce, where guilty lovers get found out, as Rose was found out. The room was so still, he could hear her steady, unhurried breathing, as he stood close beside her. She did not move.

" Rose, " he said, " I know. I have always known. "

The secret was told, the secret that had whispered itself into his brain word for word the same, night and day, until it seemed that he must betray it prematurely, mutter it in his sleep for his valet to hear, or cry it out suddenly, in the midst of some dry little commonplace he was uttering in his dry little voice; told in his own time. He had not softened the shock of it by giving Rose one hint that he suspected her. He had reserved the shock for this hour, which he had foreseen correctly, the hour which comes once, and never again to any woman, her weakest hour, her point of least resistance, when it is possible for her to suffer, to realize to the last sob and the last heart-beat her capacity for pain.

He was prepared to see that she had money enough, and to avoid scandal. He would furnish her with manufactured evidence, and let her get the divorce, and without publicity. He would tell her so to-morrow. It was this hour only which he was claiming as his, the hour when she was suffering, when he could terrify her and condemn her, and force her to suffer more.

The hour had been hard to earn. How many sudden impulses, unbelievably strong, had urged him to forgive her, how many times he had conquered the wish to denounce Herrick, and forbid him the house, he remembered proudly, now that the hour was here, and nothing could take it from him. It was his.

" Rose, you've got nothing left now. The freshness of your youth and your goodness are gone. You cannot afford to lie and trick and cheat as you have been doing; it is becoming to some women, but not to you. Your beauty is not *beauté de diable,* it is the beauty of a good woman, and you are no longer a good woman. You will lose your beauty, Rose; you have begun to lose it already. You have lost Herrick, and everything else. And now,—and now, Rose——"

He did not feel like a man, he felt like an instrument of

justice. His hand went out to the wall at his right and groped for the switch there. He wanted light, light enough to see her face.

The switch clicked under his hand, and the room he had known littered with intimate feminine belongings, and rosily aglow, flashed into view white walled and empty looking, in a glare of untempered light. Stripped of its shade of dull-colored silk, a side-light, set low in the wall at the head of the chaise-longue, shone harshly on the face of the woman asleep there, the woman who two weeks before had been Rose.

Wrapped in a coral pink négligée, a dash of glaring color in the white room, nestling under her cheek and throat a tiny creation that was not a pillow, but an excuse for the existence of pink bows and perfumed lace, her fair hair soft and bright from faithful grooming, scented and powdered, stimulated and soothed by massage into perfect health and perfect repose, every inch of her, Rose lay asleep, played with and put to bed like a doll, with a doll's delicate fripperies about her, a doll, with a woman's face.

She did not turn away her face from the light in her sleep. She lay still, tired out in body and heart. The marks of tears had been bathed and rubbed and coaxed away, but he saw proof of tears in the listless turn of her head on the pillow, and the hopeless droop of her mouth, and the utter weariness of her colorless face.

She was quite at his mercy, more defenceless than he had dared to hope. Every word would sting like a blow. He had waited for months. He had now only seconds to wait, only until she waked. Why did he feel reluctant to wake her? His hour was here.

He laid a hand on her shoulder. How the shrinking warmth of her flesh under its thin sheathing of silk and linen had excited him, long ago. She stirred. She was going to wake. Why did he dread it? What harm could she do him now? She could not cheat him of his hour.

" Lisette, please go away. Indeed, indeed, I don't want you. I only just could not sleep. Ah, Carl. "

She shook one white, full-veined arm free of its loose sleeve,

and pillowed her blonde head upon it, and opened her eyes upon his face, close above her. What was he going to say? Where had the words gone?

A faint, wondering smile had greeted him. Now her mouth settled into its patient droop again. With a broken sigh, Rose woke to full consciousness, and remembered, and took up the new burden of pain that was already old to her. Her eyes, dark and wide, grew darker and wider as they looked up into her husband's face. Her eyes pleaded guilty. She would have nothing to say in her own defence.

"Herrick"—said Enderby, "Herrick——"

More words would not come. With an uncouth, shrugging motion he flung up an arm across his face, and pressed it there, to shut out the sight of her pleading eyes.

She lay looking up at him quite still and helpless. It was her weakest hour, as he had guessed it would be, but he had taken no account of the fact that a woman's greatest strength is her weakness.

Enderby did not look like an instrument of justice. The unshaded light shone full on his carefully padded shoulders, and his carefully combed, scant hair. But her sorrowful eyes looked kindly at him.

"Carl, are you ill? What is the matter?" said Rose.

"Herrick," he tried to say, in a thick voice, unrecognizable as his. He could not go on. He dropped on his knees by the chaise-longue, and reached out trembling arms to Rose. His face pressed hot against hers. Bewildered, shaken, and comforted, she turned to meet his kisses on her lips and cheeks and throat.

Through his mind the perfect, relentless words that had shaped and ordered themselves to condemn Rose, slipped away and lost themselves one by one, like jewels lost from a broken string of pearls.

"God damn Herrick," stammered Carleton Enderby, artist at life; "God damn him. My child, my little girl, my baby, I'll make it up to you. I'll make you forget him. I'll make you love me. You're going to love me, Rose."

MOTHER–HEART

Anna Spencer Twitchell

NOT in the throes of her maternity,
Nor when his first cry pierced her consciousness;
Not when he drew his life, with soft caress,
From her white breast; not in that hour when he
Essayed her arms' safe shelter totteringly,
Nor when a dark day left him fatherless;
Not when she hid from him her heart's distress,
And gave her years to watchful ministry. . . .
But when, man-grown, he brought her shame and woe,
And came, a broken thing, to her once more,
Soiled, sodden, seemingly devoid of good;
'Twas then that, feeble, her gray head bowed low,
Yet mutely yearning over him she bore,
She tasted her full cup of motherhood.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Gettysburg

THE Gettysburg celebrations are over, and new friends and old foes have gone their several ways. The busy nation was stirred a little by the revival of past hopes and fears; dispatches of fifty years ago were disinterred and the passions of fifty years ago reflected, pale and devitalized, on a modern screen. Where Lincoln delivered his immortal address, Wilson spoke, and spoke worthily. And so the curtain has fallen, and will not be lifted again for another fifty years. Then, perhaps, in a world that has forsaken wars and is no more distressed by the battle, murder and sudden death that the Christian litanies deprecate and the Christian churches make such scant effort to avert, Gettysburg shall be once more remembered and all its dead fittingly honored. For if they died that this country should have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, for the people, by the people should not perish from the earth, it is time that the task should be taken up in earnest by those who profess to owe them so much, yet discharge their obligations so grudgingly. And as freedom is gradually established, and cant and hypocrisy discarded, the field where North clashed with South may well become identified with that fuller union of North, South, East and West which shall vindicate the faith of Lincoln and tolerate slavery no longer, in any of the ghastly forms in which to-day it is universally known.

Mr. Murphy of Fourteenth Street

A NEW YORK journal, discussing the charges against Justice Cohalan, said:

"The great and absorbing question in the case is: 'What will be the attitude of Charles F. Murphy, boss of Tammany Hall, toward his former adviser?'

"The fate of the accused jurist, it is believed, will become evident soon after the boss himself leaves the witness stand. If Murphy merely reiterates his declaration of two months ago that Cohalan acted simply as a lawyer to a client, the tip will

go out that the boss has instructed his henchmen to 'whitewash' his former political adviser.

"Should Murphy, on the other hand, exhibit a disposition to 'unload' Cohalan, there are few who believe that the Justice can escape punishment."

Here was a specific accusation. It was suggested clearly that the joint committee of the Legislature of New York State was prepared to go through a farce called a trial, the verdict being entirely dependent upon the whim of a political trickster whose name is inseparably identified with corruption in public life. To what depths of apathy has public opinion sunk, when such a statement aroused little attention, less interest, and practically no resentment!

Mr. McReynolds

THE Attorney-General has not given a satisfactory explanation of his position with regard to the trial of Maury Diggs and Drew Caminetti. It is not at all clear that he acted solely in the interests of justice. If public feeling is so inflamed that a fair trial is not probable, there is reasonable ground for delay; but the least suspicion of any attempt to exercise a political "pull" should have been sufficient to cause Mr. McReynolds to give the most careful attention to the case and to assure himself that he was acting with full knowledge of all the conditions and with the keenest sense of his responsibility. American "justice" already rests under the stigma of the gravest charges. Such delay as has marked the Becker case in its later stages, and, more or less scandalously, many other notorious cases, shows the need for drastic action on the part of both Federal and State authorities. The Attorney-General will do well to offer his resignation to the President if his attitude in the Diggs-Caminetti case forecasts a general policy of ineffectiveness and temporizing.

The Balkans

NOT long ago, the Balkan Allies delivered to Europe an astonishing action-lecture on the value of foresight, union, resolution. How far that foresight reached, how long that resolu-

tion could be sustained, remains still to be shown. But the union, upon which so much depended, has been very definitely shattered; and in the place of a Federation which would have taken rank as the seventh great European Power, there is a group of struggling states; each, whatever its temporary alliances, fighting for its own hand, and each looking forward to its own aggrandizement.

Such is friendship among nations. One would have thought that those who had fought in a common cause against a common enemy would have recognized, for a time, at least, ties that could not lightly be broken, a new community of interest and achievement that would throw into the background the old dissensions of Slav, Serb and Greek. But the petty jealousies still defeat the larger purpose, and everywhere provincialism, masquerading as patriotism, strives to perpetuate the old lines of cleavage and to ignore the forces that will turn the peoples of the earth into the People—unseparated, unhating, unenslaved.

At the time of writing, many rumors are current. A few hours or a few days will bring fuller news. But the contrast between the possibilities and the probabilities is pitiful. Whatever may emerge from the welter,—a Greater Greece, a new Servia, a humbled Bulgaria, a Turkey taking advantage of the dissensions of her conquerors,—the deceptiveness of military glory was never illustrated more sardonically. At an enormous cost, Bulgaria purchased a temporary prestige. For a moment she loomed importantly, a dominating factor. Now she faces insignificance. And, waiting and watching, is Russia, rebuffed, and not peculiarly amiable, but patient; and Austria, unwilling to contemplate her own imminent troubles; and Germany, calculating the consequences of the extinction of the Triple Alliance; and France, not reluctant to prove her regeneration; and England, fiddling party tunes, while her empire drifts away from her, and her colonies become alien in spirit, and her women, preaching an ideal, practise buffoonery.

It is a freakish world,—viewed in sections. Where are we going? For we might as well go with our eyes open and our purpose clear, and so get what we want, instead of pretending that we want what we get.

Festina Lente

THE exoneration of Justice Cohalan by the Judiciary Committee of the Legislature of New York State may have been completely justified; but in view of the rumors that a Tammany-controlled Legislature was merely waiting for the nod of an autocratic Grand Sachem, a more leisurely inquiry would have been preferable, even from a merely party point of view. A Legislature may hasten to register the edicts of an admitted master; but it should hasten more slowly.

Militancy

AN interesting letter on the subject of militancy has been received from Mrs. W. W. Jacobs, wife of the famous novelist. Mrs. Jacobs takes exception to an article in the April number of THE FORUM and claims that British politicians have for many years "demonstrated that they will pay no attention to the 'reasoned view'—the power of right. 'Might is right' is their motto." "The whole militant movement," she continues, "is deliberately designed to prove that physical force is impotent to govern women without their consent—that physical force is inferior to spiritual force."

It is not easy to understand Mrs. Jacobs' disagreement, temperately worded though it is, with THE FORUM, which has consistently and insistently maintained that physical force is inferior to spiritual force in all rational relations of life. But, however idealistic may be the views of the English militants, they have certainly contrived to identify their cause with a spirit that is not obviously spiritual. No one disputes their courage, or denies that they consider their actions to be both justifiable and necessary. But spirituality that expresses itself through the medium of broken windows, acids, bombs and arson does not seem very different from the fanaticism that has so often adopted similar methods of "persuasion."

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FOR SEPTEMBER 1913

THE VOICE OF THE LORD

Over the Full Barns of the West

EDWIN DAVIES SCHOONMAKER

I HEARD a Voice, what time the sun went down
And twilight purpled o'er the prairie States,
"They were not born for freemen but for slaves,"
And all my heart ran cold.

"Another day,
Another day, O Lord, they do but sleep;
Their hands are heavy from the garnering.
Remember, Lord, the fatness of the land.
To-morrow they will wake and, waking, strike.
These are the men who, when the island moaned
Under the spoiler, threw their lariats down
And loosed a thousand horses toward the South
And smote the oppressor from the famous Hill.
Bid once again the captive waterfalls
Cry warning to the Rocky Mountain States,
And let the arid plains wring hands and moan.
It cannot be but the hot blood will leap,
Seeing the proud West in the place of shame."

"Woe to the generations yet unborn!
Rain hath not fallen and it shall not fall
Forever, saith the Lord. Lo, where I loosed
The mountain rivers, pouring waters down
To give the waste lands drink, that ye might laugh,
Hearing the dry thing murmur, '*He hath come!*'

For in My dreaming of the things to be
I saw the hot sands cool, and the green wave
Of grain and orchard follow wondrously
The living silver thro' the wilderness
That there young towns might spring and shine as stars.
Lo, where the leaping rivers lie in chains!
A living Death hath seized the streams of God.
And in those streams I mingled, saith the Lord,
Power and Light for all the homes of men.
Woe to the generations yet unborn!
The wheel shall hang until ye pay the toll.
The stars shall light you thro' your bonded streets.
The cactus and the wild grass shall live on.
I will let loose the drought upon the land,
Seeing ye give My rivers unto men.
Where differ ye from them that I have slain?"

"Mistake not seeming sloth for baseness, Lord.
The sting of need hath never touched these men;
The voices of the waste lands pass them by.
See where the rich farms drift, and boundless still
The virgin fallows where the wild grass springs
Green from the benediction of the clouds.
Withhold thy hand, Lord, till the plowman comes,
Retracing the far furrow, crying, '*Lo,*
The skirts of the long grass die off in sand
Where no rain falls!' Wait till the conquering Wheat,
Aghast at Something pale that followeth her,
Stares at the desert, and Thou shalt see the quick
Keen flash, and hear the rivers rushing down,
And Thou shalt know the West is still the West."

"Woe to the generations yet unborn!
The sun shall year by year withdraw his heat.
The moon shall say, '*Lo, thou too freezest, Earth,*'
And there shall be no mercy in the sky.
I too am one that garnereth, saith the Lord.
Ere yet the dinosaur awoke came I,

A laborer where the sodden earth grew rank,
And put forth hand and took the tall green things.
Swamp grass and fern and forest, leaf on leaf,
I plucked and laid away beneath the hills,
Caching the primal suns against the day
When the White Terror should awake, and ice
Eat upward from the axles of the world.
Down the long cycles dragging fern and tree,
Think ye a fear was on Me, saith the Lord,
A shivering at the phantom of far snows?
Think ye I need a hearth Who made the suns,
Or power, I, Whose going forth is power?
I clothe with seasonable change the birds
That voyage forth, knowing the plume will come;
And on the ice I hear My polar calves
Laugh loud at the long setting of the suns.
But ye, but ye, O delicate of skin
And quick to tremble when the North is heard,
Forefearing that the Lord will add an inch
Unto the whiteness or withhold the South,
How dare ye, orphans of the sun, yield up
The Lord's provision, saying unto men,
'*Take ye the hoarded summers of the Lord*
And deal ye as it seemeth best to you;
Be ye the Lord'? Wherefore should I not say
To Cold and Hate and Hunger, '*Have your will.*
Run ye the furrow and plant ye the seed
And let the sluggards fill their barns with you'?"

"Bear with them, Lord, bear with them yet a while.

"New ways I opened for you, saith the Lord,
And now ye shy, side-glancing at the East.
'*We would be different if we kept the coal.*'
I made you to be different, saith the Lord.
I gave you wide horizons, in My Dream
Matching with brain the illimitable sky,
And fed you on My keen electric air

That ye might rise and shake the yoke and laugh
And build ye shining cities meet for Truth.
And now ye say to men, '*Take ye the coal,*
Take ye the dark foundations of the Lord
And build ye as it seemeth best to you.'
Wherefore should I not yoke you, saith the Lord,
And make you sweat to jewel alien men?
How dare ye pluck the bloom of My design
And bring to nothingness the Dream I dreamed
What time My heart went forth and Silence rose,
Saying, '*I hear a singing. What is this?*'
And Hate and Hunger, looking backward, fled,
Crying, '*Alas! we have no part in her;*
The Lord hath made the Western peoples one.'
O up the dawn and sweetly up the eve
I heard the sea of power, wave on wave,
Break under wheels that sang, and tribes of men,
Irradiant with a glad creativeness,
Pass to and fro, singing before the Lord.
And I saw shining cities, meet for Truth,
Clasp link with perfect link and bind the land
Unsunderable and strong in perfect men.
And now ye palter while the golden thing
Blows off upon the waters and dissolves.
Lo, I will pass My Dream beyond the sea
Where wait My yellow children, eager men."

"Nay, Lord, nay, nay! Remember how of old
Thou didst bear the vacillation of the North,
The shifting and the counting gain and loss
When duty called. Bear with these younger States
That seem to palter in this crucial hour.
Remember that slow storm of elder days
And, seeing now what blooms along its wake,
Speak Thou above them in the silences.
Even now abroad the land a murmuring,
And on the mountains, see, the beacon fires!"

" Woe to the generations yet unborn!
Ye shall go round and round as they of old
That bore the burden of the Pyramids.
Crumbs shall ye eat, crumbs of the wilderness,
And ye shall glean the waste for coffin wood.
I clothed the land with forests, saith the Lord,
Watchfully herded thro' the solitudes
Summer on perished summer the green trees,
Marshalling the larger girth to meet the blast
That gathers over Asia and the sea.
Needle and leaf, I drew them toward the sky
And, mindful of the parching of the land,
I gently taught them to allure the rains,
Voicing the thirst of the dumb pasturage.
Ere yet the sail hove up the tropic sea,
The twilight stars beheld One pace and pace
The aboriginal silence of the wood,
Timing the growth of saplings for that sail;
Or in the darker hours on mountain tops,
Passionately brooding on a wondrous thing.
' Here they shall come, My builders, perfect men,
And the glad woods shall meekly say, " Take ye,"
And they shall freely take and build for God.'
And now what is it I hear, what is it I see?
My winds come home with noises and with smoke,
With secret whispers and with bitter cries.
How dare ye give My forests unto men,
Ye with the cry of millions in your loins?
How dare ye say to men, ' *Take ye the trees,*
Take ye the Lord's great plan and shape it, ye;
Build ye the building on the boundless plain
And fashion ye the porch for the long coast'?
How dare ye close eyes to the Ravager?
Think ye I have no windows, saith the Lord?
I see the slaughter and I smell the waste.
And now ye loose his lust upon that land
Conceived in My cold hours and richly clothed
And put far from you, in the northern sea.

Wherefore should I not smite you, saith the Lord,
And rock the iron cities of the coast?"

O West that was our hope, O dear, dear West,
Land where the unfulfilled should break in bloom,
Thou gloriously uplifted in great ways
And chosen of the Lord to build the house
Where swaying millions should come home and sing,
Thou with thy mighty locks nearing the shears,
Shake off this fatal slumber and awake!
Release thy unborn children from the yoke!
Be thy great self! Reclaim thy heritage
Ere the Lord pass His Dream beyond the sea!

OYSTERS: HUMAN AND NON-HUMAN

MARY DUDDERIDGE

Not the grief of the world, but the loss is the wonder of it. I see creatures so full of all power and beauty with none to understand or teach or save them. The making in them of miracles and all cast away, forever lost as far as we can trace.

RUSKIN.

THE oyster does not look like an interesting animal. To itself, no doubt, it is not interesting at all. It is barely conscious of its own life. Yet it is a wonderfully instructive creature, both from a biological and a philosophical standpoint. It lives at or near the mouths of rivers and feeds on the microscopic vegetable life that is maintained in great abundance by the sediment brought down by these streams, in the form of soft fine mud, from the lands over which they flow. After the very earliest stage of its existence, when it is a free-moving creature, it becomes fixed for life in one spot and makes no effort even to get its food, which is carried into its ever-open mouth in a continuous stream by the involuntary action of its gills. But this was not always so. The oyster is an animal that has seen better days. It once had organs of locomotion, and that not so very long ago, geologically speaking. It went whithersoever it would and possessed, no doubt, a little sense. The cause of its downfall was the struggle for existence. As the continents were elevated above the primordial sea and estuaries with soft muddy bottoms and abundant microscopic vegetation were formed, the ancestors of the oyster were driven by the force of competition to avail themselves of this supply of food, and their former freedom of motion became a disadvantage to them. They found it better to remain stationary just above the mud, a position not favorable, obviously, to intellectual development. So they gave up their power of movement, and settled down to the exhilarating life that we know, becoming mere organs of digestion and reproduction, with just sense enough left to close their shells at the approach of danger. They conquered in the

struggle for existence. They have prospered greatly, and if they were human creatures might have been considered eligible for a " write-up " in that estimable but unhappily defunct magazine which was unable to live up to its title of *Success*. But they have lost everything that could have imparted any interest to their existence.

The survival of the oyster was the survival of the fittest in the sense in which that term is always used by science, namely, that of fitness to conditions. The law of the survival of the fittest does not mean, as the unthinking constantly assume, the survival of the best, mentally, morally or physically. The tendency of evolution seems to be upward. Through the ages one increasing purpose does appear to run. Toward what ultimate fitness it may be moving we cannot say, but we do know that " gradual progress toward perfection " is not, as Huxley has pointed out, " any necessary part of the Darwinian creed." Survival is no proof of any fitness other than that of fitness to environment, and human beings are no different in that respect from oysters or any other organism. Those survive who are best fitted to the conditions, and at the present time, and as far back as we know anything about the human species, the conditions seem to have been best fitted to the survival of oysters. The author of the book of Ecclesiastes complains bitterly and picturesquely of the fools who flourished in his day. We gather from the meditations of Marcus Aurelius that the Romans in the golden age of their empire were of the same class, and Carlyle tells us, in a famous utterance, that the population of England in his time were " mostly fools." Now neither Solomon nor Marcus Aurelius, and perhaps not even Carlyle, could be expected to know why fools should flourish like green bay trees, while the wise were perishing, but one would think that in this boasted age of science the reason for these things ought to be manifest to all. Science has been telling us for a good many years that conditions determine who shall survive, but we, ignorantly catching up her words, without their meaning, insist, in the teeth of the plainest evidence to the contrary, that the best always survive. It is a comfortable doctrine for those who happen to find their environment satisfactory and relieves them

of much responsibility, but it is not true. As war takes our best and bravest, so the unarmed conflict that we miscall peace crushes out our choicest spirits.

That the constitution of human society has not conduced heretofore to the survival of the most desirable human types, or to the development of the possibilities of such as do escape elimination, is a thing so obvious that proof ought to be superfluous. Only that strong delusion to believe lies with which the human race is afflicted can account for the general blindness to the significance of facts which are, for the most part, the commonest of commonplaces.

One of the most striking examples of the influence of environment that history affords is so familiar to the present generation that it has become excessively wearisome and one is half inclined to apologize for mentioning it. This is the history of women. Does anyone suppose that it is only during the last century that women have been born with brains? Yet with the exception of a few sporadic cases, it is only during that period that they have manifested any considerable intellectual power. Does anyone suppose that Elizabeth, Victoria, Maria Theresa and the few other great feminine rulers of history were the only women who ever were born with political capacity, or that that capacity would have found some means of developing and expressing itself, no matter where the accident of birth had placed it? No one, surely, thinks anything of the kind. Yet women themselves, the victims of circumstances for ages, will assert as loudly as anyone else that the individual is the master of his fate.

There is a popular superstition, sedulously cultivated by Sunday School books and school readers, as well as by much adult literature, that genius is independent of circumstances. We know that we cannot grow potatoes on ground that is not cultivated, yet we expect the choicest flower of the human intellect to unfold on the stony ground of indifference, neglect and poverty. A wealthy convert to Socialism gave as one of his reasons for attacking the present social system that he wanted to give the ordinary young man a chance. "Of course," he said, mentioning Carnegie and Schwab by way of examples, "the extraordinary young man will rise." This is an almost universal belief, though

it is strange to find it in the mouth of a Socialist, and in the case of men like Carnegie and Schwab it is partially justified. If a man has an extraordinary talent for highway robbery, that is, high finance, he stands some chance of "rising" under our present social system, if by that one means making money; and this is commonly supposed to compensate him for the darkening of his childhood and youth—those golden and irreclaimable years —by the sordid miseries of poverty. But if he has an extraordinary talent for art, or music, or literature, or anything that does not minister to the material needs or vanities of life, the proposition is a very different one. The chances that a person blessed, or cursed, with such talents will ever be able to develop them, or earn his bread by means of them, are none of the brightest. His chances of survival are much less than those of the ordinary person. The ordinary person can find his appropriate environment much more easily than the extraordinary one, and without the appropriate environment extraordinary powers cannot be exercised. That is why artistic and literary excellence is so seldom found in new countries. The artistic and literary genius is quite as likely, perhaps, to be born in the new country as in the old one, but the institutions and conditions necessary for his development are not there. The people, absorbed in the acquisition of material things, are not interested in, or have no time for anything else. They give no encouragement to the man or child of genius, either spiritually or materially. They cannot even recognize him. And so his gifts perish with no result except unspeakable suffering to himself.

In this country people are in the habit of lamenting greatly, from time to time, that they have no art, no music, no literature. Multi-millionaires they produce in abundance—"anomalous creatures," as Lombroso calls them, "bred in the hotbed of poverty and ignorance"; but few and far between are their masters of the spirit. Bridges and machinery and sky-scrapers they have, but one motif of the Nibelungenlied, one stanza of the Divine Comedy, outweighs them all. In luxury and ostentation none can compare with them, but where is their sweetness and their light? And we actually seem to think, most of us, that there is nothing we can do about it but to wait patiently till

heaven sees fit to rain great painters, poets and musicians upon us. As a matter of fact such persons are probably being born here in as great numbers as anywhere else, but they rarely come to fruition.

The oyster cannot change its conditions, but we can. The mastery over fate popularly ascribed to the individual really does belong to society. As individuals we are well nigh helpless; collectively we are almost omnipotent. We can create our own environment. We can make the laws of nature work our will. We need not continue to be oysters unless we choose, nor sacrifice to mere material existence everything that gives any value to that existence. Material things, indeed, we must have. Life rests upon a material basis. The thoughts of the mind, the aspirations of the soul, are rooted in the dust. Human existence is truly, as the poet says, a contention between "low wants and lofty will," and we have used so little sense in the satisfaction of the former that the struggle has been a sadly unequal one. The greater part of mankind has been sacrificed to these "low wants," while the favored few have exercised what "lofty will" they could on the degradation of the many. Every fresh invention has served only to plunge us deeper in the mire of matter, and the material things on which our life depends have been made so hard to get that in our frantic and necessary struggle to secure them we mistake the means for the end, and with "pains and sweat and fury," in the expressive phrase of Emerson, we "arrive no whither."

There was a time when the slavery of the masses appears to have been unavoidable. The hard work of the world had to be done and there were only human hands to do it, while the life of the intellect is possible only to those who have been set free from such toil. Hence the emancipation of the few could be accomplished only by the enslavement of the many. But to-day, with our marvellous machines, machines Aristotle could not have conceived when he said that only by such means could slavery be abolished; with these and the still greater marvels that might be invented, if we would devote some of the time and strength that we now expend in fighting each other to the things that are really of consequence, why should not men be free? Why should the lightning serve us, and all the powers of earth and heaven obey

our will, and man still be the thrall of his brother? Why should the masses be sunk in brutalizing toil, condemned from birth to want and tears, to degradation and despair, excluded from all the glories of the world of thought, all the beauties of art and the wonders of science, all the higher and finer things of life? Why should the social structure be built over the mouth of hell and no man know that his children or his grandchildren, if he himself escape, may not be precipitated into the nethermost abyss?

No one who knows anything can deny that we possess the means to make the material conditions of life easy, but as soon as we propose to do so we are met by the objection that it is necessary that they should be hard. Our esteemed ex-President, Mr. Taft, is of the opinion that human nature is "a material which can be moulded only on the anvil of adversity and tempered only in the furnace of economic strife." Economic security, he is convinced from his observation of the Government service, would have the effect of "diminishing energy and destroying initiative." Scientific persons assure us further that the material struggle for existence is necessary for the continuance of the race. We are told that with such a vast ancestry of lower life behind us, we can be saved from progressive deterioration only by a struggle which eliminates the weak. And lest there should be any escape from this depressing conclusion, we are informed that acquired qualities cannot be inherited. Thus there can be no way of maintaining and improving the human stock except by selection, by some means, of those who *happen* to be born superior to their fellows; and as the struggle for existence diminishes as we rise in the social scale, therefore society must constantly be renewed from the bottom. If this cheerful theory be correct, if we have got to go on forever living like beasts in the jungle, on pain of annihilation, it surely cannot matter what becomes of us. The sooner some friendly comet sweeps us out of existence, or we return to the state of our simian ancestors, the better. If a pitiless and never-to-be-ended warfare of every man against all other men is an indispensable condition of progress and continued existence, if the earth must forever be a field of slaughter and our peace more dreadful than the bloodiest war, it is hard to see

how we are ever going to progress toward anything worth while. We might just as well degenerate, the quicker the better, for the lower we are the less we shall suffer.

If it be true that acquired characters cannot be inherited—and the consensus of scientific opinion is now in favor of that view—and if there is no way of eliminating undesirable and preserving desirable variations except by competition for the means of life, nature has truly brought us into a cul-de-sac, for that is no way at all. Its end is not life but death. Who ever heard of a farmer trying to improve his stock by any such means? Fancy a breeder throwing a limited amount of food to his animals and letting them struggle with one another for it in the expectation that the fit would get their share and the unfit be crowded out. Or a gardener who should omit to thin his flowers and vegetables on the theory that the strongest would be sure to survive and be all the better for the struggle. Both breeder and gardener know that even if the fittest did survive, they would be made not only less fit but probably quite useless by such a contest; and so they remove the animals and plants they wish to raise entirely from the influence of competition and from adverse conditions of all kinds. In this way they accomplish more in a few years than nature without their assistance could do in a thousand years, or in any number of them. Without the protection from competition afforded by the strong arm of man, the apple would quickly degenerate into the crab, and the garden strawberry into the wild variety. Our gardens would become wildernesses. We know these things perfectly well, yet we have not sense enough to protect ourselves from this hideous power. If we had we might be gods instead of oysters. The potentialities of the human soul cannot be measured. Eye hath not seen nor heart conceived the things that are possible to man; not in some dim and distant heaven, on some other planet, in some other state of existence, but here in the time of this mortal life, on this earth which we have so long and so truly called a vale of tears.

It is unfortunately true that human society exhibits a tendency to die out at the top and is to a great extent renewed from the bottom; but there is no reason for attributing the fact, as is constantly done, to the slackening of the struggle for existence

in the upper social strata. Sir Francis Galton, whose researches into the reasons for the extinction of British peerages are often quoted to illustrate the baleful effects of material ease, discovered the astonishing fact that the extinct families had been destroyed by heiresses. In order to maintain the dignity of their positions peers have married heiresses, and as an heiress is usually an only child she inherits a tendency to sterility. Combined with this blighting influence is the tendency of younger sons to remain unmarried—unless they too can find heiress wives—because of the difficulty of maintaining a family and a high social position at the same time. It is not material ease which has blighted the peerage, therefore, but the material difficulty of maintaining its dignity, and the same influences are operative among the upper and middle classes generally. The material difficulty of maintaining a superior social position is so great and the penalty of falling beneath it so terrible that persons of any sense would rather become extinct racially than take any such risks. To the unreflecting poor, therefore, is left the major part of the task of replenishing the earth.

So far as numbers are concerned society is undoubtedly renewed from the bottom, but what other kind of renewal can we expect from this source? The wrecks of the terrible struggle that goes on continually at the base of the social pyramid fill our institutions with the blind, the deaf, the crippled, the defective, the insane and the criminal. And those who are left are blighted and dwarfed in mind and body. No definite statistics regarding the physical degeneracy of the less favored classes have been secured in America, but in Europe the superiority of the children of the well-to-do classes over those in less fortunate circumstances has been established by numerous tests. The pathos of these cold statistics, showing how the height, weight and chest measurements of school children vary in proportion to the fees which their parents are able to pay, is beyond expression. Their menace to posterity ought to stir the souls of the most complacent. If society must depend for its existence on new blood coming from such sources, we are damned beyond hope of redemption.

In the cultivation of plants and animals selection is controlled by human intelligence instead of being left to the crude and

clumsy processes of nature, but the methods employed are not such as can be applied to the breeding of human creatures. We cannot mate men and women as the breeder mates animals, or the gardener crosses plants. Neither can we eliminate undesirable individuals with the same indifference. But it is not at all necessary that we should. Nature herself has given us a substitute for her own crude and cruel selective processes—" a pure and beautiful form of selection," as Wallace calls it, " a selection which will act not through struggle and death but through brotherhood and love." This is selection through marriage. It is just as " natural " as economic selection, but although we fear to interfere with the latter lest all manner of evil come upon us, we suspend the operation of the former without the slightest compunction. We have made of marriage a commercial contract. By the separation of sexes and classes we have so narrowed the field of choice that persons who by all the laws of nature should have been mates never have an opportunity to meet or know each other. Through our neglect of infancy and our tolerance of perfectly needless industrial accidents we have destroyed the natural excess of males in the population, so that many women whose motherhood would have blessed the race have been obliged to remain unmarried, while any man, no matter how undesirable as a parent, can secure a mate. By this reversal of the natural numerical relations of the sexes, combined with the economic dependence of women, we have furthermore practically deprived the sex most deeply concerned in this relation of its natural right of choice in marriage; and by our economic pressures and uncertainties we have forced very many of the persons whose intelligence we would most desire to transmit to posterity to postpone until late in life or forego altogether the joys of marriage and parentage. In a rationally constituted society all these things would be changed, and supplemented by the intelligence which people might be expected to develop under these conditions, sexual selection, acting, as Wallace points out, " through the agency of well known facts and principles of human nature," would lead to a " continuous reduction of the lower types in each successive generation."

That men will not put forth their best efforts unless the

sword of Damocles is hanging constantly over their heads, or without the hope of those "exceptional rewards for exceptional service," to which Mr. Taft attaches so much importance, is a contention which the commonest observation disproves. Men are constantly working to the utmost of their power when there is no necessity whatever for their doing so, and some cannot be deterred from serving humanity by any amount of abuse and ingratitude. These of course are elect souls; somehow our gladiators' show does occasionally produce them. But even the most ordinary people have a desire to work, and when excluded from legitimate fields of labor, as so many women are, they create all sorts of useless activities for themselves. That most people do not like to work for their living under present conditions is no cause for alarm or wonder. A great deal of nonsense —which nobody believes—is talked about the dignity and joy of labor. Congenial and useful work, in moderation and with sufficient remuneration, *is* dignified and one of the greatest joys in life; but the hard, continuous, disagreeable and often totally unnecessary work which the world requires most of us to perform at present—for somebody else's benefit—as a condition of existence is neither dignified nor joyful. It is ruinous to mind, health and morals, and it is no wonder that everyone seeks to escape from it by every means possible.

Can we find no higher law to live by than that of might? Is it flying in the face of nature to ask for one? Supposing it is. Huxley, who ought to be considered as good an authority on such subjects as Professor Taft, tells us that "social progress means the checking of the cosmic process at every step and the substitution for it of what may be called the ethical process." This too is nature, and it is not so contrary to nature unmodified by that human intelligence which is its product as most people imagine. There is no subject, in fact, regarding which more misconception exists than that of the place of competition in nature. Even the most eminent scientific thinkers have talked as though competition were *the* law of life, and lesser minds have seized upon the idea with a kind of ferocity, indicating a latent affinity for the law of selfishness, proclaiming it so loudly and

dogmatically that the most unwilling have been forced to believe that the existence of the race depended on continual warfare and that the very stars would be turned from their courses by any violation of the sacred principle that might is right. This is simply not so. The ruthless warfare of nature in which we have been taught to believe is a figment of the scientific imagination, a fetish to which this generation has bowed down as blindly as any heathen to his gods of wood and stone. Nature is hideous enough, but her garments are not entirely rolled in blood. There is no denying the law of competition, but it is not the only law of nature. There is also a law of co-operation which goes back to the very beginnings of life, a law of love which is rooted in our flesh and in our bones, for our bodies are built up by the co-operation of cells, and the evolution of all higher life began when a few isolated cells formed a co-operative colony. Everywhere in nature, in all stages of evolution, there is co-operation as well as competition, and when we reach the human level we find these two instincts struggling with each other for ascendency, one tending ever to drag man down to the level of the beasts, the other to exalt him to the estate of the angels. These two tendencies form the dual nature which philosophers have recognized in man. The downward tendency is the original sin which the theologians have imputed to him. The warfare between these two forces constitutes the sum of human history, and in this warfare the principle of love, in the face of seemingly insurmountable obstacles and much appearance to the contrary, has steadily gained on that of hatred. The gates of hell could not prevail against it. We have stoned our prophets and crucified our Christ, but after they are dead we honor the prophets, and after a score of centuries we have come to have some dim perception of what the Carpenter of Nazareth meant to teach. Some of us have come to the point where we cannot run our brother down as if he were an orang-outang, and most of us do not want to kill him with a club, although we are still quite willing to kill him with a factory or a tenement or any other instrument that does not necessitate our witnessing his dying agonies. This weakness, as we are so often asked to consider it, has come to us in the course of evolution as truly as claws have come to the tiger, or venom to

the serpent. It has been born out of the very heart of competition itself, like "purity out of a stain." There must be some room for it in the economy of nature. With age-long travail and pain, with blood and tears and great tribulation the earth has brought forth this divine thing, the only thing that gives any beauty or dignity to human existence, or casts any light upon its mystery. It cannot be for naught. We have tried warfare and hatred and found them wanting. It is surely time to try something else. It may be that the Apostle to the Gentiles was wiser than we thought when he wrote: "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." Those who do not regard these words as an empty piece of sentimentality commonly consider them a counsel of perfection, having no bearing on the practical affairs of life; but we may perhaps find that they are the hardest kind of common sense and that in them lies the healing of the nations.

HIS IMMORTALITY

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

THERE was nobody in the neighborhood that Nance hated quite so much as she hated Big Bill—and Nance was a good hater.

I wish that I could make you know Nance as I knew her in those old days when the lower East Side was her home and mine, and when we used to meet, once in a way, for a late supper at the ——. But no matter; I shall have simply to tell you the bare facts about Nance, and let you judge for yourself. In the one really great event of her life I played no part whatever, unless a phonograph may be said to play a part in the life of the opera-star that sings into it. I was her friend—really her friend, and not at all her friend in the way in which you and most other men employ the term as between one of our sex and one of the other sex—and what I here set down was what she told me not long after Nance made her Great Adventure.

I don't suppose that you would have called Nance a beautiful woman—unless, perhaps, you saw her dressed for work. In spite of the name that we all knew her by, and in spite of her English that seemed native to her, she was a French girl of peasant stock; not the diminutive and perfectly corseted Parisienne, you understand; but a girl from the provinces—from some remote countryside in the provinces—and, although she never told even me much about her origin, I always set her down as a native of the Midi. She was a big, strapping girl, taller than the average man, and splendidly proportioned. If you can imagine Venus de Milo with red cheeks—naturally red cheeks, mind you; the red of good health and leaping vitality—and a mouth that was like a generous rose and black eyes that could snap with mirth and dart the lightnings of anger—you have, physically, something of the Nance that I knew. I have seen her knock down a Broadway masher with the most careless of blows; I have seen her break a beer-bottle over the head of Terry Callahan, who used to be bouncer at Tom Sharkey's; and

I have seen her hold a baby in her arms with all the tenderness and all the love of a mediæval Madonna.

Of course, when she was in what she called her business-clothes, she was stunning. In winter she affected a long fur cloak that came nearly to her ankles—a coat of some black fur, with a toque to match—which set off the color in her cheeks and made men gasp when they laid eyes on her; and in summer she donned simple frocks of white, which served her quite as well. But at home, which is to say in her shifting East Side tenements, she was the French peasant girl again, speaking an English that belonged to the Bowery, but dressing and thinking and living her own primitive life. She wasn't neat then and she wasn't refined, and I dare say that you would not have looked twice at her. Besides, she presented a combination that you would have believed a contradiction in terms: Nance was a shop-lifter by profession and, by inclination, what you call a "good" girl.

I do not attempt to explain this. I have met so many similar contradictions among Nance's friends that they have ceased to be contradictions to me; but I know full well how improbable the situation seems to your sophisticated senses; so I merely set down the fact as a fact, and I ask you to accept it from me as from one that knows definitely what he is talking about; with none of the other virtues that make your women-friends ladies, Nance had and held through many a battle that one virtue without which, according to your standard, no woman is a lady.

Perhaps in part because of this, since there is no way so easy and hence so common to catch a criminal as through the person that the criminal loves, Nance remained uncaught. Her police-record, after five years of successful operations in all the worth-while Broadway and Fifth Avenue stores, was absolute zero. Not only had she never been convicted; she had never even been placed under arrest.

Don't ask me how she contrived this. I do not know. I know only that it is true. Everybody is aware, nowadays, that the house-detectives in the big stores make deals with certain favored shop-lifters; but I have every reason to believe that

Nance never entered such a deal. She merely, somehow, managed to remain above suspicion.

Not that sheer utility was her motive for avoiding amorous entanglements. It was not. I remember one evening looking at her strong figure, her glowing cheeks and vital eyes and asking her why she did not "tie up"—that was the East Side phrase for it in my day—with somebody.

I can still see her toss her wonderful head as she answered.

"It'd be hard to put a man wise to that," she said—when at work, she spoke Fifth Avenue; when at rest, East Side. "But it's just because I want to be my own boss. When a fellow gets a girl, he takes; when a girl gets a fellow, she gives. See what I mean?"

I nodded.

"No, you don't," she went on. "No man ever does. It ain't as if I t'ought one thing was crooked an' the other on the level. Not me. I'm my own bale o' goods. I can hand it over or keep it on the shelf. But when it gets across the counter, it belongs to the guy that pays for it, an' as long's it's on the shelf it's mine. I t'ink so little about doin' what people calls wrong that it ain't no temptation to do it. Do you get me now?"

I never inquired of her how she came to be a shop-lifter, and she never told me. There is, in the Jungle, an etiquette quite as exacting as that which obtains in the cities of the plain, and its reticences are binding. From a word or two dropped here and there through our long intimacy, I came to guess that poverty had started her, as poverty sooner or later will start most men and women on whom it fastens its fingers; but directly she never offered any explanation, and in her withholding of all explanation there was a dignity that I honored. It was enough for me to know that she was Nance and that, shop-lifter though she might be, no man had ever won her.

Win her a great many men undoubtedly tried to do. They tried it in the open, frank manner of the criminal classes, and the various methods of their wooing, not to mention the question of their relative chances, was one of the most fruitful sources

of speculative conversation that our little group of intimates possessed.

Now it was Con Davis that seemed to have the lead, and now Baby Hen Schultz was the best bet. There was a time when nearly all of us—although I never really thought so much of it—would have put our money on a pool-room sharp whom we all knew intimately yet named only as "Blondie." There were wire-tappers and second-story men, gunmen, gangsters, procurers and even one or two members of the gambling fraternity that formed our aristocracy. There were well-dressed men and ill-dressed, men that lavished money and men that threatened blows. But not one of them copped out Nance. They would appear and flutter, and disappear, and Nance would remain. She liked them all and loved not one. It was Big Bill who persisted, and only Big Bill won her hate.

"Sometime," said Nance, "I'm goin' t' get that guy. You take it from me."

I didn't blame her: Big Bill possessed about as few of the moral qualities as it is possible for a man to possess and keep alive on. I have a theory that, though good men may, and do, die daily, no man can continue long alive after all the good has gone out of him. It seems to me that a certain modicum of goodness, though it be not always what the world would so describe, is as necessary to the life of the soul as blood is to the life of the body, and that when the soul ceases to make goodness for itself to run on as the body makes blood, the man dies as surely as if he had severed a major artery. Judged in the terms of this theory, Big Bill, the huskiest man of my acquaintance, was, and had long remained, *in extremis*.

He was a wonder. He was six feet three and a half inches high and broad accordingly. He could plait the black hair on his huge chest and tie ribbons on it, and I once saw him win ten dollars by performing in reality a trick that most of us know only as a proverb: he felled a steer with one blow of his sledge-hammer fist. His coat-sleeves were continually straining over his biceps, yet he was not muscle-bound. When he was stripped, the muscles of his back crawled like entangled boa-constrictors. He was the strongest man between the East River and Fifth

Avenue, and yet, at thirty-five, he had spent eleven years in jail.

When he was twelve years old, Bill had gone to the New York Juvenile Asylum for breaking his school-teacher's head: "Opened it like an oyster," he used to remark. Released from there, after various rebellions, in one of which he snapped a monitor's arm across his knee, he began a career that led directly from election-rows, where he laid up the men most dangerous to the precinct-boss, to a more or less regular business in highway robbery. In the Asylum he had wanted to learn the blacksmith's trade, but the authorities put him in the tailor-shop; he hated that work and did not learn it: in his final occupation he was proficient. He could tell at a glance almost to the dime how much money was carried by any passer-by; he selected his prey, followed it into a dark street, knocked it down, robbed it and walked away. When the police caught him anywhere near the scenes of these crimes, his conviction was a foregone conclusion; but they did not often find Big Bill until he had placed a considerable distance between him and his victim and had arranged with a few pals for an alibi.

Bill was not a handsome man. His head was bullet-like, and his neck thick; the black hair, always matted, grew low on his forehead; his mouth and jaw were heavy; his nose was a decided "pug," and his eyes were sullen. Yet he was so nearly perfect physically that he was a splendid example of what the human body can be made. He was not what the few like, but what the many adore: not Apollo, but Hercules. I used to say to myself that he was just the type of man that Nance would end by accepting, and I used to wonder why she seemed to dislike him.

For Bill was set upon conquering Nance's affections from the first time he saw her. That was one evening, a whole year before the end, when he bumped into her as she was returning to her lonely tenement-room with a bucket of beer. Long afterwards, Nance told me what happened, and I merely tell what followed in my own words.

"Look where you're goin'," said Nance, as she with difficulty saved the beer from disaster. "You must t'ink you own the street."

Bill did not look where he was going. There was a lamp-post beside them, and, under its light, he looked steadily at Nance. What he saw pleased him.

"If I owned the street, I'd wrap it up in a bundle an' give it to you for Christmas," he said.

"Aw, go on," said Nance—and oh, Nance, I can see the light in your eyes as you said it!—"You're kind of half-shot, you are."

Bill had guessed her destination, perhaps from some movement on her part. At any rate, he backed against the door that she was making for, and there quietly blocked the way.

"I ain't so lit up but I could help you drink that beer," he said.

"Get out," Nance answered. "I know who you are, all right, all right. Get away now an' lemme in."

"If you give me a drink, maybe I will," said Bill, who doubtless liked to know that his fame had reached this girl with the eyes of a deer and the walk of a panther.

"I will not," Nance vowed. "I'm not runnin' no free-soup kitchen."

Bill put a great fist into his pocket and rattled many coins:

"I can pay for what I get."

"Then go over to Grady's saloon an' buy a glass: these here suds ain't for sale. Go on, now: I'm warnin' you."

Bill took his hand from his pocket. He grinned.

"If you give me a drink," he said, "I'll give you a kiss."

Nance said nothing. She put out her left arm and seized Bill's collar. She meant to swing the giant from his place.

She nearly succeeded, too. Bill was unused to opposition from the inhabitants of the East Side; still less, being the conqueror of a hundred feminine hearts, was he used to opposition from women. Nance was sudden, and Bill swayed aside.

He was a little angry. As she darted by him, he seized her hair in one hand and with the other tilted her chin until their lips almost met.

Then Nance threw the beer in his face.

"There's your drink for you!" she cried, and, under cover

of the ensuing confusion, she ran upstairs and locked herself in her own room.

She was beerless, but unkissed.

II

Nance had gone to her corner with all the noticed points in her favor. She had the better of it for the first round; but what had happened was, and she and all of us knew it, only the first round of what must be a fight to the finish. Neither of these combatants was of the sort that goes in for a half-way contest.

The news of the encounter spread among us with that rapidity with which such news always spreads in such a community, and we all fell to watching its progress, gossiping about its changes and speculating upon its result with the avidity with which a more refined society watches, gossips and speculates when a similar situation arises between two prominent members of its especial circle. It was with us exactly as it is with the rich when the man-hating heiress of the town's biggest millionaire is pursued by the town's best polo-player. In that case, I am informed, women talk it over at teas while their husbands, sons and lovers lay wagers on it in the club-windows. In our society, the wife of Mr. Grady, the saloon-keeper, discussed Big Bill's chances with Mrs. Charley Netter, who said she was the wife of Diamond Charley, our chief gambling-house proprietor, and Mrs. Mol Henry, the question of whose husband it was not polite to raise, but who did a comfortable business as a receiver of stolen goods; while Grady and Diamond Charley and Ikie Bloom, who was on good terms with Mol, made bets in the room at the rear of Grady's place of business.

Bill certainly fought well. He tried every acknowledged mode of attack, and he invented a few new methods.

At the start he merely kept on nagging Nance. The next time he passed her in the street—and he unostentatiously arranged that this should be soon after the affair of the beer-kettle—he stopped in front of her and bowed with an exaggerated leer.

"Doin' a good business at your bath-house?" he inquired.

Nance glared and stepped around the bulky obstruction that he presented to her progress.

He pursued his line of unappreciated pleasantry for a week or ten days, and when it was forced upon his intelligence that he was working on a false hypothesis, he began to frequent Nance's haunts and offer her his more serious courtesies. He approached her and asked her to supper, and she haughtily refused. Once he mentioned a day at Coney Island, was laughed at for considering her "a perfume-counter skirt"—by which term Nance referred to the young ladies that are employed in certain departments of the large stores—and when Bill hastily substituted Atlantic City for Coney he was warned that he would find no favor even were he to suggest a private yacht to Newport.

"What do you really think of him?" I asked Nance as, one evening, she sat with me in that back room of Grady's place.

She looked at me as we all knew she had been looking at Big Bill for two months past.

"If you can't tell from the way I treats him," said Nance, "you're too big a fool to try to make it plain to."

"But," I protested, "the way that a woman treats a man isn't any sign of what she thinks of him."

"It is with this woman," said Nance. "It's a dead sure sign."

I tried to draw her out.

"I believe you're afraid of him."

"Me? Of that guy? What do you take me for?"

"He can whip any fellow on the avenue. He has whipped most of us." I recalled a little occurrence that does not belong to this story. "As a matter of fact, he whipped me about a week ago."

"Huh!" sniffed Nance. "I could do that myself."

I knew that she could and I knew that, for all her friendly feeling for me, if I annoyed her too much she undoubtedly would. Still I dared a bit longer.

"You are afraid of him," I repeated.

"Not much, I'm not," Nance answered. "If he dared fight square he might do for me. I'd give him a good run for his money even then, but he'd do for me if he dared fight square.

Only he wouldn't dare. He's only a hold-up man, an' he wouldn't dare. He knows it, an' he knows I know it."

"Well, I thought some women liked a man that was weaker —somebody they could mother."

"Gee! T'ink o' me motherin' Big Bill!" The picture amused her, but she took her fine, wild eyes from it. "No," she said, "I do what I got to, but my man, if I ever get one, he's got to be different. I don't like Bill for the same reason I don't like none o' the other fellows round here. You know what I mean: I like 'em all right, but I couldn't like 'em that way—never. I couldn't tie up with no guy that was a brute, or a sneak, or a yellow dog. All our fellows are one or other o' them t'ings, but they don't try to bother me. Well, Big Bill does try to bother me, an' he's all three o' them t'ings I said, an' more o' them t'ings than any other guy in the whole avenue-gang."

As time went on, Bill changed his tactics again and again. He was too proud to enlist any of his friends in his service—he would plead his own cause and win it, or else he would lose it alone—but he would essay every means in his power, and I think he tried them all.

Once, I remember, there had been a particularly ugly hold-up within a block of Diamond Charley's gambling-establishment. The police were annoyed because the victim who had just left Charley's place with ten thousand dollars in his pocket, turned out to be a prominent politician from a remote but powerful West Side ward, very nearly died from the fractured skull received at the butt of his assailant's revolver, and, recovering, had pull enough to make things warm for the police when they could arrest no likely person. Charley was angry because the episode occurred so close to his house that it cast upon him the suspicion of "fixing" anybody that won too heavily there, not to mention the fact that, large as was the sum he regularly paid for police-protection, this particular victim might visit him with vengeance. But, within three days, Big Bill was spreading himself in his favorite haunts dressed in a glory that, even could he have afforded it, not another man of the avenue would have dared assume.

Nobody ventured to criticise. The clothes did not become their wearer—nothing but a tiger-skin over his great shoulders would ever have seemed a fitting drapery for Big Bill—but we were all unwholesomely afraid of his mighty fist. So those of us who were not such liars as to flatter held our peace.

Bill spent right and left the money that he carried in those new clothes. He spent it before Nance's eyes, and he pretended not to see Nance or that she pretended not to see him. He kept this up for some time and then, following her and overtaking her in the street one afternoon, he held out to her a hundred-dollar bill. He held it so that its denomination was obvious.

Nance flushed darkly. I happen to know that she was rather hard up just then, but her arms remained at her sides.

"What's that?" she asked.

"It's yours," said Bill. He looked at her, and his heavy face weakened a little. "If you can use it," he added.

"I can't," said Nance.

Bill tried to laugh.

"I t'ought you might want to build a new wing to your bath-house."

"Not with your money I don't," said Nance. It was enough, but, as she eyed him, instinct told her that she could wound him in another way. "You look like a Dago barber in them clothes," she concluded.

Even after so many rebuffs from her, he had not expected this one. He bit his lip, because he was hurt; and then he squared his jaw, because he was angry.

"All right," he said, "there's lots o' girls that will take it."

He left her, and the next few weeks proved the truth of his prediction. Not that he required money to win women. The list of his conquests was notoriously the largest on the avenue. Big Bill had been loved by scores. Until Nance's path crossed his, it had been accepted as an axiom among us that he need but beckon and they would run to him. We had all believed that he could win whom he chose, and hitherto his choice had been so varied that even the avenue-gang shook their heads at it.

Now, however, he went beyond all this. He was seen in a motor with Mrs. Charley Netter; he stole Cock-eye Cusenier's

sweetheart Alice, and when Cock-eye shot at him, he broke that despairing swain's jaw. There were also other feminine victims to his charms. And he took care to show himself with these in Nance's view.

Then he sought out Nance and said he wanted her to marry him and go to Chicago, where he had the chance of partnership in that city's largest gambling-house; and Nance, of course, refused. Next he tried the effect of absenting himself for two months, presumably at the Chicago Palace of Chance, and, returning, found that the effect was nil. And after that he engaged upon a series of hold-ups so vicious and so daring that we all knew he was due for a trip up the river—which is to say, certain of a term in Sing Sing—within a brief number of weeks. Big Bill didn't care. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad": Bill, who rarely drank to excess in the old days, went on a prolonged spree, ran amuck and, one after the other, thrashed, brutally and inhumanly, every one of his friends that he could find.

He wound up with Nance. By this time he was in that terrible stage of cold cruelty which, in some physiques, mimics sobriety and succeeds the more patent but less dangerous violence of drunkenness. He climbed the dark stairs—for it was evening now—to her door and knocked.

There was no response; but Bill was sure that he heard a board creak inside the room. He knocked again, more loudly now.

"Nance," he said.

No answer.

"Nancy, lemme in."

Still silence. Bill put his mouth to the keyhole.

"Nance," he said in a low, ugly voice, "I want to see you. D'you hear? This is Bill. You know I don't mind a little trouble. If you don't open this door, I'll smash it."

He heard her step now: it crossed the room, lithe and steady.

She flung wide the door and stood there, an Amazonian figure, silhouetted against the light from within.

"This is the limit," she said. Her voice was as low as his had been, but he could see her broad bosom rise and fall under

her thin blouse. "If you don't go, an' go right away, I'll knock you down them stairs."

She meant it. She had opened the door only because she knew how frail it was and how certain he would be to break it. She might have run away by the fire-escape, but she was not yet in a mood to run. She raised a threatening hand.

Bill was too quick for her. He sprang under her arm and into the room. He turned, caught her by the hair, as she, too, turned, dragged her in and slammed the door behind them.

"Now," he swore, "we'll see who's boss."

His eyes were slits of slow fire; his brute-face was chalky white. With one hand twisted in her loosened hair, he put the other to her throat and forced her to her knees before him.

She looked up at him, her face red with futile rage. I know that she must have been more handsome than ever.

"What do you want?" she demanded.

He bent over and tightened his hold.

"You," said Bill.

In the grip of his dreadful hands, she laughed at him.

"Not on your life," she answered.

"It's *your* life," said Bill. It was he who was breathing heavily now: he was breathing heavily from the something so like hate that boiled in his heart and throbbed in his temples. "You know me. I ain't afraid of a killin'. Think it over."

"I don't have to!"

He bent lower. His breath beat on her face.

"It'll be all straight," he said. "You can pick your own preacher. Give me your promise, an' I'll go 'way now an' come for you with the minister to-morrow. T'row me down an'—an' I'll kill you, Nance."

The lamp was on the small centre table. Its light was full upon her, but in her splendid eyes he saw only a fearless defiance.

"Then," said Nance, "you can kill now an' be damned."

He drew back. He could scarcely believe her, and yet he did believe her. He pulled himself together. He choked her suddenly until the red cheeks grew purple.

"Now," he said, and loosened his fingers for her answer.

She spluttered and writhed. She could not speak, but her eyes looked her hatred. She shook her head.

Bill tightened his grip ever so little.

"I love you!" he said.

An attempted smile twisted her swollen lips, a smile of scornful unbelief.

Bill again loosened his fingers.

"Then why—" she gasped.

"*That's* why," said Bill. "I'm killin' you because I love you, an' you won't have me." He paused. "Why won't you have me, Nance?" he asked, but there was no pleading in his tone: his tone was a threat.

She knew this. She knew that here was her chance to temporize. But, among all her faults, Nance had not the vice with which she now fearlessly, looking at her death as it was plainly written in his face, charged Bill.

"Because you're a coward," she said.

"A *what?*"

In his amazement he nearly released her. She might have charged him with every other sin, and he would have gloried in its acknowledgment. But the sin of cowardice——

"Yes, you are," she cried, her voice regained: "A coward—a coward—a *coward!* The worst sort: the brute, sneak, yellow-dog sort. You wouldn't hold up nobody of your own size if he was ready for you. You've licked all the avenue-boys because they was afraid of your loud mouth, an' you wouldn't 'a' dared tackle no one of 'em if you hadn't 'a' knowed they all *was* afraid. You got all these girls runnin' after you because they was afraid of you. An' now you t'ink I'm like the rest, an' you try it on with me. You bully me 's if I was as big a coward as all the boys is—an' you are yourself. An' the first crack out o' the box, you run away when I t'rows a can o' suds at you!"

His back was toward the door. He knew that he had let his right hand fall from her throat. He did not know that his left hand had released her hair and that the rickety door had swung open behind him.

Like the panther that she was, Nance, whose eyes had missed

nothing, and who had gathered herself for the spring, shot to her feet and brought the top of her skull into smashing contact with the point of Bill's jaw. In the same instant, she planted a fist in the pit of his stomach, and under the weight of those twin blows, Bill reeled out of the room and fell in a heap on the landing.

When he came to himself a moment later, the door was locked. When he had broken the door open, the room was empty: Nance, expecting this renewal of attack, had fled for the night by the fire-escape.

That was the night when Diamond Charley Netter was killed. A man goaded by thwarted blood-lust went into Charley's gambling-house. According to next day's newspapers, he taunted the proprietor with Mrs. Netter's escapades and, when ordered away, shouted that he would kill Charley and did so by knocking him down with the handiest chair. The murderer got away before any of the frightened patrons of the place dared to interfere. And the murderer was Big Bill.

III

At ten o'clock the next night Nance was seated in her room, reading the last edition of an evening paper, which, under a headline that spread itself across two columns, declared that, though Big Bill had not yet been captured, the police were sure that he had not left town, that their watchers at stations and ferries now made his departure impossible, and that his arrest was but a question of hours.

"Well," she thought, "it was a low-down job. If they get him it's the chair for Bill, sure—an' I hope they get him."

She heard a light tapping at her window-pane. The window opened on the fire-escape, and the fire-escape led to an alley. She turned.

There was a face at the window—Big Bill's.

Without so much as a start, Nance walked to the window and threw it wide.

"Come in," she said.

He leaped in lightly; leaned out again and scrutinized, to

right and left, the dark alley far below. Then he shut the window and drew the blind.

"Put that there lamp on the floor between us an' the window," he said. "We don't want no shadows givin' us away."

She obeyed him and, as he sat down panting, looked at him with what seemed a mild interest.

If Bill had not appeared handsome at their last encounter, twenty hours of hiding in the best hiding-places of New York's East Side had not improved his appearance. His great bulk seemed to have shrunken; his head, under dampened hair, drooped toward his chest. His mouth lolled like a despairing runner's, and his clothes and face were spattered with mud.

"You need a drink," said Nance coldly.

His heavy lips parted, but a nod was his sole reply.

Nance produced a bottle and a glass. She poured him some whiskey, which his shaking hand nearly spilled.

"Where you been?" she asked.

Bill gulped the liquor.

"Most everywhere. The gang's all down on me now. You seen what happened?"

"Yes."

"Well, the gang was all tied up with Charley, so they're layin' for me as hard as the cops is. I been in that stable"—he jerked his bullet-like head to indicate the direction of the alley—"since seven o'clock."

"You can't clear out o' town?"

"No chance. They got fly-cops everywheres—even the tunnel-stations. I tried some. They 'most spotted me at Cortlandt Street an' at Twenty-third an' Six' Avenue before I spotted them."

Nance planted herself before him and looked down at him, arms akimbo, her fine head tilted back, her nostrils dilated with scorn.

"An' you knowed everyone knowed how I hated you, an' this'd be the last place they'd t'ink you'd be?"

His white face flushed.

"It ain't that—" he began, and stopped short.

"Then what was it? I never liked Charley, but I didn't want to see him croaked. What was it? You've knowed me near a year, Bill, an' you'd ought to know by now what I t'ink of you. I like your nerve. This'd ought to be the worst hang-out you'd dare come to."

His narrow eyes met hers.

"Then why'd you let me in?" he asked.

Yes, that was it! Why had she let him in? It was not because she would have been afraid to deny him: the first glance through the window at Bill's changed face had told her that he was no longer anything to fear. Perhaps she had acted on the impulse that controls so many of the enemies of society: the impulse to aid the flight of whomsoever society pursues. Perhaps it was a development of this— Ah, she had it now! She looked at him with a mixture of dislike and pity.

"I let you in," she said, "because you looked more'n ever what I said you was last night."

His thick lips trembled. His haggard eyes, wide enough now, met hers.

"A coward?" he asked.

"Yep, a coward, Bill."

His expression did not change.

"Well," he said, "that's what I counted on. I doped it out like this: The fellows is sore on me for this here killin', an' if I got any of 'em to hide me it'd be somewheres where the cops'd look for me, an' it'd be trustin' to somebody I couldn't trust a lot; it'd be done for me because the guy was afraid o' me, an' so he'd be lookin' for a chance to give me up. But there was you. You wasn't afraid o' me. Whatever you done you'd do because you was sorry for me now I was in wrong——"

"Well, I ain't sorry you're in wrong."

"I don't mean it that way. I mean I doped it that whatever you'd do for me'd be because you wasn't no coward an' knowed I was a coward, an' not bein' no coward yourself an' knowin' I was, you'd feel better to me than anybody'd feel to me if he was afraid o' me. See what I mean?" He seemed desperately anxious that she should understand. "I counted on this: that nobody can't be kind to somebody they're afraid of,

but everybody's got to be kind to somebody's they've got the better of."

Nance's arms had fallen to her side. What, she wondered, had happened to this man? Could a day's flight and hiding thus change one? This was the bully who had choked her and threatened her life, this almost cringing creature that now talked in sincerity about the impossibility of cruelty on the part of the powerful toward the powerless! Hate as she had hated the brute, she hated more the moral weakling. Her soul revolted at this visualized concept of strength so turned to drivelling weakness. She wanted to see the former frightful Bill again. She wanted to lash him into his old self. Her hands clenched. She leaned forward.

"You're a nice one!" she cried. "You're a nice t'ing to look at, you are. You been a fine bluff, ain't you? I was right: I didn't half believe it when I said it last night, but I know it now—you *are* a coward!"

"I *am!*"

The phrase blazed from him suddenly. He jumped to his feet. He stood before her another man—a third Bill, a man that she had never known before. His face worked, his massive chest heaved; a torrent of words rushed from his lips.

"I'm a coward all right, all right!" he said. "But not the kind you t'ink. Not that. I never was an' never could be. I can face any six men an' lick 'em. I can be licked by any dozen an' not play the baby-act. I can fight the cops an' go to the Chair. But I'm a coward all the same—an' that's why I come here. Sit down!"

He pointed to a chair beside the table.

This was indeed a new Bill. Something told her that it was at last the real Bill, and the sheer force of that revelation of a new personality in a familiar body—the sense that she was to see a soul laid bare—conquered her as nothing else in the world could have conquered her. Nance sank into the chair and looked at him open-mouthed.

"Listen here," he said. "I seen two papers, an' I know what they're sayin' about me. But it's a lie. I was alone with Charley in his office next the poker-room—*you* know. Nobody

heard what we said. I didn't put it up to him about his wife: he put it up to me, because he's stuck on another girl, an' he wanted to get rid of her—I mean his wife—an' wanted me to squeal about her an' me; an' I wouldn't stand for it. I told him he was a liar, an' he pulled a gun on me. I knowed he meant business, and I picked up the chair. Then some nice guy heard us an' must 'a' pulled open the door so's they all seen the finish —all the crowd in the poker-room. Charley'd dropped the gun when he seen the door open, but by then the chair was flyin' at him. It come down; I'd croaked him, an' I made my get-away."

She believed him.

"Self-defence," she said. "Why'd you run?"

"Habit. That was it—except I knowed that gang wouldn't 'a' listened to no argument. Run first an' tell 'em afterwards: that's the only t'ing when you got to do with a mob. But I wasn't afraid. I fought my way out."

Nance's breath came short. Her eyes shone.

"If—if they get you," she asked, "can't you tell 'em in court what you just told me?"

"A swell chance I'd have to be believed," laughed Bill. "You know they all got it in for me. An' nobody saw the start o' the fight or heard it."

"There was the gun on the floor."

"I couldn't prove he drew it first. Not a little bit. My record'll do for anyt'ing I got to say. I fixed my own feet this time—an' it's for keeps, too."

She was leaning across the table, her arms extended, her hands clasped. She forgot the old Bill, she saw only the likelihood of an injustice being done.

"You mean manslaughter?"

Again he laughed. "With all the cops layin' for me for years to get the goods on me, an' all that gang hatin' me an' ready to swear to anyt'ing? I mean the Chair!"

He was right; she knew that he was right. She got up and began to pace the room, a panther caged.

"They won't look here."

"Not right away. Not for a few days, maybe, Nance. But I can't stay shut up here forever."

"An' you can't beat it out o' town?"

"I told you how that was."

"Not if you wait a day or two?"

"They'll keep watchin' for a week."

"Well—a week then?"

"An' then, before they'd quit watchin' the ferries an' the stations, they'd search the rooms of everybody I'd ever talked to—yes, an' this room, too. They'd guess by then that the way you'd hated me might 'a' been a bluff."

A last flame of the old hatred flickered in her face, but she smothered it. He had been right: she was sorry for him because he was the underdog.

"Then can't you get a room somewhere on the West Side? Nobody's on to you in the West Side," she advised.

"My picture's in every paper in town. By to-morrow there'll be a reward out. The only room I can get's in Sing Sing—an' I won't keep that long."

"Don't talk like that!" She stopped and looked across at him.

"It's straight," he said.

She tried to answer, but she knew that there was no answer to be made.

"Listen here," he said calmly: "I ain't t'rough yet. I want to tell you why I don't cut it short by givin' myself up. I want to tell you why I'm a coward." He stooped and rested his hands on the table. "Take a look at me, Nance," he said.

She looked: the hunted expression had passed from his face, but the old look that she had hated was not there; it, too, had passed, had fallen away as a mask might fall, and revealed something else, as the fallen mask reveals the real face. The matted hair hung low over the forehead, the square jaw was still pugnacious, and the misshapen nose was no better than it had been. Yet somehow the mouth drawn tight seemed another mouth to Nance, and in the deep-set eyes a new light burned.

"You know what I am," he said, "an' I guess I look it. I done about half the bad t'ings people says I done—an' most guys that people talk about don't do more'n a quarter. I might 'a' been some use, but I was wasted. I don't blame nobody.

People wanted me to be somethin' I didn't want to be. They wouldn't let me be what I wanted, an' I wouldn't be what they wanted. So here I am. I don't believe I got much more sport out o' holdin' up guys an' knockin' 'em out than the guys had themselves. I sure didn't get rich at it. I been doin' a lot o' t'inkin' to-day. You can t'ink when you run away: if you know your runnin' ain't goin' to get you away, you got to t'ink. An' I doped it all out."

His eyes held hers. He went on:

"Them other girls never counted"—he dismissed their memory with a wave of his head—"nothin' never counted till I got stuck on you. I don't mean gettin' stuck on you made me any better. I was used to bein' what I was, I guess. It didn't make me better a little bit, an' it made me act like a fool to you. So you wouldn't have nothin' to do with me, an' I guess you was right. But somehow it got me t'inkin'. I knowed I'd got to end up like this sometime, all right, an' I wasn't afraid to die, but I didn't want *all* o' me to die. I didn't want to just go out like a match a fellow'd t'row in the gutter when the wind's blowed it out an' he ain't got a light. I got afraid o' that—terrible afraid I wouldn't leave the lighted cigarette behind me. Well, I didn't know quite for sure it was that till to-day; I didn't know it till I knowed for sure the match was certain to be put out an' put out quick."

Nance had no mind for the figurative. Her brows were contracted, yet she was breathing fast.

"What're you gettin' at?" she asked.

He bent nearer.

"This. Oh, I want it to be regular for you; I don't want nobody ever to t'row it up to you or—or it. You can go to City Hall, givin' my real name—the cops don't know that—an' you can get a preacher from the West Side Mission where they don't know me. You can do that to-morrow, an' then t'ree days from now, before they can get you in wrong by findin' me here, out I walks an' gives myself up to the police."

Nance had risen. Her color was high.

"You mean—you mean——"

"I mean you don't owe me nothin', an' so I t'ink you'll give

me everyt'ing." He came around the table and stood close to her, but he did not touch her. "Inside a week I'll be caught, an' inside a couple o' months I'll be dead. I don't kick. It wasn't comin' to me for Charley, an' I ain't sorry for him a little bit, but I guess I deserve it on general principles, an' I won't mind—I wouldn't mind not at all if I t'ought I'd leave some o' my life behind me. I wouldn't mind dyin' if I left a life alive."

Nance had been looking at the table. Now she turned to Bill. Within her broad bosom something—not love for this man, but surely pity for him, and surely a deeper instinct and a greater passion than love—something that had for years fought within her strong body and demanded that body's completion, something that was love not for what was but for what was to be—shone in her face and made her beautiful. She did not open her arms to him; she did not speak; she put out her hand and gripped his.

Is there a chink in the high wall of the future through which men in the shadow of death, and only such men, may peer? Big Bill, at any rate, seems to have had a clearer vision than, had I been asked for an opinion, would at that time have been mine. A hurried City Hall clerk gave Nance a marriage-license in her own name and another name that I shall not reveal. A week later—against what protests and after what struggles I do not care to ask—Big Bill surrendered himself to the police at a station-house in the Bronx. Two months later, with a superb calm, he died in the Chair, and the papers said that he was a hardened criminal to the end.

And Nance? Well, I sha'n't tell you where Nance is living now. I shall tell you only that she has made her Great Adventure, that she has invested her ill-gotten gains in a small shop, is still a widow and is the most conventional and respectable of women. She spoke to me only the other day of her last attempt in her old business:

"The store-detective looked hard at me," she said, "an' no wonder: I had t'ree baby-dresses in my mink muff."

Little William is a sturdy lad and takes prizes at day-school and Sunday-School. I leave the riddle of little William to the Eugenists.

ADVENTURES WHILE PREACHING THE GOSPEL OF BEAUTY

NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY

I

I Start on my Walk

AS some of the readers of this account are aware, I took a walk last summer from my home town, Springfield, Illinois, across Illinois, Missouri, and Kansas, up and down Colorado and into New Mexico. One of the most vivid little episodes of the trip, that came after two months of walking, I would like to tell at this point. It was in Southern Colorado. It was early morning. Around the cliff, with a boom, a rattle and a bang appeared a gypsy wagon. On the front seat was a Romany, himself dressed inconspicuously, but with his woman more bedecked than Carmen. She wore the bangles and spangles of her Hindu progenitors. The woman began to shout at me, I could not distinguish just what. The two seemed to think this was the gayest morning the sun ever shone upon. They came faster and faster, then, suddenly, at the woman's suggestion, pulled up short. And she asked me with a fraternal, confidential air, "What you sellin', what you sellin', boy?"

If we had met on the first of June, when I had just started, she would have pretended to know all about me, she would have asked to tell my fortune. On the first of June I wore about the same costume I wear on the streets of Springfield. I was white as paper from two years of writing poetry indoors. Now, on the first of August I was sunburned a quarter of an inch deep. My costume, once so respectable, I had gradually transformed till it looked like that of a showman. I wore very yellow corduroys, a fancy sombrero and an oriflamme tie. So Mrs. Gypsy hailed me as a brother. She eyed my little worn-out oil-cloth pack. It was a delightful professional mystery to her.

I handed up a sample of what it contained—my *Gospel of*

Beauty (a little one-page formula for making America lovelier), and my little booklet, *Rhymes to be Traded for Bread.*

The impatient horses went charging on. In an instant came more noises. Four more happy gypsy wagons passed. Each time the interview was repeated in identical language, and with the same stage business. The men were so silent and masterful-looking, the girls such brilliant, inquisitive cats! I never before saw anything so like high-class comic opera off the stage, and in fancy I still see it all:—those brown, braceleted arms still waving, and those provocative siren cries:—" What you sellin', boy? What you sellin'? "

I hope my Gospel did them good. Its essential principle is that one should not be a gypsy forever. He should return home. Having returned, he should plant the seeds of Art and of Beauty. He should tend them till they grow. There is something essentially humorous about a man walking rapidly away from his home town to tell all men they should go back to their birthplaces. It is still more humorous that when I finally did return home, it was sooner than I intended, all through a temporary loss of nerve. But once home I have taken my own advice to heart. I have addressed four mothers' clubs, one literary club, two missionary societies and one High School Debating Society upon the Gospel of Beauty. And the end is not yet. No, not by any means. As John Paul Jones once said, " I have not yet begun to fight."

I had set certain rules of travel, evolved and proved practicable in previous expeditions in the East and South. These rules had been published in various periodicals before my start. The home town newspapers, my puzzled but faithful friends in good times and in bad, went the magazines one better and added a rule or so. To promote the gala character of the occasion, a certain paper announced that I was to walk in a Roman toga with bare feet encased in sandals. Another added that I had travelled through most of the countries of Europe in this manner. It made delightful reading. Scores of mere acquaintances crossed the street to shake hands with me on the strength of it.

The actual rules were to have nothing to do with cities, railroads, money, baggage or fellow tramps. I was to begin to ask

for dinner about a quarter of eleven and for supper, lodging and breakfast about a quarter of five. I was to be neat, truthful, civil and on the square. I was to preach the Gospel of Beauty. How did these rules work out?

The cities were easy to let alone. I passed quickly through Hannibal and Jefferson City. Then, straight West, it was nothing but villages and farms till the three main cities of Colorado. Then nothing but desert to Central New Mexico. I did not take the train till I reached Central New Mexico, nor did I write to Springfield for money till I quit the whole game at that point.

Such wages as I made I sent home, starting out broke again, first spending just enough for one day's recuperation out of each pile, and in the first case, rehabilitating my costume considerably. I always walked penniless. My baggage was practically nil. It was mainly printed matter, renewed by mail. Sometimes I carried reproductions of drawings of mine, *The Village Improvement Parade,* a series of picture-cartoons with many morals.

I pinned this on the farmers' walls, explaining the mottoes on the banners, and exhorting them to study it at their leisure. My little pack had a supply of the aforesaid *Rhymes to be Traded for Bread.* And it contained the following Gospel of Beauty:

THE GOSPEL OF BEAUTY

Being the new "creed of a beggar" by that vain and foolish mendicant Nicholas Vachel Lindsay, printed for his personal friends in his home village—Springfield, Illinois. It is his intention to carry this gospel across the country beginning June, 1912, returning in due time.

PROLOGUE

I come to you penniless and afoot, to bring a message. I am starting a new religious idea. The idea does not say "no" to any creed that you have heard. . . . After this, let the denomination to which you now belong be called in your heart "the church of beauty" or "the church of the open sky." . . . The church of beauty has two sides: the love of beauty and the love of God.

II

THE NEW LOCALISM

The things most worth while are one's own hearth and neighborhood. We should make our own home and neighborhood the most democratic, the most beautiful and the holiest in the world. The children now growing up should become devout gardeners or architects or park architects or teachers of dancing in the Greek spirit or musicians or novelists or poets or story-writers or craftsmen or wood-carvers or dramatists or actors or singers. They should find their talent and nurse it industriously. They should believe in every possible application to art-theory of the thoughts of the Declaration of Independence and Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. They should, if led by the spirit, wander over the whole nation in search of the secret of democratic beauty with their hearts at the same time filled to overflowing with the righteousness of God. Then they should come back to their own hearth and neighborhood and gather a little circle of their own sort of workers about them and strive to make the neighborhood and home more beautiful and democratic and holy with their special art. . . . They should labor in their little circle expecting neither reward nor honors. . . . In their darkest hours they should be made strong by the vision of a completely beautiful neighborhood and the passion for a completely democratic art. Their reason for living should be that joy in beauty which no wounds can take away, and that joy in the love of God which no crucifixion can end.

The kindly reader at this point clutches his brow and asks, "But why carry this paper around? Why, in Heaven's name, do it as a beggar? Why do it at all?"

Let me make haste to say that there has been as yet no accredited, accepted way for establishing Beauty in the heart of the average American. *Until such a way has been determined upon by a competent committee,* I must be pardoned for taking my own course and trying any experiment I please.

But I hope to justify the space occupied by this narrative, not by the essential seriousness of my intentions, nor the essential solemnity of my motley cloak, nor by the final failure or suc-

cess of the trip, but by the things I unexpectedly ran into, as curious to me as to the gentle and sheltered reader. Of all that I saw the State of Kansas impressed me most, and the letters home I have chosen cover, for the most part, adventures there.

Kansas, the Ideal American Community! Kansas, nearer than any other to the kind of a land our fathers took for granted! Kansas, practically free from cities and industrialism, the real last refuge of the constitution, since it maintains the type of agricultural civilization the constitution had in mind! Kansas, State of tremendous crops and hardy, devout, natural men! Kansas of the historic Santa Fé Trail and the classic village of Emporia and the immortal editor of Emporia! Kansas, laid out in roads a mile apart, criss-crossing to make a great checkerboard, roads that go on and on past endless rich farms and big farm-houses, though there is not a village or railroad for miles! Kansas, the land of the real country gentlemen, Americans who work the soil and own the soil they work; State where the shabby tenant-dwelling scarce appears as yet! Kansas of the Chautauqua and the college student and the devout school-teacher! The dry State, the automobile State, the insurgent State! Kansas, that is ruled by the cross-roads church, and the church type of civilization! The Newest New England! State of more promise of permanent spiritual glory than Massachusetts in her brilliant youth!

Travellers who go through in cars with roofs know little of this State. Kansas is not Kansas till we march day after day, away from the sunrise, under the blistering noon sky, on, on over a straight west-going road toward the sunset. Then we begin to have our spirits stirred by the sight of the tremendous clouds looming over the most interminable plain that ever expanded and made glorious the heart of Man.

I have walked in eastern Kansas where the hedged fields and the orchards and gardens reminded one of the picturesque sections of Indiana, of antique and settled Ohio. Later I have mounted a little hill on what was otherwise a level and seemingly uninhabited universe, and traced, away to the left, the creeping Arkansas, its course marked by the cottonwoods, that became like tufts of grass on its far borders. All the rest of the

world was treeless and riverless, yet green from the rain of yesterday, and patterned like a carpet with the shadows of the clouds. I have walked on and on across this unbroken prairie-sod where half-wild cattle grazed. Later I have marched between alfalfa fields where hovered the lavender haze of the fragrant blossom, and have heard the busy music of the gorging bumble bees. Later I have marched for days and days with wheat waving round me, yellow as the sun. Many's the night I have slept in the barn-lofts of Kansas with the wide loft-door rolled open and the inconsequential golden moon for my friend.

These selections from letters home tell how I came into Kansas and how I adventured there. The letters were written avowedly as a sort of diary of the trip, but their contents turned out to be something less than that, something more than that, and something rather different.

THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1912. In the blue grass by the side of the road. Somewhere west of Jacksonville, Illinois. Hot sun. Cool wind. Rabbits in the distance. Bumblebees near.

At five last evening I sighted my lodging for the night. It was the other side of a high worm fence. It was down in the hollow of a grove. It was the box of an old box-car, brought there somehow, without its wheels. It was far from a railroad. I said in my heart " Here is the appointed shelter." I was not mistaken.

As was subsequently revealed, it belonged to the old gentleman I spied through the window stemming gooseberries and singing: " John Brown's body." He puts the car top on wagon wheels and hauls it from grove to grove between Jacksonville and the east bank of the Mississippi. He carries a saw mill equipment along. He is clearing this wood for the owner, of all but its walnut trees. He lives in the box with his son and two assistants. He is cook, washerwoman and saw-mill boss. His wife died many years ago.

The old gentleman let me in with alacrity. He allowed me to stem gooseberries while he made a great supper for the boys. They soon came in. I was meanwhile assured that my name was going into the pot. My host looked like his old General Mc-

Lellan. He was eloquent on the sins of preachers, dry voters and pension reformers. He was full of reminiscences of the string band at Sherman's headquarters, in which he learned to perfect himself on his wonderful fiddle. He said, " I can't play slow music. I've got to play dance tunes or die." He did not die. His son took a banjo from an old trunk and the two of them gave us every worth while tune on earth: *Money Musk, Hell's Broke Loose in Georgia, The Year of Jubilee, Sailor's Hornpipe, Baby on the Block, Lady on the Lake,* and *The Irish Washerwoman,* while I stemmed gooseberries, which they protested I did not need to do. Then I read my own unworthy verses to the romantic and violin-stirred company. And there was room for all of us to sleep in that one repentant and converted box-car.

Friday, May 31, 1912. Half an hour after a dinner of crackers, cheese and raisins, provided at my solicitation by the grocer in the general store and post-office, Valley City, Illinois.

I have thought of a new way of stating my economic position. I belong to one of the leisure classes, that of the rhymers. In order to belong to any leisure class, one must be a thief or a beggar. On the whole I prefer to be a beggar, and, before each meal, receive from toiling man new permission to extend my holiday. The great business of that world that looms above the workshop and the furrow is to take things from people by some sort of taxation or tariff or special privilege. But I want to exercise my covetousness only in a retail way, open and above board, and when I take bread from a man's table I want to ask him for that particular piece of bread, as politely as I can.

But this does not absolutely fit my life. For yesterday I ate several things without permission, for instance, in mid-morning I devoured all the cherries a man can hold. They were hanging from heavy, breaking branches that came way over the stone wall into the road.

Another adventure. Early in the afternoon I found a brick farmhouse. It had a noble porch. There were marks of old-fashioned distinction in the trimmed hedges and flower-beds, and in the summer-houses. The side-yard and barn-lot were the

cluckingest, buzzingest kind of places. There was not a human being in sight. I knocked and knocked on the doors. I wandered through all the sheds. I could look in through the unlocked screens and see every sign of present occupation. If I had chosen to enter I could have stolen the wash bowl or the baby-buggy or the baby's doll. The creamery was more tempting, with milk and butter and eggs, and freshly pulled taffy cut in squares. I took a little taffy. That is all I took, though the chickens were very social and I could have eloped with several of them. The roses and peonies and geraniums were entrancing, and there was not a watch dog anywhere. Everything seemed to say *"Enter in and possess!"*

I saw inside the last door where I knocked a crisp, sweet, simple dress on a chair. Ah ha, a sleeping beauty somewhere about!

I went away from that place.

SUNDAY, JUNE 1, 1912. By the side of the road, somewhere in Illinois.

Last night I was dead tired. I hailed a man by the shed of a stationary engine. I asked him if I could sleep in the engine-shed all night, beginning right now. He said "Yes." But from five to six, he put me out of doors, on a pile of gunny sacks on the grass. There I slept while the ducks quacked in my ears, and the autos whizzed over the bridge three feet away. My host was a one-legged man. In about an hour he came poking me with that crutch and that peg of his. He said "Come, and let me tell your fortune! I have been studying your physiognifry while you were asleep!" So we sat on a log by the edge of the pond. He said: "I am the Seventh Son of a Seventh Son. They call me the duck-pond diviner. I forecast the weather for these parts. Every Sunday I have my corner for the week's weather in the paper here." Then he indulged in a good deal of the kind of talk one finds in the front of the almanac.

He was a little round man with a pair of round, dull eyes, and a dull, round face, with a two weeks' beard upon it. He squinted up his eyes now. He was deliberate. Switch engines were going by. He paused to hail the engineers. Here is a part

of what he finally said: "You are a Child of Destiny." He hesitated, for he wanted to be sure of the next point. "You were born in the month of S-e-p-t-e-m-b-e-r. Your preference is for a business like clerking in a store. You are of a slow, *pigmatic* temperament, but I can see you are fastidious about your eating. You do not use tobacco. You are fond of sweets. You have been married twice. Your first wife died, and your second was divorced. You look like you would make a good spiritualist medium. If you don't let any black cats cross your track you will have good luck for the next three years."

He hit it right twice. I *am* a Child of Destiny and I *am* fond of sweets. When a prophet hits it right on essentials like that, who would be critical?

An old woman with a pipe in her mouth came down the railroad embankment looking for greens. He bawled at her "Git out of that." But on she came. When she was closer he said: "Them weeds is full of poison oak." She grunted, and kept working her way toward us, and with a belligerent swagger marched past us on into the engine-room, carrying a great mess of greens in her muddy hands.

There was scarcely space in that little shed for the engine, and it was sticking out in several places. Yet it dawned on me that this was the wife of my host, that they kept house with that engine for the principal article of furniture. Without a word of introduction or explanation she stood behind me and mumbled, "You need your supper, son. Come in."

There was actually a side-room in that little box, a side room with a cot and a cupboard as well. On the floor was what was once a rug. But it had had a long kitchen history. She dipped a little unwashed bowl into a larger unwashed bowl, with an unwashed thumb doing its whole duty. She handed me a fuzzy, unwashed spoon and said with a note of real kindness, "Eat your supper, young man." She patted me on the shoulder with a sticky hand. Then she stood, looking at me fixedly. The woman only had half her wits.

I suppose they kept that stew till it was used up, and then made another. I was a Child of Destiny, all right, and Destiny decreed I should eat. I sat there trying to think of things to

say to make agreeable conversation, and postpone the inevitable. Finally I told her I wanted to be a little boy once more, and take my bowl and eat on the log by the pond in the presence of Nature.

She maintained that genial silence which indicates a motherly sympathy. I left her smoking and smiling there. And like a little child that knows not the folly of waste, I slyly fed my supper to the ducks.

At bedtime the old gentleman slept in his clothes on the cot in the kitchenette. He had the dog for a foot-warmer. There was a jar of yeast under the table. Every so often the old gentleman would call for the old lady to come and drive the ducks out, or they would get the board off the jar. Ever and anon the ducks had a taste before the avenger arrived.

On one side of the engine the old lady had piled gunny-sacks for my bed. That softened the cement-floor foundation. Then she insisted on adding that elegant rug from the kitchen, to protect me from the fuzz on the sacks. She herself slept on a pile of excelsior with a bit of canvas atop. She kept a cat just by her cheek to keep her warm, and I have no doubt the pretty brute whispered things in her ear. Tabby was the one aristocratic, magical touch:—one of these golden coon-cats.

The old lady's bed was on the floor, just around the corner from me, on the other side of the engine. That engine stretched its vast bulk between us. It was as the sword between the duke and the queen in the fairy story. But every so often, in response to the old gentleman's alarm, the queen would come climbing over my feet in order to get to the kitchen and drive out the ducks. From where I lay I could see through two doors to the night outside. I could watch the stealthy approach of the white and waddling marauders. Do not tell me a duck has no sense of humor. It was a great game of tag to them. It occurred as regularly as the half hours were reached. I could time the whole process by the ticking in my soul, while presumably asleep. And while waiting for them to come up I could see the pond and a star reflected in the pond, the star of my Destiny, no doubt. At last it began to rain. Despite considerations of fresh air, the door was shut, and soon everybody was asleep.

The bed was not verminiferous. I dislike all jokes on such a theme, but in this case the issue must be met. It is the one thing the tramp wants to know about his bunk. That peril avoided, there is nothing to quarrel about. Despite all the grotesquerie of that night, I am grateful for a roof, and two gentle friends.

Poor things! Just like all the citizens of the twentieth century, petting and grooming machinery three times as smart as they are themselves. Such people should have engines to take care of them, instead of taking care of engines. There stood the sleek brute in its stall, absorbing all, giving nothing, pumping supplies only for its own caste;—water to be fed to other engines.

But seldom are keepers of engine-stables as unfortunate as these. The best they can get from the world is cruel laughter. Yet this woman, crippled in brain, her soul only half alive, this dull man, crippled in body, had God's gift of the liberal heart. If they are supremely absurd, so are all of us. We must include ourselves in the farce. These two, tottering through the dimness and vexation of our queer world, were willing the stranger should lean upon them. I say they had the good gift of the liberal heart. One thing was theirs to divide. That was a roof. They gave me my third and they helped me to hide from the rain. In the name of St. Francis I laid me down. May that saint of all saints be with them, and with all the gentle and innocent and weary and broken!

UPON RETURNING TO THE COUNTRY ROAD

Even the shrewd and bitter,
Gnarled by the old world's greed,
Cherished the stranger softly
Seeing his utter need.
Shelter and patient hearing,
These were their gifts to him,
To the minstrel grimly begging
As the sunset-fire grew dim.
The rich said "You are welcome."

Yea, even the rich were good.
How strange that in their feasting
His songs were understood!
The doors of the poor were open,
The poor who had wandered too,
Who had slept with ne'er a roof-tree
Under the wind and dew.
The minds of the poor were open,
There dark mistrust was dead.
They loved his wizard stories,
They bought his rhymes with bread.

Those were his days of glory,
Of faith in his fellow-men.
Therefore, to-day the singer
Turns beggar once again.

[*To be continued*]

BED CLOTHES

GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM

EGERTON walked into my private room on Saturday morning and flung a bundle of MS. on my table.

"Read that," he said.

I was irritated. Egerton is my junior partner—between us we constitute the publishing firm of Burdett Egerton—but I object to his breaking in on me when I am busy.

"What is it?" I asked.

"It's a story," he said; "a story which has been submitted to me for the magazine."

The Tower Magazine is one of our ventures and it is understood between us that Egerton is responsible for it. I resented his trying to make me do his work.

"Whom is it by?" I asked.

"I don't know. It's sent to me without name or address attached to it."

"Then for goodness' sake put it in the waste-paper basket and don't bother me."

"It's good," said Egerton. "It's so good that——"

"Then publish it; but for heaven's sake let me alone. I'm going down to the country for the week-end, and if I'm to catch my train I must——"

"Very well then, I'll publish it; but if there's a hideous row afterward, don't blame me."

Egerton is one of those men who pride themselves on freedom from conventional prejudice. If he thinks a thing is good from a literary point of view he does not care how bad it is in every other way. He rather likes shocking people. I have had to remonstrate with him more than once. His hint about the nature of the story that lay on my table frightened me. I publish *The Tower Magazine* with the object of making money and I am painfully aware that it does not do to shock the public.

"Very well," I said; "leave it there. I'll read it in the train and let you know on Monday what I think of it. But if it's the kind of story——"

"It is," said Egerton. "Exactly that kind of story, only worse; but it's good. It's—I speak quite literally—infernally good. I wish I knew who wrote it."

I had promised to pay a Saturday to Monday visit to my uncle Ambrose in Cambridgeshire. I owe a little attention to the old gentleman in return for my education, which he paid for, and for his kindness in allowing me to consider his rectory my home. He is rather a big man among the local clergy, being a rural dean, a canon and having some reputation as a scholar. I am told that he is likely to be an archdeacon when the present man drops off. He has a very nice parish, a clean village inhabited, so far as I have ever seen, entirely by respectful old women who curtsy and small boys who sing in the choir. There is also a squire, but he is the black sheep of the flock and my uncle sees very little of him. The village is near Newmarket, and the squire is a racing man. When he is at home he has a houseful of fast people and seems particularly fond of fast women. None of his party ever go to church. My uncle is austerely clerical in his outlook upon life. I quite realize that he is bound to disapprove of the squire. I can also, I think, understand the squire's dislike of going to church.

I read Egerton's story in the train. It was all he said it was. Guy de Maupassant at his worst was not much worse; but, on the other hand, Guy de Maupassant was not much better. It was a fine, an uncommonly fine short story; but it was plainly impossible to publish it. I stuffed the MS. into the bottom of my bag and sat for the rest of the journey gloating over the abominable cleverness of the thing. It was an absolutely straightforward, simple piece of writing and the most sacred precepts of morality were remorselessly ridiculed. I felt, as Egerton did, that I should greatly like to know who wrote it. The man or the woman, whichever it was, had something very like actual genius.

On Sunday after morning service my uncle Ambrose took me for a stroll round his garden. He gave me his views on *The Tower Magazine* and I felt, as I listened to him, uncommonly glad that I had not left the story in Egerton's hands. If it had been published my uncle would never have spoken to me

again. He already deplored the levity of the magazine and regretted its want of serious matter.

"Perhaps," he said, "I shall some day send you a paper myself. I have long felt that some attempt ought to be made to instruct our people in the history of the monastic orders."

This was an embarrassing suggestion. I owe a good deal to my uncle Ambrose, but I am running a magazine with the object of making money. And besides a paper on the monastic orders would not be fair to Egerton.

"Surely," I said, "your time must be too fully occupied to allow you to undertake such work. Your contemplated monograph on the English Benedictines, your cathedral sermons, your functions as a rural dean, the round of your parochial duties——"

"I have a curate. Mr. Metcalf takes a great deal of routine work off my hands."

I reached out gratefully toward a new subject, one less likely to prove dangerous to my magazine.

"I'm glad you've got a good curate. Is he all you could wish?"

Uncle Ambrose smiled. No curate is all that can be wished.

"Metcalf is a worthy fellow, hard working and strictly orthodox, a sound churchman; but a little dull. He is very far from being an intellectual companion. You will be able to judge for yourself when you hear him preach this evening."

I thought it very unlikely that I should hear the curate preach. I meant to go to church, of course. I should have no choice about that. But in my youth, when I lived with Uncle Ambrose, I acquired a faculty of abstracting my mind from sermons. I could now, I believe, carry on a complicated train of thought undisturbed if St. Chrysostom were thundering golden words in a pulpit close beside me. Nevertheless I did, very much to my surprise, hear that curate's sermon. At least I heard the latter part of it. At first I was fully occupied in going over in my mind the points of the story which lay at the bottom of my bag in the rectory. That story was not a good subject for Sunday meditation, especially in church. But I am glad I happened to

be thinking of it, for if my mind had been occupied with anything else I might have missed an interesting sensation.

The curate had been meandering quietly along for about ten minutes and I sat enjoying my author's method of satirizing a particular moral platitude which he had put in the mouth of one of the characters in the story. Then I heard, actually heard with my ears, the very words which the character in the story had used. The curate said them. I sat up, awakened to consciousness by the extraordinary coincidence. A few minutes later Mr. Metcalf quoted another sentence out of the story, another of the moral truisms which the author had made to look so supremely contemptible. Of course the curate spoke in all good faith. Still, he used the very words spoken by the character in the story. This was more than a coincidence. I very nearly jumped out of my seat when this amazing curate concluded his sermon with the longest and most irritating of all the speeches of the fictitious character. He gave it out in tones of calm conviction, but he used once more the identical words of the story.

"I suppose," said my uncle Ambrose at supper, "that you must catch the early train to-morrow as usual."

"No," I said; "if I shan't be in your way I should like to stay till the afternoon. The fact is, I want to have a chat with your curate."

My uncle's eyebrows went up in mild surprise.

"With my curate! Do you know him?"

"No, I don't. But I knew a brother of his very well in college. We rowed in a boat together. The poor fellow is in London now. I fear he is going rapidly to the bad, drink, you know, and other things."

When I lie I always do so with such detail as will carry conviction. It would be the curate's business afterwards, not mine, to explain that fallen brother.

"Ah," said my uncle Ambrose; "sad, very sad. You're sure to find Metcalf in his lodgings about eleven o'clock. He takes the school at half past nine, and matins at ten. Then he has the Mother's Saving Club, which will occupy him about half an hour."

I found the Reverend Mr. Metcalf at half past eleven. He

was writing when I entered. I noticed that he covered up his MS. with blotting paper as if he were afraid that I should read it. It may have been his next sermon. I chose to pretend that I thought it was something else.

"If that is another story, Mr. Metcalf," I said, "please give me the first perusal of it."

He grew quite white and looked at me with an expression of sheer terror in his face. For fully two minutes he did not speak. Then he blurted out:

"Who are you?"

"I am the owner of *The Tower Magazine*. I read a story you sent us lately, and I may say without flattery that it is a remarkably fine piece of work. But I'm not going to print it. It is—"

"I know," he said. "I know very well what it is. But how on earth did you know I wrote it?"

"Well," I said, "if you quote bits of it in your sermons——"

"Did I do that?"

"You did. Oh, don't look frightened. You didn't quote any of the bits I was afraid to print. You quoted, apparently in all good faith, the wretched moral platitudes which the story satirized."

"Good God!" he said. "I can't have done that."

"Yes, you did," I said mercilessly. "You used the exact words."

He stood for a minute with his back toward me leaning over the chimney piece. Then he turned and said:

"Listen to me. Those things which you call moral platitudes are truths. I believe them. I cling to them. They are the things I live by. They are sacred. But——"

"But you see the comic side of them."

"But," he said, without taking any notice of my remark, "I hear them every day of my life and all day long. I hear them from the canon. I hear them from the other clergy who come here constantly. I hear them from the old women in the village when they want things from me. I hear them from my own lips. I never—do you understand?—I never hear anything else. I believe them. But they get to be like bed clothes, like

blankets and quilts laid over my mouth and nostrils. I'm smothered by them."

He gripped me by the arm and led me across the room to the window.

"Look out," he said; "what do you see?"

I saw the village post-office which was very nearly opposite the curate's lodgings. There were, I noticed, glass jars of sweets in the window, as well as notices about the hours of departure of the mail. Mr. Metcalf, using the eye of imagination, saw more. He succeeded in making me see the Cambridgeshire landscape.

"There it all is," he said. "Flat land, flat. There's nothing to break the frightful flatness of it except church spires, sticking up stiff into the air, spires and great foolish windmills. Look at the flat fields, the flat roads, the flat sky and those rigid pointed spires."

While he was speaking, a motor car rushed along the village street, a handsome car, one of the squire's, I suppose. In the tonneau sat a woman whom I recognized, Lady Crumlin. Her reputation, in several respects, had got beyond the stage of being doubtful; but she is a remarkably handsome woman and is always dressed as if she owned, instead of owing, a large fortune. Mr. Metcalf appeared to be getting somewhat hysterical over the scenery. I attempted to divert his attention from it.

"That," I said with a smile, "is one of the people whom my uncle particularly dislikes. It's a great pity they don't keep up the old fashion of going to church once a week in the country."

Once more the curate entirely ignored my remark. He had seen Lady Crumlin, but he was not thinking of her as a possible member of his congregation.

"Now and then," he said, "people come flashing along these roads. I get a glimpse at them. I don't know them. I don't speak to them. I don't see them at their races or their cards. But I fancy sometimes I can hear the men laugh or smell the scent off the women's clothes. It's just for a moment. Then I'm back with the flatness again. What you call the moral platitudes; with the clergy and their matins and evensong; their thin, sharp spires; and their gardens, with little laburnum trees

in them, and rose bushes, and strawberry beds; and all the things they say, the quite true things they keep on saying every day. But they smother me. I kick and plunge to get air to breathe. That's how I came to write that story. I'm not a vicious man. I'm not a hypocrite."

"I don't profess to enter fully into your feelings," I said. "But I'm extremely interested. Go on plunging, by all means; but don't kick all the bed clothes off. Remember the decencies and leave a sheet. One sheet won't smother you. And send everything you write to us. It will do you good to get rid of it even if we can't print it."

I went back to London by the afternoon train and told Egerton about the Reverend Mr. Metcalf. He was greatly interested, and agreed with me that we should keep an eye on the curate with a view to securing something from him which it would be possible for us to publish. I promised to have a talk with him next time I paid a visit to my uncle. Unfortunately, most unfortunately as it turned out, I was not able to get away from the office for nearly two months. Then, when I was in a position to run down to Cambridgeshire for a couple of days, I heard that my uncle was ill. The doctor, who was evidently a man of some knowledge of human nature, said that the old gentleman had broken down from over-work, and ordered him abroad for six months' complete rest. I never myself met anyone who seemed to do less work than my reverend relative; but, of course, the mental strain of being a rural dean may very well be greater than I suppose. At all events my uncle went abroad and was evidently very well pleased both with himself and the doctor. I saw him when he was passing through London, and he was simply puffed up with pride and self importance. I did not grudge him his holiday in the least, but, being a busy man in my own way, I resented the way in which he insisted on regarding himself as a martyr to duty.

He stayed away, somewhere in northern Italy, for two months longer than the doctor ordered, and it was nearly a year before I visited him in his rectory again. I found a new curate in the parish and inquired what had happened to Mr. Metcalf.

"Metcalf," said my uncle, "behaved badly."

He seemed disinclined to enter into particulars, but I was really anxious to hear about Metcalf.

"Did he," I suggested, "get mixed up with the squire and his lot when you weren't here to look after him?"

"No. Not that I heard of. When I say that he behaved badly, I mean toward me personally. He agreed, distinctly and definitely, though I did not have it in writing, to remain here and look after the parish while I was away. He left suddenly and without adequate reason almost immediately after I had gone abroad."

"Very inconsiderate," I said. "Where did he go to?"

"I never cared to inquire. If he had been offered a living there would have been some excuse for it. But there was nothing of the sort. He was too young a man to be promoted. Fortunately the bishop was extremely kind and secured the man I have at present."

"Do you ever hear from Metcalf?"

"No. He has not had the decency to write to me. Considering that I was exceeding kind to him,—I think, by the way, I met that brother of his in London on my way home."

"Brother?"

"Yes, the unfortunate young man of whom you spoke to me. I saw him in the Strand on the morning of my arrival. I don't think I could have been mistaken. The likeness was most striking."

I said nothing, because I could not for the moment recollect ever having heard of Metcalf's brother. Afterwards, when my uncle spoke again, the story of that poor fellow came back to me.

"Metcalf was scarcely straightforward about his brother," said my uncle. "I mentioned to him one day that I was glad to hear you were looking after the young fellow. Metcalf appeared to be embarrassed when he heard your name, but he denied flatly that he had a brother. I can quite understand a certain amount of reticence. The subject wasn't a pleasant one. Still I spoke in a most sympathetic way, and I expected, as between two clergymen, that he would have been more candid."

I recollected the brother then. I had myself called him

into existence as an excuse for my visit to the original Metcalf. I became greatly interested.

"You're quite sure," I said, "that it was——"

"I did not speak to him," said my uncle. "He hurried past me, but the likeness was unmistakable. In fact, I should have thought it was Metcalf himself if I had not recollected what you told me about the brother. Have you seen him lately?"

"No. I have completely lost sight of him."

"Judging from his appearance," said my uncle, "I should say that he had sunk very low, very low indeed. There was every mark of dissipation about him."

"Poor fellow," I said, "he has kicked the bed clothes off in earnest then."

"The bed clothes?"

"It's a slang phrase," I said; "I dare say you never heard it. It means——"

"I can guess at the meaning, especially after seeing Metcalf's brother. You ought to try if you come across him to——"

"I shall," I said. "I'll do the best I can. I'll tell Egerton about him, and between us we'll try and get hold of him. We'll pull him together if we can."

I meant it, and I am sure that Egerton, with the recollection of that story in his mind, would have done his best. But neither he nor I have ever been able to hear of Metcalf. He has gone under altogether, I suppose. I often wonder whose fault it was. The squire and Lady Crumlin are perhaps to blame to some extent. My uncle Ambrose and the clergy of his rural deanery have a certain responsibility. My own conscience is not wholly clear. The landscape of Cambridgeshire and the church spires—poor Metcalf felt those spires greatly—have their share of the blame. But there may be something more. Ought the Christian religion to look hopelessly flat to a man? Ought it to affect him as an eiderdown quilt spread over his mouth?

CONQUERORS

ALLAN UPDEGRAFF

THE Statute of Limitations, that very practical legal recognition of the fact that a man may outgrow his sins, saved Compton from criminal prosecution; but the papers published details enough to throw him open to prosecution of another sort. The immediate results were that Mrs. Madeleine Grant Compton, his wife, went to Lenox, Lawrence Price Compton, his son, hurried home from Europe, and he himself settled down to fight, eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, the hurricane that the news loosed against him and against his business.

On the whole, he enjoyed the situation. He was a born fighter, and the circumstance that, behind the attacks of his enemies of the Street and Clearing House, he had to face the outraged public sentiment of a nation, gave play to all the iron qualities that had made him powerful. Like Wellington, he formed his squares and allowed the successive charges to batter themselves to pieces. He did not even avail himself of offered proofs that half the bankers arrayed against him had been guilty of the same offence against the banking laws as the one proven against him. That would have hurt Credit, whose knight he had made himself, no less than his enemies. The simple fact was that they wanted to make him the "goat," the public was howling for a "goat": then let them come, one and all, and make and take him! At the end of ten days he gave up the hotel apartment he had used as a sort of temporary field-headquarters, and returned home. His bank was unshaken, his position was unshaken, his friends were unshaken. He had conquered.

It was a Thursday afternoon in early April. As he motored homeward with B. F. Twitchell, vice-president of an insurance company and his adviser in many a memorable war, he allowed himself to be almost gay.

"Great fight anyway, Benny!" he remarked while their car was held up in the crush at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second

Street. "I was getting afraid I wouldn't have a chance to ring in on another."

"Sort of sword rusting on the wall—all that sort of thing?" suggested Twitchell. He was a slight, wiry man, with a trim little white moustache, sharp nasolabial lines, and a complexion like vellum. The rakish tilt of his soft gray hat emphasized a cheerfully sardonic quality in his face and manner.

"Well, it *does* make a man feel a little as if he'd been in a battle," said Compton.

"The only respectable battle-field left in the world," said Twitchell, with an expression that showed delight in his own mental activity, "is business. Modern warfare is ludicrous and disgusting; it needs its Cervantes. Judging by indications in the German magazines, Germany, the home of Don Quixote Wilhelm, may produce something good before long."

"I pass on that; but speaking of home—my next job is to make up with my family," said Compton. "The old lady had a tantrum because I wouldn't run away with her until the row blew over."

"Madeleine will come around all right," said Twitchell seriously. Three matrimonial failures had not destroyed his faith in his one ideal—womanhood.

"And Lawrence cabled: 'Expect me by first boat.' That was like Lawrence. I presume he thinks I've done nothing but expect him ever since."

"Lawrence is—a proposition."

"Oh, Lawrence is a good enough kid."

"And a good deal of a fool," said Twitchell.

"Oh, be broad-minded—be broad-minded!" returned Compton, chuckling. "Just because he backed you off the map a couple of times at your own favorite sport of hair-splitting—" He chuckled again, and touched the arm of his secretary who sat beside the driver. "Say, Harry, do you know whether Lawrence's got back?"

The young man turned respectfully. "Yes, sir, he has; he called up Tuesday afternoon, and twice yesterday; but you said that nobody, not even——"

"Sure—that's all right. I just wanted to know whether

he'd arrived." He leaned back and smiled resignedly into Twitchell's acid countenance. "I suppose that means we're in for oratory before dinner, during dinner, and after dinner. Think we'd better go back downtown?"

"I can stand it if you can; he's *your* son," said the smaller man, and lit a cigar.

Compton chuckled and gave himself up to lethargic contemplation of the long, brilliant panel of sky that opened before them. Occasionally he puffed at a pipe, a heavy brown briar-and-amber affair of bulldog shape. His big head swayed a little to the motion of the car; the breeze made him pucker his widely-set blue eyes to slits—below which his vigils of the past week had left dark pouches. His broad, angular face, recently shaven, massaged, and powdered, was covered with wrinkles; but it had an effect of training, of hardness, that did not permit any of the wrinkles to go deep. The geniality of a double chin kept this hardness from seeming too prominent. He was a very human, if very keen and determined and powerful, old man.

The car coasted down a long slope, whirred a few blocks between the burgeoning green of Central Park and a wall of stone houses, turned down a side street, and stopped before a house numbered in the single-figure Wests. Jim Compton's home, like himself, did not obtrude: even though, also like himself, it could have stood comparison with more aristocratic company that had fallen to its lot. The white marble façade, over-decorated a little in the manner that was a reaction against the box-architecture of the first half of the last century, stood back dignifiedly from the sidewalk and looked down through a score of French windows on the quiet street.

Compton bustled up his front steps, his automobile duster flapping away from his portly front, and opened inner and outer doors with a latch-key. Except when Mrs. Compton's presence made other arrangements desirable, he seldom disturbed his servants.

"Is that you, Mr. Compton, sir?" called a woman's voice as he and Twitchell were hanging their outer things on the rack in the hall.

"It is that, ma'am!" said Compton.

"I'm glad you're home, sir! I'll send Ford right up to see if you've any orders."

"You needn't mind; there's nothing but dinner for two, and I'll trust you to suit us," said Compton. He started down the hall. "Oh, say—Mrs. Ford?" he added.

There was a sound of hastening feet below. "Did you ring, sir? I'll send——"

"I just wanted to say that I'd forgotten—Mr. Lawrence. Better make it dinner for three."

"Please—Mr. Lawrence, when he left this morning, said he wouldn't be home for dinner."

"All right—for two, then. And you can have it as soon as you've a mind to. We're hungry—just home from the war!"

He took Twitchell's arm and passed down the hall to the room his wife called his den. "The kid's probably miffed because I wouldn't see him before," he explained, switching on the electric lights; "but I tell you I was too busy to attend my own funeral—until things broke right this morning!"

"You can make it a little grape-juice and seltzer," said Twitchell, "if you're going to buttle for us."

Compton busied himself over an oaken cellaret that stood in a far corner of the big, six-sided room. It was a nondescript place, a sort of combined office, study, and trophy-room, judging by the battered old roll-top desk at one side, the book-cases, the leather chairs, the mounted game-heads and stuffed fish on the walls. An electric radiator glowed on the hearth of the wide-mouthed stone fire-place. Twitchell backed up to the warmth. Compton took a wooden box the size of a shoe-box from the mantelpiece and sat down before him.

"Here's the stuff!" said the banker, working at the wooden cover: "this is what I wanted to show you. If this don't get 'em!"

He got the lid off and produced, from its nest of tissue-paper wrappings, a glittering instrument of feathers and mother-of-pearl and silver plating and fish-hooks. "How's that strike you?"

"Agate bearings, eh?" commented the smaller man, taking

the thing and looking it over with the critical approval of an expert. "Pretty neat—not bad."

"Yes, sir!" Compton arose and they bent their heads together in grave consideration. "Made to my own order—everything. Show me a tarp with the nerve to give that the go-by!" He took the big fish-lure back into his own hands and dangled it in the light. "Think things'll be fixed so's you can leave by the middle of the month?"

"They can wait, if they're not," said Twitchell. "Business first, pleasure afterward."

The room's hall-door opened and a young man appeared on the threshold. He wore spectacles with tortoise-shell rims whose big, black circles gave his blue eyes a certain reserve, a certain wise importance. Above his large, round, inflexible forehead, his dark hair was brushed straight back in the Continental manner and a suggestion of pomade made it look something like a helmet. There was a blade-like neatness, polish and precision about his whole slim, trim person.

"Ford didn't tell me you weren't alone—" he began, and waited.

Compton, after a moment of surprised hesitation, hurried over to meet him. "Glad to see you, Lawrence!" he said, shaking hands. "Come in—glad to see you! You remember Mr. Twitchell, of course?"

The youth came into the room, bowed, and shook hands with Twitchell. Neither of them spoke. Compton surreptitiously replaced the tarpon-spinner on the mantelpiece and balanced himself on his heels.

"We expected to find you here," he said, eyeing his son with somewhat admiring, somewhat doubtful, friendliness. "Have a good trip over? By the way, I hope you told Ford you'd be here to dinner? I only mentioned dinner for two—after Mrs. Ford had told me——"

"I'm sorry; I shan't stay to dinner," said the young man; he spoke with carefully modulated distinctness, as if to keep any color of reproach from his words. "I was on my way downtown and merely stopped in for a moment on the chance that I might see you. In fact, a friend is waiting for me outside."

"Can't you both stay? There won't be anything extra fine, you know, but——"

"If you've got any late sporting magazines in the library, Jim," interrupted Twitchell tersely, "maybe I could improve my time by looking up some additions to my kit."

He started for a side door. "Why, yes—sure," said Compton, hurrying after him. "There's a pile of them—I'll get them for you."

He returned in a moment and sat down in a chair beside the one his son had taken.

"Sorry I couldn't see you before," he said matter-of-factly. "The truth is, I've been about as busy as I ever was in my life. But you must have understood that?"

"And I find you—discussing fishing-tackle!" murmured the boy. "Some way that—staggered me. I can't quite get over it. It seems—I don't know how to express myself. At a time like this—fishing-tackle!"

"Oh, the row's all over now," said Compton, chatty but not as much at his ease as his words indicated. "I've licked 'em to a standstill. Twitchell and I expect to leave for a few weeks of tarpon-fishing about the middle of the month. What's unnatural in that? After work—recreation."

The boy looked intently at the glowing yellow tubes of the radiator. His face was pale, and the hand with which he smoothed his dark helmet of hair looked very white. He had the appearance of one who has just come from a hard struggle, saddened but victorious.

"I can't understand you—I suppose it's useless for us to try to understand one another," he said; "so I'll——"

"Oh, come!" protested Compton.

"But, of course, if there's anything on your mind—" he added, when Lawrence had answered his protest by a minute's silence.

"So I'll just say that I've decided not to finish at Jena," said the boy. "I've decided to come back and go to work. I can easily get an instructorship in Yale or Columbia, I think; and it will give me enough to live on."

Compton thought over the matter a little while, becoming increasingly puzzled and irritated.

"Why the dev— why are you going to do that?" he demanded. "I thought you'd got your heart set on that Ph.D. What's got into you?"

"That's the part you won't understand; I'll just have to ask you to take it on trust that I—that— The simple fact is, father, that I've decided I can't spend any more of your money."

His clean, delicate face was twitched by a spasm of regret. Compton, watching him from beneath grimly lowered brows, seemed slowly to get a glimmering of the state of mind behind his son's declaration. His face lightened; he almost smiled.

"So you think my money's tainted, eh?" he asked.

"Don't put it like that—don't put it like that!" protested the boy, somewhat wildly. He got up and leaned against the mantelpiece, absorbed in his problem. "It means, among other things, that my demands—your desire to give me everything—may have had something to do— Oh, I can't explain myself when you wouldn't admit, even, that any wrong has been done!"

"Maybe you're sort of going off half-cocked, son," suggested Compton, still smiling. "You're always so deadly serious, you know! I can as easily think of you taking a thing easy as—Jesus Christ! Say, looked at from the right angle, this whole business is nothing to get——"

"Please don't try to make light of it," said Lawrence, pacing the floor before the radiator. "Please remember that this is one of the most serious occasions in my life; and I think it's more or less serious for you, too, for I know you don't hold my—regard—as lightly as—your tone would indicate. I tell you I'm all torn up! When a man awakens to the fact that his own father—" He shut his teeth on the rest of the sentence.

"Well, what?" asked Compton.

"It isn't so much the fact that I was called the son of a thief to my face," said the boy, still walking, still absorbed in the perturbation of his own soul; "although, God knows, I didn't relish that——"

"Who called you the son of a thief?" interrupted the old man, ominously casual.

"It really doesn't matter; that wasn't what——"

"Don't be a fool! Who called you that?"

"Raoul Anderson, nephew of Henderson Anderson, head of the Irving Trust which you——"

"And old Anderson's prospective heir! Drunken lout! I hope his lies—you didn't take them seriously?"

"I was forced to take the facts seriously."

"Now look here—what do you know about the facts?" Compton got to his feet, big, granite-faced, white-haired, full of outraged dignity. "A thief! This is the basis for that libel. I borrowed my bank's money on my own notes—see? And I returned every cent of the money, with interest. Legally, of course, that sort of a transaction is a crime; but I was in need—and the practice was fairly general. Did you know that that was the whole basis for all this—this tempest in a teapot?"

"I know that you risked the money, the savings, of thousands of people—to take away the money of other men! Suppose you'd found yourself unable to return that money that you got by—by illegal means? As Anderson found himself—with your assistance?"

Compton laughed shortly, and resumed his seat. "I can't talk finance with you, son," he said; "you simply wouldn't understand how— You simply wouldn't understand. I suppose you'd argue all around me if I tried to explain; but you simply wouldn't get me, see? I'm not saying I'm sorry you wouldn't, mind you!"

"A whole life spent," muttered the boy, "in taking money without giving any return!"

"Maybe I'm glad you wouldn't understand. Maybe I get you a whole lot better than you think—and maybe I'm proud of you for feeling like you do. Just the same, it's kind of funny, too!" He smiled.

"I don't think you'd find it funny if you really understood me," said the boy hopelessly. "I can't comprehend—I always looked up to you as the soul of honor. I had a sort of *feeling*

of honor whenever I thought of you—as I once had whenever I thought of Napoleon. And now——"

"And if I don't seem much worried by your talk," resumed Compton, "it's because I know you'll understand me better after you've knocked about a bit. I get a sort of feeling from you, too: a clean, bright feeling—like a razor that's never been used. Wait till you've been honed up a few times—got a nick or two—been dropped in the bath-tub——"

"And I can see you're proud because you've won—because you've crushed these other men," said Lawrence. "You might be a general returned victorious——"

"My son, the only respectable battle-field left in the world," interrupted Compton, "is business. That's Twitchell's way of——"

"What rubbish! How about the battle-fields of disease, ignorance, poverty, Nature—the Panama Canal? The business swash-buckler—the financial pirate——"

"Need our Cervantes, eh?" put in Compton. "Ridiculous old Don Quixotes——"

"Besides, any man can crush another by unfair means," declared the boy coldly, almost impersonally, lost in the web of his ratiocination. "I've thought how easy it would have been for Raoul Anderson to shoot me if people hadn't caught his arm and taken his revolver——"

"Say—look here! Did he try——"

"Oh, he was quite crazy; he'd been drinking, I suppose. And if he'd shot me, I've thought afterward, he'd have won just about the same sort of victory as you have by——"

"Oh, cut it, son! Even if there was a grain of truth in your palaver, what's the use? ——You say that young degenerate tried to shoot you?"

"Yes; I met him in the lobby of the *Napoléon* while I was waiting in Cherbourg. But that isn't important: except as coming on top——"

Compton arose and patted the boy on the shoulder. "Just the same, that's been worrying you—that's what's got you so stirred up. You've been brooding over this thing until it looks about a hundred times as bad as it really is."

"I wish I could think you were right. But you're wrong, father: I've had a struggle, an awakening, that has cost me——"

"Why, of course I'm right. Now you just stay to dinner with me——"

"No—thanks just as much:—no, I must go right away. That reminds me I left Harriet—Miss Reber—out in the taxi—I didn't expect——"

He held out his hand. Compton pressed it warmly, smiling like a man much relieved and yet desirous of being friendlier if he dared. They walked to the outer door together. "Look here, now," ventured the elder man, restraining his son's hand on the catch; "if you'll excuse the reference—how about funds? I don't s'pose you'll connect with that job until next fall?" He made scratching his chin an excuse for looking apologetic. "S'pose I *borrowed* enough money for your regular allowance? That wouldn't be tainted, eh—how about it?" He covered a wry smile with one hand.

Lawrence looked at the floor; his face was full of seriousness and distress.

"You'll forgive me if I don't feel able to accept that offer, father?" he begged. "Harriet and I have decided to use her money until I secure a position. You see, we intend—we expect to— It's really very strange; I don't suppose I would have found this—this great happiness but for the turmoil of the last two weeks. I had always thought of Harriet in a friendly but perfectly impersonal manner: something like a sister."

"Maybe this business has sort of waked you up," suggested Compton, his smile extending into wrinkles that included his eyes. "Congratulations! She's a fine girl? Well—well! And I've no doubt her money is as untainted as the morning dew!"

He began to chuckle; and then turned serious before the perplexed rebuke in his son's face.

"'Scuse me, boy!" he apologized. "It's awful nice, all of it: but somehow it strikes me as funny—I don't mean exactly funny, either. Just my way of looking at it."

"I hope we'll see you from time to time, father," said Lawrence. "I'm sorrier than I can say to have been forced to—to hurt you."

"Don't let it worry you, my boy," said the elder man.

They shook hands again. Compton returned to his den and opened the door into the library.

"Coast's clear, Benny!" he called.

Twitchell marched out, one finger holding a place in a gaudy-covered sporting magazine.

"Just excuse me while I get Pinkerton's to look after that son of mine," said Compton. "It seems that young Anderson cub's been threatening him: you remember that crazy Raoul—who'd be in Matteawan if it wasn't for old Anderson's money! Larry makes light of it, but it's got him worried, and I don't blame him." He opened his desk, gave a number, and asked to be called. "The kid's changed a lot, Ben," he said; "I'm suspicious he's almost a man. He's going to start out on his own hook—and he's going to get married." He smiled and fingered the telephone cord. "To tell the truth, I was afraid he'd never take either of those jumps until he was kicked into 'em. He's waked up. I know the stuff when I see it. Hang me—he'll do!"

"Oh, blood will tell," said Twitchell, opening the sporting magazine at the place he had been holding.

"And he's got some good, stiff ideas; I'd like to see you and him get together again——"

"Just now," said Twitchell, "I'm interested in fishing-tackle. I've got an idea that'll knock the spots off yours: luminous paint on rubber instead of silver plating."

"Back up! I tell you that old plated spoon—" The telephone bell rang. "Just wait till I get the son fixed up," said Compton, taking down the receiver. He paused with the instrument half way to his ear: "What's that?"

"Back-fire or busted tire, I guess," said Twitchell, glancing up from his magazine. "Why, what— My God, man! What——"

They faced each other in petrified silence while the thin, flat voice in the receiver called half a dozen "Hellos" and demanded indignantly to know what was the matter.

"O-o-o-oh!" screamed a girl's voice, faint with its penetration of walls and doors; "he's shot—he's killed! O-o-o-o-oh!"

THE HIDDEN PATH

KATHARINE METCALF ROOF

LEDYARD'S theory — the amazing theory he unfolded to me the night of Ula's death—laid at the time its spell upon my imagination. Even now I have not utterly exorcised it. Ledyard lives in the atmosphere of the improbable as the rest of us do in the usual. I would not attempt to characterize the nature of his beliefs, yet assuredly the event of that night as he interpreted it, seemed such as could only exist, in the fantasy of his own phrase, in a land where mythology is true. He had found such a place, he said, somewhere on the northern edge of Africa.

Ledyard is a biologist. But that classification does not at all cover the range of his interests and investigations. His study of life is in a spirit more mystical, more speculative, than that of the student of so-called exact science, yet the cast of his mind is essentially scientific. He has spent a good deal of time in the East and the Pacific islands. Men who do that sometimes acquire strange beliefs, and come, if not to accept the supernormal, at least to view such phenomena in a different light, to approach them as the Western mind does the latest discoveries in medicine and physical science. Ledyard speaks of these things with the dry calculated manner of the scientist, yet with a fire in his almost opaque eyes. Ledyard's general effect of blackness, eyes, hair, moustache — clothes, even — is like one of the queer beetles he was absorbed in when Richard first introduced him to me. Sometimes he suggests rococo images to my imagination. I can see him as some mediæval alchemist mixing strange compounds in a dim room full of shadows, or a Rosicrucian knight attending mystic rites in the centre of a mountain. He is one of the people who tempt me to believe in re-incarnation.

The night that he expounded his hypothesis to me in the dying firelight I seemed for the time to pass into some wider realm or higher plane of thought, and, as I have said, the thing he described seemed possible. His theory, so he told me, was

related to the most ancient and primitive of tribal customs and beliefs. He assured me that the mystery of Ula's case, which so baffled the doctors, was explainable by a fact recently recognized by science, if they had also been in possession of that other hypothetical fact inferred and subsequently proved by Ledyard to his own satisfaction.

Ledyard had been present at Richard's first meeting with Ula. The museum of which Richard was curator had sent him to Korea to purchase some recently exhumed heathen images, if their value seemed to warrant it. He had started home by way of Australia and on the return trip the boat had stopped at some island port, and there he had discovered Ledyard upon one of his leisurely errands of cryptic research. That very afternoon Richard's fate was settled. They went for a walk, got caught in a shower and took refuge in some outbuildings, where they were observed and invited into the house by a European resident who sent out a native servant with messages and an umbrella. Their host, who was one of those wandering Englishmen that get stranded or spellbound in the East, and on Pacific islands, offered them tea in the palm-leaf veranda. There Richard met Ula, who was a guest of the Englishman's daughter. They learned little about her except that she had been born on the island and looked, Ledyard admitted, as if she had native blood.

We had heard of Richard's marriage at the English consulate in some obscure port of a South Pacific island. But we knew no details, so I plied Ledyard with questions. Richard is my cousin. We have not seen much of him since his university days, nevertheless he has a firm hold upon our affections. He is one of those reserved, conservative New Englanders who surprise people by suddenly doing something romantic, being subject to those extremes of emotion and conviction often characteristic of the Northern type. Even through the vehicle of Ledyard's scientifically dry phraseology I gathered that Richard was utterly infatuated with the girl.

"She is beautiful"; I inferred the most obvious explanation, and Ledyard assented: "In her way, no doubt." To my further probing he did not elucidate greatly: "Oh, brown

and slim and silent, with great eyes that watch you." Then he added: "But there is nothing in the least furtive about her. She is as clear as — daylight."

Ledyard was not able to furnish any definite details about Ula's antecedents. All that was revealed when they had come to the matrimonial discussion was the fact that she had been brought up by a missionary and his wife. At the time Ledyard and Richard met her the kind woman who had taken her mother's place had just died, and Ula had so passionately mourned her loss that she had been invited to visit the young English girl for distraction. There, Ledyard remarked, she seemed to recover her spirits fully in a few days. "It did not seem to me that she was unfeeling"—Ledyard seemed interested to analyze that point—"only that she was—well—child-like."

Richard did not continue his homeward trip after his marriage, but sent home his Kwannon or Bodhisattva, or whatever it was, duly ticketed and labelled; gave up his curatorship at the museum, and simply stayed on for two years and a half, as Anglo-Saxons often do in those lotos-eating islands. Ledyard saw them again on his next errand across the Pacific a year or so later.

"Did Richie seem happy?" I asked him. Ledyard thought he seemed quite content sitting with her on the veranda of their little coral-built house among the cocoa palms listening to the sound of the sea. "Yet there seems no material for companionship there——"

I could see that Ledyard's queer interest lay not in the question of Richard's happiness or the dissecting of his emotions, but only in their implications concerning Ula, and that that interest itself was the furthest possible remove from the masculine and human. When I questioned him concerning the tastes and occupations of Richard's alien wife he told me, "Natural—as opposed to civilized." It was when I exclaimed, "What on earth will Richie do with that child of nature in Boston!" that Ledyard laughed as at some reminiscence and replied, "That is one of the elemental impossibilities."

"But don't imagine," he added, "that she doesn't know

how to act in a drawing-room, although she is at times subject to lapses in the conventionalities." I discovered later what he meant by that, and I sometimes wondered afterwards if these occasional idiosyncrasies of Ula's had not had something to do with their long stay on the island, for even to a scholar like Richard with his inner resources, the life there must have become monotonous.

They had to come home at last for some affair of Richard's property. His father had died. They were only at their town house a few days. Richard seemed in a hurry to get to the country. Harriet, Richard's unmarried sister, was in possession of the Beacon Street house. Ledyard's description had suggested that there could be no natural sympathy between the two women, unless affection for Richard should constitute a bond, but I had not been prepared for the extreme antagonism Harriet developed toward her young sister-in-law. Harriet is one of those dried, bleached, bloodless-looking women who seem able to endure more than the young and vigorous. She gave one the feeling that she had lived all her life indoors behind shuttered windows. Everything about her was starved, stunted, withdrawn.

It was a warm October day that I called, but Harriet had the windows closed to keep out the dust. As soon as she had greeted me Ula threw up the window and opened the shutters, letting in a flood of sunlight in which she stood revealed a radiant vision, but poor Harriet sat blinking, her pale lips set in a tight line of resistance.

"Slim and brown with great eyes,"—that much of Ledyard's description fitted Ula. Yet I think my first impression was that it seemed inconceivable that anyone dressed so entirely like other women should look so different. She wore a rather clinging dress made in the prevailing mode and she had thrust a red flower in somewhere. She moved like a creature unhampered by clothes, yet there was nothing unduly scanty about her garments. Her eyes were set at a perceptible slant. Her lips were red and slightly parted; a child's lips unmoulded by restraint, yet unchildlike in that, despite their young unconsciousness, they seemed to invite kisses. She seemed a

being framed to nature's ends, to love, to be loved, to live the free life in the open. I could not imagine her reading a book or wearing a conventional evening dress under the artificial light. She did look, as Ledyard had suggested, as if she had native blood, yet she always, like any Anglo-Saxon, spoke of the islanders as a race apart.

Ledyard had said that she could chatter their soft language like a native, but when I asked her to speak it for me she shook her head and smiled. I noticed a faint tinge of embarrassment in Richard's eyes. He had followed her into the room a moment later.

"Ula used to speak it with the natives," he said, "but she says since she has not used it that she has forgotten it. It is just a ridiculous string of vowels anyway—nothing to get hold. No wonder she has lost it."

Even so it seemed to me one's mind might reasonably be expected to hold the memory of it for three weeks. Yet as I glanced at Ula's face, so alert, so responsive, it seemed impossible to accuse it of lack of intelligence.

It was Harriet who dared to press upon Richard further inquiries concerning Ula's parents.

Upon the bareness of the facts she put her own interpretation. "Nothing more or less than a foundling, as nearly as I can find out," she said. "Richard doesn't know who her parents were. Very likely the missionary found her a little half-clothed brown thing under a palm tree." Harriet's soft, dry, parchment-like skin contracted in innumerables wrinkles of contempt and dislike. Her antagonism to Ula was probably the strongest emotion of her faded unlived life.

"A creature so utterly without dignity"—that is how Harriet put it in the more reserved statement of her first confidence on the subject. "At times really—almost—indelicate." She gave no instance of the last-named quality at the time, although it was divulged to me later. "We found her racing like a tomboy after a butterfly one day, and when she caught it she killed it with her hands with no more remorse than a cruel little boy. She wanted to set the wings in her hair, she said. Richard scolded her until she cried and threw the thing away," so

Harriet recorded with unction, "and then, of course," she categorically supplied the conclusion, albeit with her virginal reluctance, "he kissed her, and then she ran off singing."

I went to spend the week-end with them soon after that. I felt that Richard seconded Ula's urgent invitation with some reluctance. Perhaps Harriet's disapproval had made him apprehensive of Ula's effect upon the rest of his conventional circle.

It seemed to me while I was with them that Richard watched Ula and contrived that I should see her as little alone as possible. I thought I noticed a certain restiveness about him—scarcely uncomfortable enough to be called tension—like one who would keep some secret, not a tragic or disgraceful secret, but rather some intimate affair that the outsider has no right to know.

At the end of those three golden October days spent outdoors I felt that Ula had revealed herself to me with utter youthful frankness. And when I got home again I was at a loss to account for that underlying sense of mystery that she had after all left with me. Although so simple and natural—possibly, I reflected, because of it—she was different from anyone I have ever known.

That first evening after dinner she settled herself on the floor against Richard's knee as he sat in his stern old grandfather's East India armchair. Her free affectionate movement toward him was as direct and unconscious as that of a child or an animal, yet it did not embarrass me as public manifestations of affection far more restrained have done, although it might have offended the abnormally inhibited sensibilities of a Harriet.

Richard rose after a moment to show me some photographs in another room. When we came back Ula lay asleep on the fur rug before the fire.

Richard flushed. "Don't wake her," I urged him instantly, "she is so beautiful." So he did not rouse her, but sat looking down at his sleeping wife with a very strange expression on his face, swiftly banished as he caught my eye. "She is such a child," he said, rather rushing into conversation, "that I sometimes wonder if she will ever grow up." I was startled at

this confidence from Richard. It was his first and last. He never spoke to me of Ula again.

"Give her time," I said, "and responsibilities."

He shook his head. "I doubt if she will accept them. The other day I found her patting the bull in the pasture. He is so dangerous that Sargeant has been forbidden to let him out. She was quite unconcerned. 'He won't hurt *me*,' she said, when I scolded her."

"She is quite fearless, is she not?" I remarked. Richard defined a little further.

"So far as animals are concerned. She is afraid of fire and sometimes of people. Harriet," he smiled as he said it, "frightens her. And once when I spoke a little sternly to her she was terrified. But she is not afraid of any creature of the animal world, not even poisonous snakes. I can't make her understand why she should avoid them. She seems to be one of those people who have an influence over animals." I had thought Richard was going on to say more, but he stopped abruptly and changed the subject.

The next day we came upon her kneeling by the brook, staring into it with the intentness of a cat watching its prey. Then suddenly with a quick movement of her hands she lifted a trout dripping and flashing from the water. I turned to Richard exclaiming and caught again that strange look passing out of his eyes.

He was not unhappy about Ula, of that I was certain. But I felt that his feeling about her had undergone something more than the inevitable change that must come over the relation of two people with further acquaintance. Ula was never sentimental in her most ardent outbursts of affection—which, by the way, she never hesitated to indulge before others. They were like the emotional expression of a passionate child, intense yet evanescent. In a moment she would be off and away again. Yet I divined that while this elusiveness at first may conceivably have hurt yet fascinated and held Richard, in the end it must as surely have contained some element of disillusion. At least that is how I explained a certain aloofness that I felt in him as I saw them more together.

The impression I received of Ula during that visit prepared me to receive without undue sense of shock the story Harriet unfolded the following week in broken sentences and with quivering features. To Harriet it was a revelation so awful that I was left to infer the precise fact, it passing beyond Harriet's strength to be explicit. It, the horror, had happened early one morning when Harriet was visiting them (she never went again). She had gone out before breakfast to gather botanical specimens and Richard, out for a morning walk, had joined her. They had come suddenly upon Ula standing in a pool of the little river in the woods. Yes, their own river, Harriet admitted, but where any man passing might have seen. . . . It had taken Harriet days, by her own account, to recover from the shock. She had gone back to town at once. Yet while she was relating it as one describing the action of a lunatic or a criminal, all I could see was the radiant vision of the slim, brown creature with the water dripping from her in the early morning light; and Ledyard's phrase returned to me about mythology coming true. So were goddesses and nymphs surprised in the golden age, and the beholder, fortuitous or audacious, transformed into a legend.

Richard had lectured her within Harriet's horrified hearing, as she retreated she had heard Ula promising, "Never again. Of course, *if you don't want me to,* Richard." I cannot attempt to convey the abysmal scandalized contempt of Harriet's suggested italics.

I can see the little episode of course, as it appears to civilized perceptions, yet I can understand, as Harriet congenitally could not, the nature of Ula's impulse, which was not born of the different code which permits the Japanese peasant such primitive simplicity of ablution, but was only the young child's pagan unconsciousness of the psychology of coverings.

Richard went in town often, eventually taking a room in some bachelor chambers. Perhaps it was hard for him to work at home. Ula's great eyes must have reproached him for the long hours spent over things she could not understand. Yet once when he went on a three weeks' trip to New York, Ledyard, who dropped in on them from a steamer, not knowing of

Richard's absence, said she seemed utterly happy and content without him. He didn't think she missed him at all.

It seemed to me at the time that this was because Ula was young and happy. "She is never cross or depressed," I said. "Ordinarily, not," Ledyard conceded, "but, haven't you noticed that she is curiously restless and what you might call cross if dinner is late and she is hungry?" He mentioned it as if Ula were something under his microscope.

It was Harriet who, with the reluctance of a rusty door hinge forced to open, informed me that Ula was to have a baby. At first, concerned only with the thought of Ula, it seemed to me the right and natural thing that she should have a child to play with and to love. But when I thought of Richard with all his traditions of scholarship the father of a child with those soulless, brook-brown eyes, with possibly that curious lack of mental continuity and tenacity—for by that time it was impossible not to admit that fact about Ula—I too felt reluctant to face the explicit possibilities of the situation.

I went out to visit them not long after that. The baby was not expected for two months and Ula was well and radiant as always. Richard went off fishing one afternoon, leaving me alone with her. It was the first time I had seen her alone except outdoors, when we were doing something together in the way of sport or exercise. I remember she didn't talk much—but then she never did—but just sat with her clear, reddish-brown eyes—the eyes of a pagan wood creature—raised to mine and listened. Presently I heard the sound of horse's hoofs and looking out of my window saw her riding off without a saddle in her usual way. I remembered that Richard had forbidden her to ride at that time, but I knew that she had not disobeyed him, only forgotten.

The rest of the story is strange and it should be terrible. At first it seemed so, but now it has come to seem a natural fact, like the death of the wild things with the first frost and other recurring inevitable tragedies of nature. Looking back on it, it seems as if one must have always realized Ula's earth life as predestined to briefness. It was impossible to connect her with the idea of age or decay. Let me then present the

facts simply and with as little of their painful side as possible.

Ula had an accident that afternoon. The mare shied, she was thrown, the baby was born prematurely and only lived a few hours. Ula mourned it passionately at first, refusing food. I can see her now lying there, her wood-brown eyes black with despair. Then mysteriously in a day or two it passed and she seemed to forget the very fact of the baby's existence. It was strange and I felt an echo of truth in Harriet's grim words, "Even a child does not forget so soon."

She remained weak after her experience and lay about on the veranda, pale and languid but not unhappy, except that she seemed somehow to mind the limitation of her natural activity. Richard, who certainly did not lack devotion in those days, had a specialist down from town, who when he arrived made a swift decision.

There was nothing the matter with Ula, he said, except that she was physically depleted. He advised the operation known as transfusion of blood. It was talked over hurriedly, yet thoughtfully and the operation decided upon at once. A nurse was secured within an hour by telephone and all preparations made. Richard, who was magnificently healthy, insisted that he should be the one to take the risk. Ledyard had run up from town, one of his unheralded appearances, and arrived while the operation was going on upstairs. I received him, explaining that a specialist had come down from town to see Ula; I had not got further than that when the doctor came into the room. I had not had—none of us had had—the slightest apprehension. The doctor had said there was no occasion for alarm, but as soon as I saw his face I knew, so impossible is it to mistake the bearer of the tidings of death.

"It came almost instantly," he told us in his brief explanation, "as if it had been the result of the operation, which was, of course, impossible." It was an extraordinary case, one without precedent, he assured us, in his experience. I caught an odd gleam in Ledyard's eye when he said that.

The doctor soon left. I learned that Richard was in his room with the door closed. The nurse said it was best to leave him undisturbed. So Ledyard and I were left alone beside the

fire in the library. It was then that he disclosed his strange, his preposterous theory.

I had exclaimed upon the mystery of Ula's death and thought Ledyard absent-minded as he stood gazing into the embers, when he answered, "Not so strange. On the contrary, an extraordinary, a wonderful confirmation. If I had known the doctor was going to try it—but they would not have listened to me."

"Confirmation!" I exclaimed, horrified, even though I expected nothing from Ledyard but the impersonal attitude of the scientist.

"Did you never," Ledyard's eyes were those of the spectator in the dark looking into the lighted room while remaining himself unseen, "did you never notice anything different—incomplete, shall I say—soulless about Ula?"

"She was very fond of Richard," I put my plea forward as an opposing argument rather than an answer.

"Yes, in her way," Ledyard agreed. "But, surely, you perceived that her way itself was different. Perhaps it is all for the best," he went on, "it must some day have meant a tragedy of life—always greater than that of death—for poor Richard. But if I had known—" he broke off then and looked up at me. "You know it was the operation that did it."

"The operation? But why—how could it hurt her?" I faltered.

Ledyard turned his eyes upon me, his almost opaque eyes that seemed to have taken on the impassivity of the East. He spoke slowly and I recall every word he said.

"You remember that Mephistopheles wanted his bargain with Faust written in blood? 'Blood,' he declared, 'is a peculiar essence.' That idea of the bargain written in blood, the belief that there is some peculiar power in the fluid of life, is one of those old superstitions that is not pure fantasy. The occult scientists maintain that the ego is contained in the blood. This is an age when the fairy tales are coming true." So Ledyard touched here and there on the various aspects of his strange subject. "You know the old tribal custom of mixing

blood and its significance—the *Bludbrüderschaft* oath that Siegfried swears with Gunther.—We cannot afford to dismiss lightly those old beliefs and legends. They are usually true, either as partial facts or symbols. Life travels along hidden paths. They will be clear enough when we know where they are leading. Out on the edge of Africa—" Ledyard seemed to have wandered from his subject, but I knew him better than to think he had—" is a place where after I had discovered some of its strangeness, I said to myself, mythology is true. There was a young Sicilian there, a beautiful creature who seemed as soulless as a wood god. An American girl one day in joke called him 'Fauna,' and he was furious. It seems—I discovered afterwards—that there are children there born with a sort of tail," Ledyard explained with his serene biological frankness. "They are called *fauna* by the natives. The boy thought he had been insulted. You know, I suppose, that among mystics, both in the East and the West, you will find the belief in elementals,—wood, water and air creatures, not ordinarily visible except to the initiate. Little Ula was tangible enough to us all; but if there are—suppose that there are—different grades of human beings, creatures at varying stages of evolution, possessed of different degrees of individuality—or rather individualization"—Ledyard broke off there and finished with characteristic elimination. "Have you ever heard of hæmolysis?" I shook my head. "Further confirmation by modern science of the knowledge of the mystics. Hæmolysis is one of the occult mysteries of the blood." Easily now in my imagination was Ledyard the alchemist and I his pupil in the dim room full of shadows.

"I suppose you know that the blood crystals differ in the human being and the animal. Those of the human being in some as yet incompletely understood way are more powerful. It is, therefore, perfectly safe to transfuse the blood of the inferior animal into man, human blood assimilates the different and lower element. But if you infuse the blood of man into the animal the result is—death."

A long and very strange silence fell between us. I was the first to speak.

"Impossible," I murmured. "How could such a thing be——"

"Oh, *how*——" Ledyard repeated and smiled.

Instinctively I rose and pressed the electric light button. The room suddenly familiar again partially reassured me, then a spot of crimson on the floor caught my eye—a handful of scarlet tanager feathers that poor little Ula had gathered and left there. Then again Ledyard's theory seemed fantastically possible. I turned to find his impersonal eye upon me.

"If that is your strange belief," I cried, "what is her end? Has she died like the things of the wood and the air, the grass that is put in the oven? Had she no soul?"

"Oh, as to what we call the soul," Ledyard answered, "the ray of the divine light or essence—whatever it is, it is my belief, as I have said, that human beings possess it in different degrees. I don't believe that when my dog dies his trust and devotion simply go up in smoke. There is a spark from that dog soul that is potent, living about somewhere. And Ula, you must admit, was not as we are."

"But everything about her was beautiful," I recalled. And Ledyard finished, "As it is with all of nature's unspoiled creatures. It is man with his soul, as we call it, who has a hand in his own making or unmaking, whose results are not always beautiful."

In the daylight, free from the domination of Ledyard's personality, it seemed as incredible as a myth of folklore, believable perhaps to one who had come under the spell of some far strange land where, as Ledyard phrased it, mythology is true. And yet who can rashly assert or deny? For who knows what the future may further reveal of the workings of these unknown laws that are now mysteries?

REVERIE

Zoë Akins

AS I walked alone thro' the storm
A man and a woman passed by me;
She clung to his arm and he sheltered her
And looked down on her face.
She was young; he was young . . .
I was old . . .
I walked alone thro' the storm
Homeward at night;
But a mist rose up in the rain
And I saw in its fabric a vision—
A man and a woman—
You and I!
O my dear, O my dear,
Do you remember
How often we walked in a storm?
How we shivered, how we hastened,
And yet how we loved it?
We loved the wind and the rain in our faces;
I held your arm closely,—we laughed!
And the lonely look of the city street
Was a thing that we loved.
We felt so alone, so contented, so glad,
Just to be out in the storm together,—
But we shivered and laughed, and we hastened . . .
You must remember as I do
The fire that always awaited and welcomed us—
So bright and so warm!
It, too, made us glad
To be alone and together . . .
I lay curled on a rug on the hearth . . .
You read from a book . . .
And I chanted the poems we both loved . . .
You said words that were bitter and beautiful
One night when the poems were ended

And my voice was shaken with sobs,—
You said it were better if both of us
Were dead . . .
You said . . . but your arms were about me
And in the dim light of the fire
The words died on your lips,
And your kiss was merciless . . . tender . . .
Love found us glad and bewildered and shaken—
Yet sad and afraid
By the firelight . . .
I walk alone thro' the storm
And I remember . . .

DEPARTURE

JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

THE twilight is starred,
The dawn has arisen;
Light breaks from the east
And Song from her prison.

Faint odors and sounds
The west-wind discloses
Of laughter and birds,
Of singing and roses.

It is time to be gone—
Day scatters the gloom;
But here at my side,
But still in the room,

Like the angel of life,
Too kind to depart,
You hang at my lips,
You hang at my heart!

DERELICT *

D. H. Lawrence

SO the weeks went on. Always alone, his soul oscillated, first on the side of death, then on the side of life, doggedly. The real agony was that he had nowhere to go, nothing to do, nothing to say, and *was* nothing himself. Sometimes he ran down the streets as if he were mad: sometimes he was mad; things weren't there, things were there. It made him pant. Sometimes he stood before the bar of the public-house where he had called for a drink. Everything suddenly stood back away from him. He saw the face of the barmaid, the gabbling drinkers, his own glass on the slopped, mahogany board, in the distance. There was something between him and them. He could not get into touch. He did not want them; he did not want his drink. Turning abruptly, he went out. On the threshold he stood and looked at the lighted street. But he was not of it or in it. Something separated him. Everything went on there below those lamps, shut away from him. He could not get at them. He felt he couldn't touch the lamp-posts, not if he reached. Where could he go? There was nowhere to go, neither back into the inn, nor forward anywhere. He felt stifled. There was nowhere for him. The stress grew inside him; he felt he should smash.

"I mustn't," he said; and, turning blindly, he went in and drank. Sometimes the drink did him good; sometimes it made him worse. He ran down the road. Forever restless, he went here, there, everywhere. He determined to work. But when he had made six strokes, he loathed the pencil violently, got up, and went away, hurried off to a club where he could play cards or billiards, to a place where he could flirt with a barmaid who was no more to him than the brass pump-handle she drew.

He was very thin and lantern-jawed. He dared not meet his own eyes in the mirror; he never looked at himself. He

* This remarkable sketch is taken from Mr. Lawrence's new novel, *Sons and Lovers* which will be published shortly.

wanted to get away from himself, but there was nothing to get hold of. In despair he thought of Miriam. Perhaps—perhaps——?

Then, happening to go into the Unitarian Church one Sunday evening, when they stood up to sing the second hymn he saw her before him. The light glistened on her lower lip as she sang. She looked as if she had got something, at any rate: some hope in heaven, if not in earth. Her comfort and her life seemed in the after-world. A warm, strong feeling for her came up. She seemed to yearn, as she sang, for the mystery and comfort. He put his hope in her. He longed for the sermon to be over, to speak to her.

The throng carried her out just before him. He could nearly touch her. She did not know he was there. He saw the brown, humble nape of her neck under its black curls. He would leave himself to her. She was better and bigger than he. He would depend on her.

She went wandering, in her blind way, through the little throngs of people outside the church. She always looked so lost and out of place among people. He went forward and put his hand on her arm. She started violently. Her great brown eyes dilated in fear, then went questioning at the sight of him. He shrank slightly from her.

"I didn't know——" she faltered.

"Nor I," he said.

He looked away. His sudden, flaring hope sank again.

"What are you doing in town?" he asked.

"I'm staying at Cousin Anne's."

"For long?"

"No; only till to-morrow."

"Must you go straight home?"

She looked at him, then hid her face under her hat-brim.

"No," she said—"no; it's not necessary."

He turned away, and she went with him. They threaded through the throng of church-people. The organ was still sounding in St. Mary's. Dark figures came through the lighted doors; people were coming down the steps. The large colored windows glowed up in the night. The church was like a great

lantern suspended. They went down Hollow Stone, and he took the car for the Bridges.

"You will just have supper with me," he said; "then I'll bring you back."

"Very well," she replied, low and husky.

They scarcely spoke while they were on the car. The Trent ran dark and full under the bridge. Away toward Colwich all was black night. He lived down Holme Road, on the naked edge of the town, facing across the river meadows toward Sneinton Hermitage and the steep scarp of Colwick Wood. The floods were out. The silent water and the darkness spread away on their left. Almost afraid, they hurried along by the houses.

Supper was laid. He swung the curtain over the window. There was a bowl of freesias and scarlet anemones on the table. She bent to them. Still touching them with her fingertips, she looked up at him, saying:

"Aren't they beautiful?"

"Yes," he said. "What will you drink—coffee?"

"I should like it," she said.

He went out to the kitchen.

Miriam took off her things and looked round. It was a bare, severe room. Her photo, Clara's, Annie's, were on the wall. She looked on the drawing-board to see what he was doing. There were only a few meaningless lines. She looked to see what books he was reading. Evidently just an ordinary novel. The letters in the rack she saw were from Annie, Arthur, and from some man or other she did not know. Everything he had touched, everything that was in the least personal to him, she examined with lingering absorption. He had been gone from her so long, she wanted to re-discover him, his position, what he was now. But there was not much in the room to help her. It only made her feel rather sad, it was so hard and comfortless.

She was curiously examining a sketch-book when he returned with the coffee.

"There's nothing new in it," he said, "and nothing very interesting."

He put down the tray, and went to look over her shoulder. She turned the pages slowly, intent on examining everything.

"H'm!" he said, as she paused at a sketch. "I'd forgotten that. It's not bad, is it?"

"No," she said. "I don't quite understand it."

He took the book from her and went through it. Again he made a curious sound of surprise and pleasure.

"There's some not bad stuff in there," he said.

"Not at all bad," she answered gravely.

He felt again her interest in his work. Or was it for himself? Why was she always most interested in him as he appeared in his work?

They sat down to supper.

"By the way," he said, "didn't I hear something about your earning your own living?"

"Yes," she replied, bowing her dark head over her cup.

"And what of it?"

"I'm merely going to the farming college at Broughton for three months, and I shall probably be kept on as a teacher there."

"I say—that sounds all right for you! You always wanted to be independent."

"Yes."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I only knew last week."

"But I heard a month ago," he said.

"Yes; but nothing was settled then."

"I should have thought," he said, "you'd have told me you were trying."

She ate her food in the deliberate, constrained way, almost as if she recoiled a little from doing anything so publicly, that he knew so well.

"I suppose you're glad," he said.

"Very glad."

"Yes—it will be something."

He was rather disappointed.

"I think it will be a great deal," she said, almost haughtily, resentfully.

He laughed shortly.

"Why do you think it won't?" she asked.

"Oh, I don't think it won't be a great deal. Only you'll find earning your own living isn't everything."

"No," she said, swallowing with difficulty; "I don't suppose it is."

"I suppose work *can* be nearly everything to a man," he said, "though it isn't to me. But a woman only works with a part of herself. The real and vital part is covered up."

"But a man can give *all* himself to a work?" she asked.

"Yes, practically."

"And a woman only the unimportant part of herself?"

"That's it."

She looked up at him, and her eyes dilated with anger.

"Then," she said, "if it's true, it's a great shame."

"It is. But I don't know everything," he answered.

After supper they drew up to the fire. He swung her a chair facing him, and they sat down. She was wearing a dress of dark claret color, that suited her dark complexion and her large features. Still, the curls were fine and free, but her face was much older, the brown throat much thinner. She seemed old to him, older than Clara. Her bloom of youth had quickly gone. A sort of stiffness, almost of woodenness, had come upon her. She meditated a little while, then looked at him.

"And how are things with you?" she asked.

"About all right," he answered.

She looked at him, waiting.

"Nay," she said, very low.

Her brown, nervous hands were clasped over her knee. They had still the lack of confidence or repose, the almost hysterical look. He winced as he saw them. Then he laughed mirthlessly. She put her fingers between her lips. His slim, black, tortured body lay quite still in the chair. She suddenly took her finger from her mouth and looked at him.

"And have you broken off with Clara?"

"Yes."

His body lay like an abandoned thing, strewn in the chair.

"You know," she said, "I think we ought to be married."

He opened his eyes for the first time since many months, and attended to her with respect.

"Why?" he said.

"See," she said, "how you waste yourself! You might be ill, you might die, and I never know—be no more then than if I had never known you."

"And if we married?" he asked.

"At any rate, I could prevent you wasting yourself and being a prey to other women—like—like Clara."

"A prey?" he repeated, smiling.

She bowed her head in silence. He lay feeling his despair come up again.

"I'm not sure," he said slowly, "that marriage would be much good."

"I only think of you," she replied.

"I know you do. But—you love me so much, you want to put me in your pocket. And I should die there smothered."

She bent her head, put her finger between her lips, while the bitterness surged up in her heart.

"And what will you do otherwise?" she asked.

"I don't know—go on, I suppose. Perhaps I shall soon go abroad."

The despairing doggedness in his tone made her go on her knees on the rug before the fire, very near to him. There she crouched as if she were crushed by something, and could not raise her head. His hands lay quite inert on the arms of his chair. She was aware of them. She felt that now he lay at her mercy. If she could rise, take him, put her arms round him, and say, "You are mine," then he would leave himself to her. But dare she? She could easily sacrifice herself. But dare she assert herself? She was aware of his dark-clothed, slender body, that seemed one stroke of life, sprawled in the chair close to her. But no; she dared not put her arms round it, take it up, and say, "It is mine, this body. Leave it to me." And she wanted to. It called to all her woman's instinct. But she crouched, and dared not. She was afraid he would not let her. She was afraid it was too much. It lay there, his body, abandoned. She knew she ought to take it up and claim it,

and claim every right to it. But—could she do it? Her impotence before him, before the strong demand of some unknown thing in him, was her extremity. Her hand fluttered; she half lifted her head. Her eyes, shuddering, appealing, gone almost distracted, pleaded to him suddenly. His heart caught with pity. He took her hands, drew her to him, and comforted her.

"Will you have me, to marry me?" he said very low.

Oh, why did not he take her? Her very soul belonged to him. Why would he not take what was his? She had borne so long the cruelty of belonging to him and not being claimed by him. Now he was straining her again. It was too much for her. She drew back her head, held his face between her hands, and looked him in the eyes. No, he was hard. He wanted something else. She pleaded to him with all her love not to make it *her* choice. She could not cope with it, with him, she knew not with what. But it strained her till she felt she would break.

"Do you want it?" she asked, very gravely.

"Not much," he replied, with pain.

She turned her face aside; then, raising herself with dignity, she took his head to her bosom, and rocked him softly. She was not to have him, then! So she could comfort him. She put her fingers through his hair. For her, the anguished sweetness of self-sacrifice. For him, the hate and misery of another failure. He could not bear it—that breast which was warm and which cradled him without taking the burden of him. So much he wanted to rest on her that the feint of rest only tortured him. He drew away.

"And without marriage we can do nothing?" he asked.

His mouth was lifted from his teeth with pain. She put her little finger between her lips.

"No," she said, low and like the toll of a bell. "No, I think not."

It was the end then between them. She could not take him and relieve him of the responsibility of himself. She could only sacrifice herself to him—sacrifice herself every day, gladly. And that he did not want. He wanted her to hold him and say, with joy and authority: "Stop all this restlessness and

beating against death. You are mine for a mate." She had not the strength. Or was it a mate she wanted? or did she want a Christ in him?

He felt, in leaving her, he was defrauding her of life. But he knew that, in staying, stifling the inner, desperate man, he was denying his own life. And he did not hope to give life to her by denying his own.

She sat very quiet. He lit a cigarette. The smoke went up from it, wavering. He was thinking of his mother, and had forgotten Miriam. She suddenly looked at him. Her bitterness came surging up. Her sacrifice, then, was useless. He lay there aloof, careless about her. Suddenly she saw again his lack of religion, his restless instability. He would destroy himself like a perverse child. Well, then, he would!

"I think I must go," she said softly.

By her tone he knew she was despising him. He rose quietly.

"I'll come along with you," he answered.

She stood before the mirror pinning on her hat. How bitter, how unutterably bitter, it made her that he rejected her sacrifice! Life ahead looked dead, as if the glow were gone out. She bowed her face over the flowers—the freesias so sweet and spring-like, the scarlet anemones, flaunting over the table. It was like him to have those flowers.

He moved about the room with a certain sureness of touch, swift and relentless and quiet. She knew she could not cope with him. He would escape like a weasel out of her hands. Yet without him her life would trail on lifeless. Brooding, she touched the flowers.

"Have them!" he said; and he took them out of the jar, dripping as they were, and went quickly into the kitchen. She waited for him, took the flowers, and they went out together, he talking, she feeling dead.

She was going from him now. In her misery she leaned against him as they sat on the car. He was unresponsive. Where would he go? What would be the end of him? She could not bear it, the vacant feeling where he should be. He was so foolish, so wasteful, never at peace with himself. And

now where would he go? And what did he care that he wasted her? He had no religion; it was all for the moment's attraction that he cared, nothing else, nothing deeper. Well, she would wait and see how it turned out with him. When he had had enough he would give in and come to her.

He shook hands and left her at the door of her cousin's house. When he turned away he felt the last hold for him had gone. The town, as he sat upon the car, stretched away over the bay of railway, a level fume of lights. Beyond the town the country, little smouldering spots for more towns—the sea—the night—on and on! And he had no place in it! Whatever spot he stood on, there he stood alone. From his breast, from his mouth, sprang the endless space, and it was there behind him, everywhere. The people hurrying along the streets offered no obstruction to the void in which he found himself. They were small shadows whose footsteps and voices could be heard, but in each of them the same night, the same silence. He got off the car. In the country all was dead still. Little stars shone high up; little stars spread far away in the floodwaters, a firmament below. Everywhere the vastness and terror of the immense night which is roused and stirred for a brief while by the day, but which returns, and will remain at last eternal, holding everything in its silence and its living gloom. There was no Time, only Space. Who could say his mother had lived and did not live? She had been in one place, and was in another; that was all. And his soul could not leave her, wherever she was. Now she was gone abroad into the night, and he was with her still. They were together. But yet there was his body, his chest, that leaned against the stile, his hands on the wooden bar. They seemed something. Where was he? —one tiny upright speck of flesh, less than an ear of wheat lost in the field. He could not bear it. On every side the immense dark silence seemed pressing him, so tiny a spark, into extinction, and yet, almost nothing, he could not be extinct. Night, in which everything was lost, went reaching out, beyond stars and sun. Stars and sun, a few bright grains, went spinning round for terror, and holding each other in embrace, there in a darkness that outpassed them all, and left them tiny and daunted.

So much, and himself, infinitesimal, at the core a nothingness, and yet not nothing.

"Mother!" he whimpered—"mother!"

She was the only thing that held him up, himself, amid all this. And she was gone, intermingled herself. He wanted her to touch him, have him alongside with her.

But no, he would not give in. Turning sharply, he walked toward the city's gold phosphorescence. His fists were shut, his mouth set fast. He would not take that direction, to the darkness, to follow her. He walked toward the faintly humming, glowing town, quickly.

A PRAYER FOR BEAUTY

WITTER BYNNER

GIVE her such beauty of body and mind
As the leaves of an aspen-tree
When they vary from silver to green in the wind,
And who shall be lovely as she?—
Then give her the favor of harking to love
As the heart of a wood to the call of a dove!—
And give her the beauty of following free
As a cloud in the sky or a wave in the sea!

Give her such purity vivid with light
As the wonder of passion can be,
Aware in the day and rapt in the night,
And none shall be lovely as she!—
O give her the glory a lover shall find
In the sharing of beauty of body and mind,
The paramount beauty of giving, that she
Shall immortally give it!—But give her to me!

FIVE PROFILES

Joseph Hergesheimer

I

The Salvation Shouter

HE stood on the narrow, gray strip of beach, swinging his arms, and declaiming his puny and invincible faith against the stupendous spectacle of the slumbering sea. His voice, hoarse from shouting his arrogant creed against the faint and far sky, the sky tenderly and rosily blue like the water, mingled with the murmur of the swells lost without breaking on the sand. Above him on the esplanade the gay and indifferent crowd passed without a sign, without an intimation that the Saviour he proclaimed so confidently, so threateningly, had for them the slightest significance. Only, at intervals, some one paused to smile, superior, or to throw him a contemptuous and superstitious coin.

But still his challenge, his prophecy, continued to soar unabated above the whispering tide, the fall of illimited feet. He lifted his face, his face white and worn with passion, with disease, with want, he lifted his burning and weary gaze, to the prodigal and careless parade. He held, in a gesticulating hand, his battered cap, exposing its stained and ragged interior; and fretted the sand with gaping and insecure shoes.

Unaware of his dilapidated covering, of his betrayed and ruined frame, he shouted the tidings of redemption, of salvation, to a gluttonous and exuberant throng as heedless of him as they were of the sea, spread before them like a silk scarf; out of the mystery of which, out of the splendor and majesty, they had their being.

He stood lost in his service, isolated in his vision; a victim to the blind, the tyrannical impulses of an obscure and imperious destiny, an implacable destiny without certitude or rest, reaching forward into uncreated and timeless space. His loud and incoherent words, those symbols of men's self-delusion, of vain

hope, of poignant longing, seemed suddenly to fill the universe, to echo from the dumb and empty heavens back to the dumb and empty hearts of the crowd.

II

In Black and White

In her gown of fine, black silk, her fichu of Venise point lace, she was rigidly erect. Her hair, at an age when such a thing was inconceivable naturally, was as black and glossy as the cut jet bracelets on her thin wrists; and, in the white, bony structure of her distinguished countenance, her eyes were hardly less ebon. She stood erect, with her narrow, elegant shoulders held in an undeviating line of pride, of the consciousness of race, of a deportment without concession to the merely convenient or comfortable.

There was, about her, an air of supreme aloofness from the vulgarer processes of living; her voice never rose from its pitch of gentle precision; it expressed neither surprise nor suffering nor relief; whatever emotions might reign behind that even exterior, they never escaped into the arena of public knowledge, they never colored the slightly disdainful detachment of that delicate utterance.

She exhibited always a resolute order, an inviolable neatness, that banished the loose ends of either opinions or garb. Her watch, enamelled in black, her pins incrusted with pearls that—like herself—had only taken a finer lustre, a rarer polish, from the contact of events and time; the sheer web of her diminutive handkerchief, bearing the faintest odor in the world of roses long ago crumbled into ineffable memories and scents; the pendents in the tenuous lobes of her bloodless and shapely ears—all held the stamp of her religion of high propriety, her tireless energy of soul.

Her banded, black hair, that, in spite of its obvious and meretricious origin, seemed entirely admirable and satisfactory, more than any other detail expressed her spirit, her creed. In its courageous subterfuge dwelt the will that the years had been powerless to dismay. Time, in its rude assault upon her person,

had been repulsed; time, that destroys women so ruthlessly, that transmutes them from ringing, passionate gold to lead, to tin, to ignominious brass, had swept over her and withdrawn, leaving her erect and unshaken; moving graciously, without regret, in narrow, beaded slippers, from a world whose standard she had found a little low.

III

Flower of Satin

Marshalled by maternal sagacity to where the light fell full upon her bare, young shoulders and robust breast, she presented a moving and significant spectacle against the turkey-red carpet and porphyry columns of that expensive hostelry. Her dinner gown, a sheath of pale green satin, netted in a portentous design of silver lace, was confined by a vivid blue girdle that descended to her crimson and precarious slippers. A tinsel rose; abundant auburn hair crimped and pinned about her concealed ears; and a profusion of gems distributed wherever the generous plan of nature offered possibility, completed her appalling and complacent adornment.

She sat with her hands folded in her labyrinthian lap, rapt in smiling and sympathetic interest in that public and exotic drawing room; while a dimple trembled under the powder with which —apologetically—she had endeavored to hide the rude health, the vigorous blood, of her sturdy and honest countenance.

At her side her parent reposed, a massive bulk, relentlessly garbed in an amazing magenta. She breathed cautiously, respectfully, into a constrained yet prodigious girth; and, with a fragile fan in her cushioned and clumsy grasp, directed a futile current of air against the mantelling discomfort of her determined martrydom.

They had, patently, arrived at a desired and difficult eminence in their progress toward a social and glorious goal. Through the herculean toils, the grim battles, of an absent male, through honorable privations, faithful allegiance to a far and resplendent ideal, that courageous and common couple had carried their offspring to where, bare-breasted beneath the electroliers, she had

equal part in the luxurious and idle show. And, smiling good-naturedly at the painted and cold faces of the women turned toward her in passing and hypercritical appraisement, her dimple trembled illusively under its ineffectual, powdered mask.

IV

Gentleman in a Shawl

At his back the light streamed from the opened door, between the Doric pillars of the portico, and outlined him in sharp relief against the sodden night. A thin rain fell from a formless mist on the faces uplifted from the street to meet his words; the rain fell sibilantly on the flaring torches that cast a lurid glow on the vague forms of the assemblage, isolating them portentously amid the shifting and indeterminate shadows, the unsubstantial dark; the rain plastered the gutters with dead leaves, liberating the odors of decaying vegetation, of mould.

He had appeared in response to the insistent applause of those who had elected him to the administration of their integrity, drawing a shawl about his shoulders, muffling their bent, nervous force, obscuring his severe and delicate outline. But, as he spoke, he raised his hand, and its attenuated fineness, showing transparently in the light from behind, its restrained and fragile dignity, was an exact epitome, a content and an expression of the man.

He spoke slowly, choosing his formal periods deliberately from a life-long habit of reticence, of an authority that had pronounced the supreme condemnation upon human error. And his words were those which, from the inception of men's souls, have been their illusion and despair, the incentives of their struggles and sacrifices, of their bitter or glorious ends. They were the words that have been falsified by false and lying hearts, the cunning words that have snared great individuals, sublime causes, the obedience of brutal and facile mobs.

But, as he repeated them—drily, without emotion—the words "service," and "freedom," and "rectitude"; as he repeated—austerely—the promise of his obligation to an impersonal and concrete ideal, he communicated a sense of some-

thing resolute and incorruptible; of something that, amid the shadows, was yet not a shadow; of a light that, above the murky and shifting flames of momentary torches, burned white and constant and pure in space.

V

The Woman in the Landaulet

The glittering machine ran swiftly, in a subdued and audible harmony, over the level road, leaving on either hand the flowered greenery of April fields and orchards. The top was folded back, and the effulgent sun shone on the flashing silver rails, the enamelled woodwork, and waxy ivory fittings; it fell on the hybrid sulphur orchids in their carved glass vase; and on the woman seated among the ashen-blue cushions. A voluminous wrap, the color of crushed grapes, folded her slight body; and her hair, unexpectedly silver above the petulant and powdered bloom of her countenance, was caught under a rim of maroon straw and fabricated flowers.

She had stripped her gloves from her smooth, blanched arms, and rolled them into a ball; intent upon the pure light of the morning sparkling in hot prisms in the emeralds on her asthenic fingers. At her feet, on an ashen-blue mat, lay negligently a bag of soft gold mesh, its clasp intricately carved and set with colored gems.

On either hand, swiftly and silently, the countryside fell behind: men working in the fields, women bending in their doorways, seemed petrified into grotesque and absurd postures; they seemed to perpetuate, in their aspects of obvious struggle, of painful effort, an incomprehensible toil, a toil for a vulgar and stupid end. The machine whirled past children frozen by the way into little statues of fright and wonderous awe—little statues in stained and baggy garments, with arms raised and fixed in an attitude of greeting, of farewell.

The woman in the landaulet pressed her lips to the speaking tube, leaving on the ivory a trace of red, of red that was not blood, and the machine sped in faster flight, with a higher, shriller song. The fields and flashing streams reeled back into

the morning; the eddies of perfume from the blossoming orchards, lingering in the pools of sunlight along the road, were rent in shreds, soiled with dust and the reek of petroleum.

Nearby the hedges were formless streams of inconsequential greenery; farther back the houses dipped and moved more sedately to the rear; but, in the distance, the withdrawn and impersonal hills moved not an inch, no, not with a quiver. And, gleefully, the woman waved her pointed hand, her hand like a white, poisonous flower sparkling with a green and wicked dew, in a derisive challenge to the fruitful fields, the sappy, black stems of the trees.

A CITY MORNING

EDITH WYATT

THE lucent air of this fresh, careless day
Breathes on the long-lined street, the passers-by,
The pebbly roof-tops and the corners brimmed
And bevelled with the silver morning light,
A breath unspeakable—cool, cool and still.
The calm touch of a sheer forgetfulness,
Eternity's forgetfulness, stirs in this hour,
Blows on the house-tops and the passers-by.
The market draymen, and the girl that lifts
Her window after her hard night of shame—
Blows cool and still as when from foaming seas
Rose Aphrodite in the virgin winds
More beautiful than hope or memory.
Spirit of life and death, clear-surging day
Blowing immortal down my gray-halled street
This crystal morning, give me but to drink
Of this great cup you hand me; but to hark
In silence to this sparkling chord; to know
Deeply this instant real and fathomless,
This mighty moment's splendor, cool and still.

ANSELO LEE

PAUL KESTER

I

THE fresh wind blew in my face, the night pressed close about me. It was very dark. The pale crescent had gone down behind the western ridge, leaving a dim gray light above the horizon which served to throw into bolder relief the blackness of the star-lit sky. It was not late, but as the season was advanced the heavy darkness, cut here and there by cheerful gleams that came through curtained windows, gave a sense of lateness to the hour and a foreboding of the coming winter.

I was in search of my friends the Egyptians. Their camps for the most part lay to the west of the town beyond an iron bridge, under an elm by the river-side. Thither I had gone in the early evening only to find my many steps useless. No Egyptians were on the old camping ground.

When once one has set out to find the transient habitat of a family of Rom, having promised oneself a seat on the turf with the embers of the low smouldering camp-fire just a yard or two off to look into, with one's back to a tree, and one's friends all about one, one is not easily reconciled to disappointment! Therefore when I chanced to remember that the tents were sometimes set up under a single wide spreading elm in a little green lane over the river south of the town, I bent my steps toward this last hope.

Quitting the street where I had passed on under the maples from lamp-post to lamp-post, from flare into shadow, I made my way down the rough bed of the railway, stumbling over the ties and becoming involved in the switches till I came to the long bridge spanning the water. Here in the dimness I discerned a masculine form seated upon the high buttress, seemingly intent upon the flow of the water. Not knowing his mood —as how should I?—it was startling so to come upon him in the darkness. Perhaps guessing my thought as I paused, and pos-

sessing the kindly spirit which prompts men sometimes to put others at ease, he rose from his seat, but without approaching, and said:

"It's a quiet place here."

"So it is," I replied, but little reassured, for the tone was non-committal and I could not make out his features in the shadowing gloom.

"Are you going across the bridge?" continued the voice.

"I am," I replied.

"I will go over with you."

"Very well," said I, moving away.

"Won't you wait for me?" asked the voice.

"You can follow."

"But I should like to go over with you!" persisted the voice.

"Are you drunk?" I demanded incautiously.

"No," the voice answered without hesitation.

"Then why can't you go over alone?"

"The flow of the water beneath the bridge in the night, and watching the ties when I can but half see them, makes my head dizzy."

"It will not make you dizzy if you count the ties as you walk," I suggested.

"You are afraid to have me go over with you!" said the man out of the darkness.

"I have no reason to be afraid of you if you fear to go over a bridge alone after nightfall."

"You needn't think I'm a coward!" quoth the voice with some indignation. "If I start to go over this bridge alone, I tell you I shall fall through it! If you won't let me walk with you I shall have to go round by the town and cross at the old covered bridge. You have no more reason to be afraid of me than I have to be afraid of you—I never saw you before!"

"You were here first," I demurred.

"I was waiting for some one to come along."

"Have you a match?" I asked.

"I have three," said the voice.

"One is sufficient," said I with dignity. "Light it and let

me see your face, then I will tell you whether or not I will help you over the bridge."

A match scratched on the stone of the abutment, a spark flashed, two hands made a circle about it till it grew strong, then for an instant it was held up to light the face which belonged to the voice which had said, " It's a quiet place here," . . . then a gust of the freshening wind blew it out and we stood shrouded in darkness again.

In the instant I had caught a vague impression of a dark face of remarkable beauty—the face of a Gypsy.

" May I come with you? "

" Yes, pal—we will jal over together! "

" Romanychel! " exclaimed the Gypsy.

" Where are you camping? "

" Under the elm in the lane."

" I was just going over to see you."

" Since we are brothers give me your vast. I cannot walk across such a place in the dark—scarcely at any time; I am not dinnelo. . . . I am no fool, . . . but I cannot do it."

" Keep hold of my hand then," said I.

And indeed it was well he did, for twice he tripped on the ties before we were half over, and was near going through them the third time he stumbled.

While we were yet on the bridge we heard a train up the track and were forced to climb down among the great rafters off the ties as far from the rails as might be. There we waited while the flash of the headlight and the awesome thunder and roar of the train came upon us. The steel rails rang and trembled, the bridge jarred and shook, the black engine rushed crashing upon us, over us, past us—the heavy clang, clang, of the great freight cars rolled on and on, deadening the sound of the cattle crushed in their narrow pens. Then it all went away into the darkness and left us crouching there, stunned by the roar, until the stillness of the night time returned, and the red calaboose lamps died like reluctant sparks in the distance.

" Let us go on," I said, rising stiffly.

So we clambered back to the ties. When we felt the solid

earth beneath our feet the Gypsy paused, and releasing my hand said earnestly:

"Brother, I do not know why it is, but I cannot stand on any high place without wishing to throw myself off; neither can I walk over such a bridge as this, though I have no doubt the young Gorgios often jump or dive from it into the water when they swim here in the summer. My people all know this—I wish they did not. You can now see the fire by the tents down in the lane."

"I see it, but it has grown so late that after all I'd better return to the town—I'll see you to-morrow perhaps."

"To the town, brother? Where is your camp?" the Gypsy asked in surprise.

"I live in a house," I answered regretfully.

"You are not of the Gorgios, brother?"

"I am of the Gorgios, pal."

"But you can rokker?"

"A little."

"I wish you were not of the Gorgios, brother."

"And why do you wish I were not of the Gorgios?"

"Because I do not like the Gorgios, brother—because the Gorgios are full of their evil deceit. Yet there are some good Gorgios, I suppose, . . . and perhaps you are one of them?" This was a question.

"I hope I am, pal, but I would not make too sure of it."

"I will not until I have seen your face in the firelight," he answered.

Then we went on in silence.

"How shall you jal back to the gav?" the Gypsy presently asked.

"Over the covered bridge at the foot of the Main Street."

"Then you can come by the camp, it is just here before us. It is nearly as short as to go round by the railroad."

"I will go by the camp then," I answered.

We went down the steep embankment from the track, climbed a rough fence, passed through some dusty high weeds, and came to the lane where the turf was thick, where the dew lay heavy, and where the camp was made under the spreading boughs of

a huge elm tree. About the camp-fire lounged the Gypsies, in the changing shadows of the night and the flames.

II

"Is it you, Anselo?" asked a voice speaking Romany. "And why have you brought a galderly Gorgio here at this time of the night?"

I paused at the edge of the circle.

"Putch the rye to be dukkered!" cried one of the dark women who sat by the fire. "Ask the gentleman to have his fortune told!"

"Mandy'd chore tute for a pash lill in vonger," said one of the men. ["I'd rob you for half a dollar in money."]

"Mandy'd da tute pang lills in vonger if tute could do it," ["I'd give you five dollars in money if you could do it,"] I answered.

"Beng lell mandy, devil get me—if he isn't Romanychel! Sarishan!"

"Dordi! We are dinnelo!" cried out the witch who had wished to tell me a fortune.

"Oh, me dere Duvel—dovelo adoi? . . . Oh, Lord, who is there?" demanded a deep voice from a tent near at hand.

"Romanychel! Romanychel!" answered the Gypsies.

"Throw on some wood! Make up a good fire!" said my companion, whom the Gypsies called Anselo. "He is not Romany, but a Gorgio who lives in a house in the gav!"

"A Gorgio?" echoed the Gypsies.

"He's tacho Romany—don't talk to me! He opened his eyes in a tan like any proper Egyptian—don't be deceived by his lies! What's your lay, pal? Be sure if you live in a house you make the Gorgios pay for such pleasant company!" spoke in my defence he who but a moment before had expressed his readiness to take violent possession of whatever of value my pockets might hold.

"Oh, me dere Duvel!" again complained the deep voice from the tent. "Wel akai, Anselo, . . . come here!"

Then with much groaning, and many exclamations of

"Dawdy! Oh, dear!" and "Me dere Duvel!" there issued from the tent a huge misshapen mass which, leaning upon Anselo for support, struggled forward to the circle of light and there paused to survey me while I, in my turn, surveyed the strange figure.

It was a woman . . . a woman of very great age and monstrous deformity, the sense of which was much increased by an excessive corpulence, a rare deformity among the Gypsies. Her head was placed far into her shoulders, which rose high above it; her stature was very short, while her arms were of more than usual length, so long, indeed, that they might have reached to the earth as she moved forward; her black curly hair showed no gray in the firelight as it fell unconfined upon either side of a long face of almost Ethiopian complexion, which was lighted by very bright eyes wherein lurked a most malevolent expression. A loose gown of dark crimson made even more startling the woman's appearance.

"Mrs. Lee!" I exclaimed, recognizing at once a famous character of whom I had heard many strange tales.

"Oh, me dere Duvel!" she groaned, as she stared at me balefully.

Suddenly, without any apparent premeditation, but with a wonderful vigor, one of her long arms extended itself, and seizing the Gypsy who lay nearest, she raised him up from the earth and set him upon his feet.

"Make room for the rye—would you keep the yog to yourselves? Do you begrudge him a place on the turf? Make room —or jal to your tans!"

With this effort she sank in a heap upon some blankets Anselo had spread near the fire, where, groaning again, she rocked uneasily to and fro.

I was about to speak, when a sign from Anselo kept me silent. All the Gypsies were standing.

As she rocked to and fro there came to my mind many strange stories I had heard of this woman; of her power over her people, of her lofty pretensions, of her passionate temper, of her endurance and physical strength, of her claim to the powers of divination and sorcery; above all of her ambition and pride.

"I am breaking at last!" she muttered. "The pains in my bones tear me to pieces—it's an awful thing to suffer! Oh, me dere Duvel—an awful thing to suffer—I shall not last many years longer!"

Anselo leaned over her.

"Puro dye!" he said, which means old mother, or, as we would say, grandmother. "Puro dye, the air of the night is cold! The dampness comes up from the river—draw the blankets about you!"

"I do not fear it," she answered. "It has done me its worst, has the cold and the damp and many another bad thing for a body!"

She turned to me, ceasing her slow swaying.

"Sit down by the fire, rye—don't mind their ill manners. What should they know of a decent politeness who know nothing? Beshalay!"

"There is indeed a chill in the air," I replied, sitting down Gypsy fashion with my feet under me. "How long shall you keep to the droms, dye?"

"Till I travel the droms of the duro tem [the far country]. I have never slept in a house—I never shall sleep in one as long as I have a vardo or tan or a bit of coppo [blanket] to throw over the hedge."

"The frosts are heavy now in the mornings."

"So they are, my son, as they should be! When I can raise the flap of my tan at the dawn and feel the chill air on my face, and see the yellow sun rise across the white frosty fields, I know that I live, I breathe deep—I am strong as I was in my youth. What is the frost on the window pane to the cold frozen dew on the tan? It is near a century now since I roamed in the Highlands of Scotland gathering the heather when the hoar-frost was thickest, to lay it close to my cheek—for my blood was hot in those days and I loved the snow and the ice! But above all I loved the frost on the heather!"

She sat for a long time silent.

"I shall not travel to the Gulf when the winter comes. I will stay where the snow falls, for I was born in the north and

I love not the warmth of the south. Anselo, we will stay in the north!"

"It is for you to say, dye," spoke one of the Gypsies. "But at your age the winter is hard to pass."

"At my age!" quoth Mrs. Lee, turning her baleful eyes on the speaker. "At my age! When my day comes I shall tell you! But it shall not come until my work is done—and my work is not done!"

We sat silent a while, watching the fire. It grew late, but until Mrs. Lee should go to her tent I felt constrained to remain where I was.

"Dawdy baw O shillero leste sos!" ["Oh, Lord, how cold it is!"] moaned Mrs. Lee. "The yog cannot warm me now—in my youth the cold could not chill! Dawdy! Dawdy!"

I knew that I might sit there for hours with only the sound of the crackling sticks on the fire, or the soft stirring wind in the leaves overhead, with now and again the low-spoken words in the old rich tongue that seemed as akin to the nature about us as the wind, or the heart of the fire. No one would move until Mrs. Lee should go to her tent.

"I will jaw to my tan," said Mrs. Lee, suddenly breaking the silence. "The rye will be naflo, indeed he will be sick if he sits longer upon the shillo chick [the cold ground]."

She raised herself by the aid of her long arms, and stood with her eyes intent on the fire.

"Go, Anselo, into the tan, and bring me a shawl to warm by the yog."

When he returned Mrs. Lee took the shawl and held it up before the fire to warm, as she said:

"Go now with the rye to the bridge over the river; it is dark and the path is not easy to find in the lane."

"Kushto ratti," I said.

"Kushto ratti, pal—mandy'll not chore tute to-night; I know you for tacho Romany. When you blows open a safe or murders a Justice, I'm the pal to take care of the luvver or to sneak you out of the country!"

"Bring us some Gorgios out of the gav to be rokkered—

fortune telling is naflo akai [bad here]," called one of the women from the door of her tent.

"Kushto ratti, my son!" said Mrs. Lee. "And be sure that we have the pleasure of your company to-morrow! Go with the rye, Anselo!"

We passed down the lane through the heavy grass to the road. We then walked abreast. Neither spoke till the bridge was reached.

"Will you come over and have a glass of beer with me?" I asked.

"No, brother, I will have no beer to-night, but to-morrow I will drink with you. I do not like to cross over even this bridge. May I come to see you in your house in the gav, brother?"

"Come whenever you will, pal! To-morrow perhaps I will show you where my house is—kushto ratti!"

"Kushto ratti, brother!" said Anselo, holding out his hand. "I have seen your face in the firelight—I shall know you again."

III

The next day as I lay in my hammock at home watching the stray fleecy clouds floating slowly over the deep blue of the sky, I heard a Romany whistle, and up to my gate rode Anselo Lee.

"Sar shan," I said, as he leaped from his horse. "How did you learn where I lived?"

"It was easy enough, pal," he answered, tying his horse to the hitching post by the curb.

"But you did not know my name, brother!"

"Others did then, pal—we are not all alike in our ignorance!"

"However you came I am glad that you have come. Let us go into the house."

"Yes, brother, let us go into the house by all means. I have much curiosity to see the place where you live, if it be so that we shall meet with no others."

So I took Anselo within doors, where we sat, Gorgio fashion, as he called it, in chairs near an open window through which came the pleasant hum of the locusts and the sound of the beat-

ing of iron in the distant foundries over the hill, and mingling with these the light, easy voices of children as they returned home, happy that school was over; and sitting so we spoke of many a thing of interest in the tents of the Gypsies, but little known or cared for by the house-dweller. At last Anselo rose.

"Why is it, brother," he asked, looking as he spoke curiously about the room, "Why is it that you tempt the wrath of God by shutting yourself up in a box like this? When I see a city where the houses are so crowded that there is no green thing about them, no room but for a few narrow windows where the sunlight can shine in, then I pity the poor people who live there, for I think they must die very young. Oh, you Gorgios—the God you worship is your house! Everything you have is made like it, or to fit into it, or because of it! I often think when I see your trains, with cars as like your houses as they can be made, I often think, brother, that it cannot be pleasant to the Boro Duvel who has taken such pains to make the shady lanes, with all the out-of-doors so beautiful, to have your people riding over it so fast on iron rails from one town to another, as though you thought the country a bad place full of fevers, and that you could not stop with safety until you came to some of your own handiwork!"

He stood leaning by the window as he spoke, watching me as though I were some curious animal who wore a very large uncomfortable shell unlike that worn by any other normal thing.

"Dordi!" he cried, abashed a little by my amusement. "The sun will soon be setting, I shall be late for my supper."

"Stay and have supper with me, pal?" I asked him.

But he would not.

"I am glad I came, brother," he said, as he stood by his horse. "I came for more reasons than one. I came to see what the house of the Gorgio is really like to those who live in it. I came to see if a rauni out of a ker could make shift to live in a tent like a Gypsy—I don't think she could! When I come again, brother, I will come but for the pleasure of passing the time with you. Kushto divvas!"

And so into the saddle and away at a brisk pace, riding beautifully as do all his people, went Anselo Lee. I wondered

then why he had come to see if a lady out of a house could make shift to live in a tent like a Gypsy. I said to myself as I thought of this, " He has some reason."

Thus it chanced that I made the acquaintance of Anselo Lee.

IV

It is pleasant in the evening to go down through the town, to pause a moment on the old bridge, to watch the twilight glow deepen and die over the ripples, to lose the line of the willows in the dusk of the coming night; then to go on over the dusty stretch of the road into the green lane, to the tents of the Egyptians.

I never tired of watching Anselo's face as we sat by the yog. I never tired of hearing his low voice recounting the day's experience, horse-trading in the town, or telling some tale of his people, or a story of roadside adventure. Often he came to my gate, often we met in the town, but oftener in the evenings we met by the camp-fire under the elm in the lane.

One evening as we sat so, long after Mrs. Lee and the others had gone to their tents, Anselo broke the silence by saying:

" Brother, I will tell you a strange thing. You are listening, brother? "

" Yes, I am listening. Do you hear the whip-poor-will in the distance? "

" Aye, brother, I hear it—it is a pretty thing to hear in the night time. Often I lie awake listening to it when all the others are asleep. It brings many thoughts to my mind. I have heard it in the evenings down in the land where the winters are like the summer time."

" In Florida? "

" In Florida, brother."

" I did not know you had been there."

" There are many things that you do not know of my ways or the ways of my people, brother—though you know more than another."

He laid his hand upon mine.

" Some day I will tell you what befell me there in the south.

I will not tell you now, pal—we are but strangers—you might laugh or think me a fool, which would hurt me. When we know each other better I will tell you. But it is of this thing that I think when I lie awake in the rardi listening to the whip-poor-wills, it is of this thing I think when I am horse-trading, it is of this thing I think when I look abroad over the country, it is of this one thing I think always—always . . . "

He raised his hand to his face for a moment, whether to shield his eyes from the dull glow of the fire or to hide some sign of emotion, I did not know.

" What was the strange story you had in your mind to tell me? " I asked, after a pause.

" I will tell you now," he said, letting his hand fall at his side, lowering his voice as he drew nearer to where I sat.

" The puro dye, my grandmother, sent one of the children into the gav with money this morning to buy her all that she might need to write with. After the child came back I went into the tan. It was a strange sight, brother; there sat my grandmother with the paper spread in her lap, the ink by her side, the pen in her hand, and after all she could not write! She had blotted some of the paper and had broken some of the pens in trying to do it, and there were tears of rage in her eyes as she sat looking at the things which the child had brought at her bidding but which she could not use. As I went into the tan she looked up and there was anger and shame in her face. ' I was never beaten before,' she said, ' but I am beaten now in my old age—therefore I curse the name of the Boro Duvel! ' With that she broke up the pens and flung them away, and spilled the ink over the paper, and no one dared speak to her till her fury abated."

" It is strange," I said. " Surely Mrs. Lee knew I would gladly write for her."

" It is indeed strange, brother—the dye has her purposes, she is keeping something away from me! She can deceive all the others, but she cannot deceive me—I have grown up in her tan and I know her ways! "

" Mrs. Lee is very deep, Anselo! "

" Tatchipen, indeed she is very deep! "

"There are none deeper?"

"None, brother."

"I must go back to the gav!" I said, rising. "I am keeping you from your bed."

"No, no—I should but lie awake."

"Listening to the whip-poor-wills, pal?"

"Yes." He rose too. "I shall hear them all night. I shall hear other sounds, other voices; and I am not dinnelo!"

He walked with me the length of the lane, then on to the bridge, where we paused.

"I will go no further," he said, in answer to my question. "I will stop on this side. But, brother, I would willingly cross over a burning bridge for one of my own people, or for anyone whom I loved—remember that of me, brother!" He held out his hand. "We are tatcho pals? After all, there may be some good in a Gorgio!"

"As there may be in a Romany chal!" I answered, as I took his hand.

V

"Brother," said Anselo, the next afternoon; "Brother, we are a strange people. To-day I had a letter from one of my cousins, Nat Young—not that he can write, for he cannot, but he can pay those who can write to write for him. Therefore my cousin writes me a letter. Now I cannot read very well myself!"

"Read!" quoth old Mrs. Lee, who sat by her tent door. "Read! No one of my blood ever could, save the lines of the hand, and the stars, and the face of a fool. Ha, the dinnelo Gorgios who must needs write down their thoughts lest they forget them! My people remember—we forget not the ways of Egypt—we are not like the Gorgios, neither my people nor me!"

I caught a look in Anselo's eye which brought to my mind Mrs. Lee's own efforts to acquire one of the arts of the Gorgios, but I held my peace, as all did whose words might be contrary to Mrs. Lee's pleasure.

"Read!" laughed Ben Ward, the Gypsy who had threatened

to rob me the first night we met. "Read, indeed—can you, pal?"

Still laughing, he thrust out his hand to lay it upon Anselo's shoulder.

"Now I cannot read very well myself," Anselo slowly repeated. "Therefore I go to one who can read well enough—a horse-trader apray the gav, and he reads me my letter."

"Ha!" quoth Mrs. Lee. "Ha, he reads your letter, for you cannot read very well." She spoke roughly, but I thought I could detect uneasiness beneath her manner; her eyes, I saw, were ever watchful of Anselo's face.

"My letter is a good letter and it pleases me well. But why, pal, does my cousin ask me in his letter if my complexion is whiter? Why is it my cousin never writes to a Romany chal but he must ask if his complexion is growing whiter? Why is it that I ask the same question when I write to my cousin?"

"It is of no consequence why your cousin should ask a foolish question; it is of no more importance why you should ask him the same," Mrs. Lee said, staring balefully from one to the other. "I like not your cousin Nat Young—he has ways like a Gorgio."

"Now, aunt, Nat's a pal of mandy's!" protested Ben Ward.

"Then jaw to your pal!" cried Mrs. Lee, turning her dark glance upon him. "I like well to see a mush keep with those of his liking! I ask him not to stay from them! I do not beg him to stay—I say to him—Dordi! There is the drom—get your wagon and jaw!"

Mrs. Lee was fast working herself into a passion.

"But, dye—" began Ben Ward feebly.

"Hold your tongue, you fool!" his wife said, plucking his sleeve. "Let her alone, will you?" and then, to soothe Mrs. Lee's fury: "Don't pay any heed to him, aunt!"

"Heed!" muttered Mrs. Lee, rocking backward and forward. "I'll heed him! It is thus I am treated in my age by those I have saved from the gallows! I will not suffer it! Indeed, it is past my endurance!"

"Will you write me a letter to my cousin, pal?" Anselo

asked, to break the uneasy silence which fell when Mrs. Lee ceased her mutterings.

"I will write for you to-night," I answered.

Mrs. Lee caught my words. A new line of thought seemed to open before her; then she stole a covert glance at my face.

"You will write a pretty letter, I know, rye!" she said.

And late in the evening, after I had written for Anselo to his cousin, she kept by the camp-fire conversing with me until near the time of my leaving; then, a moment offering when we were alone together, she leaned forward and whispered close to my ear:

"Indeed, you write in a manner much to my liking. Come to the camp to-morrow with your pen and paper, my son, and write me a nice pretty letter at my bidding, and set down the words I shall say. Speak not of this to Anselo, my grandson, or to any other—it is for your knowing and mine, and for no others' knowing and meddling!"

She paused awaiting my answer.

"I will come to-morrow, mother, and I will say nothing. I can hold my tongue."

"I had been a fool had I asked one to hold his tongue who could not! The stars are dim to-night, yet can I see by their place in the heavens, as I can also see by the look on your face, that I need not fear what is between us shall ever become common. It is seldom I ask a favor, my son, but I always repay those that are done me!"

She drew back as Anselo came from the tent, her dark face showing no sign of the words she had spoken, seeming as it had seemed the moment before he left us, like the face of one who looks so far into the future that the world about is lost to the vision.

VI

"My son," said Mrs. Lee the next day as I sat in her tent, "I wish you to write me a letter. I have asked you to do this as I cannot write for myself. I am much troubled, my son, as indeed I have reason to be!"

I had taken writing materials with me when I set out for the

camp, therefore it needed but a moment for their adjustment until I could turn to the dye, pen in hand, saying:

"I am ready now, mother."

"I have sent Anselo into the gav to be out of the way," she began slowly. "For it is on his affairs that I wish you to write."

"I hope, mother, you will not ask me to write anything which will do Anselo harm?"

"You are dinnelo!" said Mrs. Lee, turning her baleful glance upon me. "Why should I harm my own grandson? Why should I work ill to my own flesh and blood, when there are the Gorgios always at hand to arouse me to anger? Dawdy—dawdy! Why will you hinder me? Why have you set out to thwart and perplex me? Oh, me dere Duvel—me dere Duvel!"

She sat on a sort of rough divan formed of many pillows heaped on rolls of blankets and bedding. She now arose with the aid of her long arms, and tottering toward me laid her hand heavily upon my shoulder.

"Write as I say—I will not be hindered! Anselo shall know in good time what is written. Write now!"

Her dark hand still lay upon my shoulder, a compelling influence, strong almost as the look in her eyes.

"I will write, Mrs. Lee—I was a fool to think you would wish me to put on the paper anything that I should not!"

"You were truly dinnelo. Had I but a Gorgio's education —which, praise God, I have not—nor have any of my people, being ruled by me; nor shall they ever have while my spirit lasts —had I, I repeat, but the education with which the Gorgios idle their time, I should need to ask favors of none!"

"Do not be angry, Mrs. Lee, have I not said I will write whatever you wish?"

She withdrew her hand from my shoulder and turned slowly back to her seat. I adjusted my little portfolio upon my knee, jarred the stubborn ink to the tip of the fountain pen, then waited her bidding.

"I will tell you the story, my son; you will understand better what I wish you to write when you hear it."

"As you please, mother."

"You have seen Anselo; you know him for a fine young man.

Had he not been born with his good looks this trouble had never come upon him, his head would never have been turned about on his shoulders; he would have taken a wife from among his own people, a rinkeno Romany chie such as I know, and never have gone off after a Gorgio rauni to be made her sport and the laughing stock of her friends!"

"Is it so?" I exclaimed.

"It is, my son, it is! And you shall hear how such a shameful thing came to pass. In the winter we jaws to the gulf. Now in this last winter where should we jal but into Florida, where we had never been before, going for the most part to the city near the mouth of the boro doyav, the big river, where the camp was made on the leveys. But I, like a fool, I must needs be jalling to Florida, hearing that the rich Gorgios go there to be out of the cold, thinking to make more at the dukkering. Well was I punished for my covetous spirit; well was I to pay for wishing more when I already have too much for my peace—having more farms than my fingers, more horses and vans than any Egyptian can count!

"We pitched our tents near the great hotels of a winter resort. I go little abroad from my tan, but the word passes about that a famous witch would dukker the raunis. So the raunis come to my tent in the evening with the ryas, the swells, in their white clothes, gay with light laughter, leaving many a dollar.

"I could see that the raunis cast not a few glances at Anselo, coming again and again, I thought, only to see him. But Anselo paid no heed to them, going about his own business, leaving them to go about theirs, which they did, when they saw he was not to be won by their wiles.

"But it changed; there came one evening a fair girl with golden hair and white cheeks, with eyes like the southern sky when the moon shines. She came with some others, but such was the charm of her looks that I had eyes but for her, feeling a pity rise in my heart as I saw she was one who had come to the south to mend harm which was past all mending.

"She held out her palm, gaily laughing as she crossed mine with a gold piece.

"'Shall I have luck?' she asked me, still laughing.

"I smiled, for I knew she would hear my words as a prisoner his sentence.

"'Ma pen lati tatchipen [Don't tell her the truth],' I heard Anselo's voice from behind me. 'The rinkeno rackli [The pretty girl]!'

"'What does he say?' asked the rauni, putting her slender hand to her lips to hide the cough which came lightly. 'Is he speaking in Gypsy?'

"She turned then to see him stretched out on the blankets with his eyes full upon hers. As she did so, I felt a quick beat of the pulse in the hand I was holding.

"'Pay no attention to him; he says it is a pleasant evening—and he does not speak Gypsy, as there is no such language, only thieves' cant, which is gibberish not fit for such pretty ears. The planets——'

"But she stopped me, still looking at Anselo as he lay with his head raised on his hand, to say sadly:

"'Is there no Gypsy language? I had believed that there was.'

"'None indeed, my dear—what would we do with a language? Are we better than others that we need two for our uses? The Gorgios speak not two languages, they are dinnelo. How then should Romanychel speak two?'

"'The Gorgios?' she asks quickly. 'Dinnelo? Romanychel? I never heard such words before!'

"'How should you, my dear? It is thieves' jargon not fit for a lady to hear.'

"'Don't believe what she tells you!' spoke up Anselo, as I had never heard him speak before. 'My grandmother will not tell you the truth. We talk in the Gypsy language among ourselves, or when strangers are by and we do not wish them to know what we say.'

"'What did your words mean—the first that you spoke?' asked the rauni.

"'I cannot tell you,' Anselo answered, now getting upon his feet, showing his fine manly figure. 'I should rather not tell you.'

"'It is of no consequence,' said the girl, turning to me. 'Will you tell my fortune, please?'

"When the fortune was finished the young men who were with her were for returning to the hotel ere the chill of the night came up from the earth. However, the other raunis must be dukkered first, and when I had told all their fortunes it was so dark that Anselo went with them to the hotel, carrying a lantern to light the way, for the rauni would not go without it, fearing, she said, to step on a snake in the dark—but, thinks I, wishing to walk beside Anselo, if the truth were told.

"After that the young rauni came often to the camp, nor could I forbid her, as she brought her friends to be dukkered, leaving them with me in the tan while she went with Anselo to look at the horses that she might try which was best for a saddle. Then when she had bought a horse for her riding she would come by the camp every day that we might see it. She had bought Anselo's own gry, which before he would not part with, nor even allow another to mount, but which I think he would have given to her as a present if he had dared.

"Though there were many fine young Gorgios come down from the north to make up her court, it was easy to see that the rinkeno rackli cared more for Anselo than for them all. I do not think Anselo knew this at first—for, as you must see, Anselo is but a fool for all his fine face and fine figure! It might have passed by and have come to nothing had not Anselo's horse, the one she had bought for her riding, been of a high spirit. It chanced in this way:

"A month had gone now since she first came to the camp; so, knowing us well, she would often ride down by herself of a morning, galloping back to the boro ker [the big house] in time for her breakfast. One morning she came in a fine new habit of dark blue which became her white face and light yellow hair. I thought myself as I stood in the door of my tan that she was pretty to look on. But Anselo's horse being unused to women liked not the long skirt which trailed over his side, as I saw by his restless way and the turn of his eyes toward it.

"Anselo was not in his tent when she came. I think the gry missed him, for it whinnied, and, paying no heed to the

rein, made through the tents toward the field where we shut up the grys over night. Try as she would, she could not turn the horse back.

"'Anselo! Anselo!' called the girl at last, seeing him coming.

"The sound of her voice only startled the gry. He shied and plunged forward, throwing her heavily back upon the ropes of my tan. A Romany chie could have kept her seat with no saddle under her well enough, but this Gorgio was no horsewoman—a poor thing without any spirit! There she lay across the ropes of my tan with her yellow hair fallen down all over her shoulders, her white face paler, her eyes closed, in a swoon.

"As Anselo lifted her in his arms I heard him speak her name under his breath; I saw, too, that he held her very close to his breast as he carried her into the tan and laid her upon my bed. Ha! and by this I knew that he loved her!

"He would let me do nothing, nor any other, bathing her white face himself with his hands, which seemed black as they lay on her pallid forehead.

"When she opened her eyes she looked not at me, nor about her, she looked only at him. I do not think it gave her any satisfaction when her people came from the boro ker to take her away, as they soon did—I having sent one of the men to tell them what had befallen.

"From that time came a great change upon Anselo. He went every day with his guitar to sit by her as she lay in her chair out on the lawn under the live oaks, for the fall which would have done one of my people no harm had made her naflo [sick] indeed, and had brought back the cough to her lips.

"He would sit there by her side, the chals told me, and play hour after hour for her pleasure, while the ryes and the raunis looked on from the broad porches. When she would tire of his playing, he would give the guitar into her hands and teach her to pick out the tunes with her slender frail fingers—teaching her also the words of a puro Romany gillie, an old Gypsy song.

"Then she must have him teach her to rokker. I liked not her learning my language! I do not think now there was need

for my anger—she cared not for the words, but to hear his voice speak them!

"I said nothing, holding my peace till the chals I had sent to the gav told me the rauni had left her chair on the lawn, being ferreder kenaw [better now]; then when I heard this I said to myself it is time Anselo should return to his people and forget the white rauni.

"All through the divvus from morning to noon, from noon on to evening was this on my mind, therefore when Anselo, saying no word, rose up from his place where the supper was spread and taking his stadi, his hat, jawed to the gav—I took my staff, and though it is not easy for me now in my age to walk the length of the tan, I followed him into the gav, never losing sight of him till he went up the steps into the boro ker, where she was staying.

"Long windows opened upon the piazza; there were few lights, for the night was warm and the moon at its brightest. I stood in the shadow of some jessamine vines which covered an arbor—I still remember how heavily their fragrance lay on the air; I remember it well, for as I stood there waiting, for what I know not, I heard a voice singing which seemed to me to float on the soft wind as the scent of the yellow jessamine lay on the night. It was her voice. I knew it though I had not heard her sing. I knew it because no other voice was like hers, and because the song was a Romany gillie.

"It was just dark enough on the long porch for me to creep up near to the wide open window where the song came from. Sometimes the voice died. The moon had not risen far over the palm trees, its light still fell through the long windows under the porch. So I could see her sitting with the pale white light on her hair, her face half turned from the window, looking up in Anselo's face. Her hands moved slowly, making music like moonbeams, and I thought as I stood watching that they seemed like the moonbeams themselves as they moved in the shadows.

"Anselo was close at her side. Gladly would I have called to him to come out to me, had I not been overcome by a fear that came of my seeing the love in his face; for though my

will is high, it is no greater than Anselo's, for all his quiet ways.

"As I stood undecided, not knowing what I should do, the girl stopped her singing, her face raised to his. Then Anselo, bending, kissed her upon the lips, calling her by her name, Gertrude, and, as she rose, catching her close to him in his strong arms. Even in the dim light I could see the look of surprise on her pale face, a look almost startled; then I saw the look change, and I know that her lips answered his kisses and would have answered his loving words had not another light than the moonlight flashed into the room as her friends came to seek her.

"In an instant Anselo had released her, but it was too late —her friends had seen the white lady in the arms of the Gypsy.

"'How dare you—how dare you!' the girl cried to Anselo, who stood dazed by the light and the laughter and the strange look on her face. 'How dare you!'

"At this I would have gone in to Anselo, for he seemed not to know where to look, until her words stung him; then he raised his head proudly, but gently, looking without flinching into her cold eyes, and said slowly, as his way is:

"'I don't care for these people—I want you to come and live in my tent as my wife. I love you—will you come?'

"Even then I saw her face flush with a flush that came not from shame. But she was a coward, a weak thing, and she turned from his look to the others.

"'He has insulted you!' cried one of the young men. 'Shall I throw him out of the window?'

"He laid his hand upon Anselo's shoulder, while the rauni Anselo loved turned with some of the women to go out of the room.

"'Gertrude!' Anselo called. 'My kamli [my love]!'

"She turned back at the sound of his voice—she would have run to him—I saw it all in her face. Ha—it was too late! I had entered the room through the long window. Seeing me she stood still.

"'Come, sir, leave the house!' said the mush who had laid his vast on Anselo's shoulder, pushing Anselo on toward the

door. 'You do not know how to conduct yourself here—go back to your own people!'

"Now Anselo is as strong as the strongest, so when he seized the insolent mush by the collar ill would have happened had I not laid my hand on his arm, saying to him, speaking Romany, that he had best come with me and leave a bad business before it was worse. Hearing my voice he loosened his hold on the mush and following me we jalled out through the window, leaving the boro ker. Nor did he ask me how I had come, nor why; nor did he indeed once speak to me then, nor at any time since, of the matter. For a little way we talked together, then thinking it was best for him to take his own pace, I said so, and he strode on under the tall palmettoes into the hammock, where I could not see him for the turn in the drom and the heavy shadows.

"I had scarce left the gravelled paths of the boro ker, going slowly, leaning much on my staff, when I heard light steps coming quickly behind me and knew without turning that the girl had followed.

"'Where is he?' she asked, half sobbing, her breath coming hard from the haste she had made.

"Paying no heed I went on.

"'Where is he? Oh, tell me where he is—I must see him! I must!' she cried, standing before me.

"But I thrust her aside with my arm, and went on.

"She paused there for a little while, standing in the midst of the drom in the moonlight, thinking to turn back, thinking to come to me again. And so I left her standing alone there with her white hands covering her face, but not hiding her sobbing.

"'She is not used to suffering,' say I to myself. 'Let her learn what it is!'

"As I went on with the aid of my staff, it came into my mind that we must not wait for the morning to be moving, lest she should come or send to the tents, and Anselo fall into her wiles once again.

"Therefore we broke up the camp hastily in the moonlight. In a few hours we were well into the heart of the pine woods,

jalling over the tracks toward the north, where the Big Dipper hung in the sky."

Mrs. Lee paused for breath.

"That is the story," she added; then, after a moment's silence: "You will not soon hear such another."

VII

"And the letter, dye?" I asked, remembering it, as the little portfolio slipped from my knee, bringing my thoughts up from the Florida pine woods to the camp in the lane under the sweeping boughs of the giant elm.

"Dear God!" cried Mrs. Lee. "I had forgot it!"

She rose and went to the door of the tent to call to a child playing under the vans, asking if Anselo were come from the gav. The child replying that he had not come, Mrs. Lee returned to her place, and continued:

"Some three weeks ago there came to me this letter, sent first to one of my farms, then sent by the farmer to me. It says in the letter how she came by the name of the gav. She asked some Egyptians who told her."

Mrs. Lee extended the letter.

"Am I to read it?"

"By all means, young man. I have heard it but once, for I cannot trust every Gorgio to read it, nor would I trust my own people if they could make it out. Let me hear it again."

I opened the letter with hesitation, seeing as I did so that it was addressed to Anselo. However, the compelling eye of Mrs. Lee was upon me, and though I hesitated, it was but for a moment.

"Read it aloud, my son," said Mrs. Lee, impatiently. "Read it aloud."

There were only a few lines, which ran thus:

"Dear Anselo,

"I have waited a long time to write this, for I did not know where I might send it to reach you until yesterday, when I met some Gypsies I had heard you speak of—your cousins the Boswells—who told me where to address it. I hope it may

reach you soon, for I am not well. I shall never be well again unless you forgive me! If you will only send me a few words to say that you have pardoned me, I think I shall be happy again. I was so startled when they came into the room—I was so weak! I did not even follow you, but let Mrs. Lee turn me back! I never said then that I loved you, though I longed often to say it. I love you, Anselo! I loved you then—I still love you.

"Gertrude."

"Gertrude!"

It was Anselo's voice that echoed the name.

I looked up. He stood in the tent door before us, his face suffused with a wonderful light, his lips trembling, his hands extended.

"I have heard!" he cried. "Let me see it—I know I can read what she has written, as I could hear her voice if she called to me from a thousand miles! I can read it!"

As he spoke he drew a step nearer, his hands still extended.

"Give me the letter!" cried Mrs. Lee, snatching it from me.

She rose, drawing back to the furthermost corner of the tent away from Anselo, who stood mute for a moment, while many of the tribe, among them Ben Ward and his wife, came to peer in at the door. As she saw them, Mrs. Lee's eyes darkened and flashed.

"Ye are spies!" she cried, turning upon them with a fury that swept through the place like a storm. "Ye have listened and warned him—away to your tans!" and the sound of her voice was as the rolling of thunder.

The Wards, man and wife, with the others, lowered their eyes before her fierce gaze, but made no sign of leaving the tent door.

"Ha!" screamed Mrs. Lee, raising her voice and shaking her black hair over her face in her rage. "Will ye not heed and obey me—have you come to set my own grandson against me? Dear God!—is that your intention!"

"Why should you be angered when I ask you for what is my own?" Anselo said in a voice so quiet that Mrs. Lee's fury abated and faded before it. "Why should you speak so to your

own people when they come to the door of your tan? Is it that you wish to keep a thing that is his from your grandson—that you wish to deceive and frighten your own people? Give me the letter. I will not ask how it came into your hands."

"I will not give you the letter," she said, in a voice as firm and quiet as his. "None of my blood shall be made the sport of a Gorgio. I have spoken."

As she said this Mrs. Lee tore the letter again and again, then crumpled the fragments close in her palm.

A murmur went up from the Gypsies.

As he saw Mrs. Lee tear the letter a look came into Anselo's eyes awful to see, but he said calmly enough:

"Now will you give it to me? I can mend it."

"I have spoken," quoth Mrs. Lee. "Nor shall this I have torn ever be mended."

Without warning she darted past Anselo, thrust away the crowd at the door, and ere anyone knew her purpose ran to where the fire smouldered, casting the fragments into the embers.

"They shall burn!" she cried defiantly, turning to Anselo and the Gypsies. "They shall be ashes! They are gone past all mending!"

Ere Anselo could reach her side, ere he could kneel by the fire, the flames caught the thin edges; even as he gathered them into his hands from the very heart of the coals they were ashes.

"Too late!" he cried fiercely; then turning to me, the ashes still in his hands, unheeding the pain, for the fire was not yet smothered entirely from them: "Tell me where she is? Where the letter was sent from? I am going to her."

I could not tell him, for the date, with the address, was at the end of the page, and I had read neither when Mrs. Lee had caught the letter out of my hands. This I told him.

"Be content," Mrs. Lee said, moving to Anselo's side. "Let her alone—she shall have no words of forgiveness! Is she not a Gorgio?"

"I am going to her," he repeated, taking a step from among us, a look of power on his dreamy face.

"Watch the horses!" Mrs. Lee cried, pointing to where a

dozen grazed at a distance. "No wheel nor hoof of mine shall be lent to this business!"

"Mother!"

His look was reproachful.

"Turn back!" she cried, her voice rising wildly. "Turn back ere I bid you forever begone out of my tent and away from the side of my camp-fire!"

She followed him, clutching his coat. Gently enough he freed himself from the grasp of her trembling hands.

"Mother," he said, "I have set my face to the east. I shall find the rauni I love ere I turn west again. I go without wagon or gry, for you hold back from me what is my own. I do not reproach you, I only bid you farewell. Kushto bok, mother!" He held out his hands to her.

She paid no heed to the gesture. She had turned to the group by the fire.

"Stop him—dear God! are ye dumb? Don't you see he'll be jalling?"

In her fury she shook her clenched hand at the Gypsies.

"Keep back, pals," Anselo said to the men who advanced to do Mrs. Lee's bidding. "I am not to be stayed—I tell you I am going to her—give me room!"

As he spoke he moved slowly away down the lane, none following him.

"Ungrateful!" screamed Mrs. Lee, her face pale with wrath. "Ungrateful! You abandon your people for the Gorgios!—your ways for their ways! Go, then, from my camp, my eyes shall never see you again in my tent door! Go into the east if it pleases you. Me and mine go to the westward. Our ways lie apart. Go! I will try to forget you!"

She looked down the lane. He was gone.

"My Duvel, punish——"

"Aunt! Aunt!" screamed the women in terror.

"I cannot!" Her arm fell at her side; her face softened, her hands trembled.

"Look to her, wife!" cried Ben Ward.

And the Gypsies crowded close about Mrs. Lee, who had fallen.

VIII

I did not venture to the Gypsy camp again, fearing I might not be welcome since Anselo was gone; though often after sunset I would go down through the town to stand on the old covered bridge, watching the last glow of the twilight die over the ripples of the water. Then I would look across, seeing the white tents dimly in the lane, the camp-fire throwing up its sparks when all else lost itself to view.

One evening as I stood so, with my coat drawn close, liking the warmth which kept the little chill away, watching the figures that passed me dimly in the dusk, Ben Ward stopped to speak with me.

"It's a pleasant evening," he said, leaning upon the old gray railing at my side. "But there's frost in the air. There will be ice glazed over the still water in the morning."

"How is Mrs. Lee?" I asked. "I hope she is well."

"Yes, she is well enough now. I thought for a day or two it was all up with her, but it wasn't. Lord! There's fire in the old lady yet."

"Any word from Anselo?" I asked, after a pause.

"None, pal; the camp's dull enough, too, without him. We'll be moving on to-morrow."

"Moving on?" I repeated. "Surely you are not going until he returns!"

"He will never return—at least, I don't think so, nor does Mrs. Lee. Why should we keep in one place? The grass is all gone and it's a good way to lead the horses to water. There's no more dukkering for the women in the town, and no more horse trading for the men. It's best to be moving."

"Which road shall you take?"

"The one to the west."

"And you break camp?"

"We'll be moving by ten in the morning."

The wavering bridge-lights stirred uneasily in the rising wind. The Gypsy shivered.

"I hate to think of Anselo when the wind blows cold," he said, looking down at the flow of the river. "If he falls in

with any Romanys travelling his way, he'll be well enough, but it's too cold to sleep under a hedge these nights. He's a good boy, is Anselo—a staunch pal. Mandy'd give the best gry mandy has for a sight of him at my tent door. If you ever see him again, young man—and who knows what may chance in this world—you tell him what I said of the gry—and that's not for now only, but for always! If he should need the loan of some vonger he's welcome to it, but Lord! he's known me since he crawled down the tongue of his mother's van into my arms the first day I ever dicked leste, and that was before he could talk. Kushto bok, pal! I'm glad to have met you, you'll always be welcome in mandy's tent, and if any friend of yours—mind, I don't say who—ever needs a Romany pal to get a pot of luvver, no matter how it was come by, out of the tem—I'm the mush to help a rye like yourself without asking for half of the money. Kushto bok! Kushto ratti!"

And so with an iron grasp of his brawny hand, rough Ben Ward, with his good heart and queer ethics, was gone away under the wavering bridge-lights toward the camp of his people.

A little before ten the next morning wagon after wagon turned from the lane upon the highway that led to the bridge and the town; wagon after wagon until a dozen vans were in motion. Following them came some light covered carts to end the strange train. At the back of the vans horses were tied, while beneath them, their shaggy coats almost touching the swinging camp-kettles, stalked the voiceless dogs of the Gypsies.

On to the bridge, to rumble and creak slowly over its rafters, on into the town goes the train of the Egyptians, differing in no wise from that first caravan as it approached the gates of the City of Paris in times long agone. The swarthy women peer out at those who look strangely upon them, as their ancestors peered from their carts at the wondering people of Paris. The lookers-on do not cross themselves now as of old to ward off the evil eye of the witches, but the children draw back into doorways, and the mothers clasp closely their babies—for the Gypsies are passing.

Mrs. Lee's great van came first, leading the others, resplen-

dent with its gildings, its mirrors, and carvings. The curtains were drawn close, but through them I thought I caught the flash of the pythoness-glance.

Up the principal street of the town to the square moves the vagabond train, then westward until the heavy dust hides it, and the last cart and last horse are gone.

IX

Dull and dead lay the autumn leaves. Over the pasture lands swept the cold winter winds, driving the cattle to huddle close under their shelter of thatch. Gone were all the Egyptians, as the girds were gone, over the hills to the south. The haws were luscious and black on the haw trees that grew by the roadside north of the town. I had gathered a handful and was plunging into the woods to make my way home by paths I had known since my boyhood, when I heard a step on the frozen road and, glancing back through the network of branches, saw a man turn from the highway to follow me into the forest.

"Sharshan!" a voice cried. "Have you forgotten me, pal?"

It was Anselo Lee, but a changed Anselo Lee. There was the same wonderful beauty, only a little worn, a little wilder; the same charm, only deepened a little.

"Well, Anselo?" I asked him.

"It's all over, pal; she is dead."

As he spoke he looked away, while the tears clustered thickly upon the long lashes, and the clasp of his hand tightened upon mine.

"Tell me of it if you can, brother; and let me know how you have come. Are you alone?"

"Alone, my brother. Let us walk on in silence a little, then I will tell you. I came but to tell you. It is strange to me, but since the night we met on the bridge south of the gav I have thought much of you, and since I have left the camp I have longed often for a sight of your face—longed to hear the sound of your voice. I cannot tell why it is, but so it is—and because of it I have come."

The twilight of the woodlands was about us, deepening as the twilight of the day drew on; only the dried oak leaves shook above us in the wintry wind to echo those we rustled with our steps. On and on I led the way, never turning, conscious of his footfall close behind me; on and on until we left the darkening forest to see the amber glory fading from the western sky. Stretches of stubbly fields lay between us and the town, fields where the corn shocks stood like muffled sentinels upon the frozen ground. Over the fields we passed in silence, and so reached the straggling houses and the lighted streets, and my own door.

"When I left you and my people," Anselo began, "when I left you I went eastward. It was not long until I came upon some Gypsies who had seen the Boswells, not long until I found my cousins camped a hundred miles further eastward. My cousins would not at first tell me where they had seen the rauni, pretending they knew nothing of her, but when I reproached them and they saw I was not to be turned aside, they told me she lived in a town further eastward, the name of which they gave me.

"I went on then, thinking Mrs. Lee had sent them word to turn me back; fearing indeed that they had misled me. And so it was. For when I reached the gav I made inquiry and knew that I had been deceived; no one of the name I sought dwelt in the place. All day long I had gone from house to house questioning everyone whom I met, until I knew it was useless. Then the night came on."

"What did you do, brother?"

"What could I do?" He rose, and crossed to the window, looking out into the night, his breast heaving. "I stood there at the edge of the town, tricked and betrayed by my own people! Stood there and knew that she whom I was seeking was waiting for me, thinking perhaps that I was cruel and slow to forgive! Then I set my face to the west again, scarcely resting day or night till I came to the camp of my cousins the Boswells. The bells in the gav nearby were striking midnight when I stopped at the door of Seth Boswell's tent. As I counted the strokes I could hear his heavy breathing; then when the bells were done

ringing, I put by the flaps and went in and knelt by his bed, wakening him from his sleep.

"'Who is it?' he asked, starting up.

"But I pushed him back on his pillow, holding him for all his struggles as I would have held a restless child under my hands.

"'Be still!' I said to his wife, who caught at my arm to tear it away from her husband's breast. 'Be still—and answer me—I am Anselo Lee.'

"She loosened her hold on my arm when she heard the name, and my cousin lay still on his pillow.

"'Why does my cousin come in the blackest hour of the night to the tent of his brother?' he asked, while I heard the woman whisper to him to answer me—that I was dinnelo and would kill him!

"'I have come, my cousin,' I said to him, putting my face down close to his face; 'I have come in the blackest hour of the night because you lied to me in the open light of the day! I have come for no lies, my brother! I have come for the truth! You shall speak it!'

"'I will not,' he made answer. 'You are dinnelo—I will not tell you where you can find her—let me go!'

"But I would not, and we struggled again in the darkness until I overcame him, forcing him back on his pillow, where he lay panting.

"'He will kill you!' his wife whispered to him. 'Answer his question! If I rouse the camp he will kill us all—is he not mad?'

"'I will kill you indeed, my cousin, if you who have lied to me do not tell me the truth! Speak no more lies, for I shall know by your voice whether you speak falsely or no. Speak now! I will wait no longer!'

"I felt him trembling beneath my hand, for he thought me mad, that I would kill him if he did not speak—as indeed I would have done—when I thought of my darling dying without me!

"'I will not!' he cried again, being a man of great courage.

"But I put one hand at his throat, and one hand I put over

his heart, and with the one over his heart I pressed downward until he suddenly gasped.

" ' I will tell you——'

" Then he told me the truth.

" I did not wait for water to drink, for food to eat, nor for the light of the day to brighten the droms. I went out from the tan into the night, while all the world seemed open and wide and free, for at last I was going to her! "

He paused, stretching out his arms.

" Oh, brother, a great rapture filled me, a great rapture such as comes to one who is dying of thirst, when he plunges his face deep into the icy waters of the spring he has found in the heart of the frozen desert. I was mad, brother—I ran on and on over the rough road, on and on till my breath would not come and I fell on the frosty turf by the drom's side.

" I lay there panting, as the dogs lie in the shade and pant when the camp is made after thirty miles up hill and down; lay there looking at the clear stars overhead until a great calm came in the place of the wild joy, until the pain from the running died out of my heart; then I rose and went on steadily until the morning came, every hour happier, for every hour I was nearer to her.

" In two days I reached the gav where she lived. It was evening when I came to the house of her people, evening with the white snow falling softly over the gray walls of the building, over the frozen lake at the foot of the garden. Lights shone in many windows, lamps burned on either side of the door. It was such a great house that I feared to go up to it, thinking after all that she could not love me—that I had made it all out of my fancy, or that I had dreamt it.

" I stood for a long time at the gateway looking in while the falling snow lodged on my coat; the first snow of the season. As I stood so, wondering what I should do, feeling almost as far from her as I had felt before I set out on my journey—as I stood so, a figure came into the long window that opened down to the ground, and all the light fell on her yellow hair. It was my kamli.

" Her hands touched the glass of the window, her cheek

was pressed close against it. I knew she was looking out into the night, waiting, watching, thinking of me! All the doubt left my heart, nothing was in my soul but a great passion of rapture and love. . . . In a moment I stood by the window all trembling, as my hand trembles now at the telling. . . . I spoke her name, I held out my arms to her as I stood where the light fell upon me.

"She heard my voice, she saw me—she threw wide the window, she came to my arms as a young wounded bird flies to the nest and falls by its mother. She put her arms close about my neck, then lay still on my breast with her eyes closed, saying no word but my name over and over again, while she pressed her lips to my rough coat, not willing to look in my face nor to kiss me. I don't know how long we stood there with the white of her dress trailing over the white of the snow, but I know that never, never, never were moments so sweet as those moments—never, never were kisses so sweet as those kisses she pressed on my coat!

"We did not speak, we did not move, until the wind shook her yellow hair loose on my shoulder. Then I gathered her into my arms and bore her within the house.

"'Anselo! Anselo!' she whispered, laying her wan cheek close to my dark one. 'Oh, my love, I was waiting for you—I would not die until you came! I was looking for you from the window—all day I have waited for you; I could not see far through the snow, but I knew—I knew you were coming! I knew you would not let me die without saying you pardoned me . . . say that you do . . . say it now—again and again! I dare not look into your face until you have said it! Say it again and again and again!'

"And not until I had told her a hundred times that I pardoned and loved her would she raise her eyes to mine or answer my kisses with kisses. She was so changed, brother—only the gold of her hair, only the deep blue of her eyes were the same. Her voice was but a sweet whisper now, yet I loved her more dearly than ever, and there was only joy in my soul as I held her close in my arms.

"When her people came, as they soon did, hearing her

voice, they wondered to see me, but let me stay, knowing it was her wish; and were kind to me in their cold way because of the love she bore me.

"The next morning my kamli could not rise from her bed, so I went to sit by her, playing on her guitar all the old songs I had taught her, while she lay with her white face close to the edge of the pillow, her eyes watching me. Sometimes she would sing with me, but so softly that the sound of the strings almost hid the sound of her voice.

"Oh, those were sweet days, brother, sweet to me who was free now to love her, sweet, too, to her, who was free now to be loved! We spoke but once of the past and our parting, but once of the future. The past had held sorrow, the future was all despair! We lived in the moments and hours that we had—we made years of our days, filling them full of our love, full of the glory of living!

"'Anselo,' she whispered one day, drawing me closer to her, her frail hand resting on mine. 'Anselo, we have lived in the golden days—I have lived in the castles I built in my childhood; there is not time now to linger, but the best thing life can give has been mine, and I am content. I have dwelt in the golden days I had dreamt of . . . with you.' She raised her hands to cover my eyes, for tears had come into them at her words. 'When the golden days pass, and I have gone alone into a far country, and you have turned back into the ways of this old world, you will remember how sweet the time was together. Lean nearer—lay your face close to mine—closer—closer . . . I love you, Anselo——'

"She was still for a moment, then she whispered, trembling a little:

"'I think I am dying—call to them—I should be frightened if your hands did not hold mine so closely! Yet I must go alone——'

"The others came and wept over her, and wondered at me as I sat as I always did, holding her hands and smiling into her eyes to give her strength for the journey. When she had kissed them all, with some whispered word of affection, she turned wearily to me, a faint smile lighting her tired face.

"'I have come to the end of the sweet golden days——'

"Smiling, her head drooped back on the pillow, her yellow hair rich with the last light of the sun that sank into the west as she died."

For a long while he stood looking out from the window at the pale moonlight that fell through the bare boughs of the maples, dimming the lights of the neighboring windows, sparkling on the frost-laden lawns.

"That is all, brother," he said, turning to me, looking again into the fire. "I knew no more of what happened, only that they gave me a little picture of her, set with pearls, that hung on a chain; and were kind to me in the midst of their own grief." His voice broke. "Oh, brother, I have tried to turn back into the ways of the world as she said I must turn—but I cannot! I am as one stricken down in the midst of the day, as one without hope—the joy of life has gone out, as she has gone out of the world! I shall never see her again—she has gone to too high a heaven——"

As he spoke he turned slowly from me.

"Aye, pal, mandy knows what you would pen, but there is no comfort in it. Only the great God could give me my kamli, and He never gives back the dead. . . . Only He could show me her face by the hedges, wherever I look, but He will not, for my people blasphemed Him over a thousand years ago and He will not forgive them—we are to wander and never to rest! I will take up my penance, and maybe for her sake who loved me so well the great God will show me her face over the hedges as I jal on the droms. Maybe for her sake He will open the gates of the high heaven when my penance is done that I may go through them to her——"

I held out my hands to detain him. He took them, pressed them, and, smiling sadly, was gone from the room and the house.

OUT FROM LYNN

LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH

WHEN I came down the road to Lynn
The surf was beating loud.
Across the sea a ship came in,
Each sail a clinging shroud.
I stood upon the windy hill,
The vagrant heart within me still.
The world was larger to my view,
That moment, than my boyhood knew.

When I put out to sea from Lynn
The tide was dropping down.
I saw the evening lights begin
To glint out in the town.
Straining my eyes across the night,
I watched them till they vanished quite.
My father's house, the day before,
Had seemed as distant as the shore.

When I was out of sight of Lynn
I caught the seaman's tread.
I had a hole to stow me in
And hard boards for my bed.
Like one enchanted, through my work
I watched the stars out in the murk,
Above and in our wake of foam,
The changeless stars I knew at home.

When I go back some day to Lynn,
I know the street that leads
To country lanes I loitered in
Before my manhood's needs.
I shall not mind the buffets then,
The earnest give and take of men,
If some one stands within the door,—
If some one stands—I ask no more.

THE POETRY OF RUDYARD KIPLING

J. De Lancey Ferguson

IT has been the misfortune of Rudyard Kipling to have gained the reputation of being a sort of political oracle, and as a result of this everything that he writes is scanned and dissected by zealous critics who hope to discover therein some veiled parable, even when none is visible on the surface. In the case of his poetry the result of this attitude has been to centre attention upon the avowedly political verse, much of which is mediocre and some of which is unspeakably bad, and either to treat inadequately or to ignore entirely the work that does not "talk of empire." This has been true especially of his later work, and the consequence is that much that from a literary point of view must rank as his very best has never received adequate notice. This lack it is the purpose of the present article in some small degree to supply.

In speaking of Kipling's poetry I mean to use the word in its best sense, as distinguished from verse and doggerel, under which heads must be placed most of the *Departmental Ditties* and the greater part of the political poems, especially the more recent ones. The *Barrack-Room Ballads* may also be disregarded in the present discussion, since the real value of most of them probably cannot be determined in this generation, there being no reliable criterion whereby they may be judged. Their popular appeal has been strong, but the time-test is fatal to so much that is popular in its youth that we may well view with apprehension its application to most of the *Ballads*.

But even when these are disregarded there remains a large body of verse, much of which has been neglected by the general reader as well as by the critics. Mention Kipling's poetry to the average man (or woman) and if he (or she) does not begin to quote *Mandalay* it will be because he (or she) is quoting *Gunga Din* or *Danny Deever*. And one seeks in vain through the files of the reviews for intelligent or discriminating criticism of the "uncrowned Laureate's" best work. Printed comment on Kipling's poetry may be roughly divided into two periods—

the rhapsodical and the censorious. The first period, in which everything he wrote was accorded extravagant praise, covers the years between his first appearance before the English and American public and the publication of *The Seven Seas*. On the verse that appeared prior to *The Seven Seas* the reviewers heaped the wildest admiration, and much of what they said was quite untrue. A writer in *The Gentleman's Magazine* (August, 1892) actually spoke of Kipling as " a young man who can write blank verse in a style of his own "! Now as a matter of fact the little blank verse that Kipling was guilty of is wretched stuff, and is written, as anyone ought to be able to see, not in a style of his own, but in a style of Robert Browning's.

With the appearance of *The Seven Seas* opinion divided. Some praised it highly, but others were convinced that the work showed a distinct falling off. *The Bookman* (New York) was one of the leaders in the reaction, which spread rapidly. When *The Five Nations* was published, there was scarce one so poor to do it reverence. The only commendation is to be found in a few English reviews, and they, with characteristic discrimination, pick out the poorest work for honorable mention—*The Files*, for example, or *Et Dona Ferentes*. As for the verses that have appeared since 1902, the denunciation has been unsparing. And yet the same publications that condemn the work when it first appears will, after a year or two, point to it as the example of a high standard from which some still more recent work has fallen away. An adequate explanation of this phenomenon seems to be lacking. The most plausible one is that for the real appreciation of his best work careful reading and re-reading is necessary, the hurried skimming given it by the professional reviewer failing to note the finer shades and qualities that give distinction to the writing.

Having thus noted the shortcomings of reviewers and of the public, let us turn to the really fine poetry whose very existence is so often ignored. This poetry, it must be remembered, is not confined to the three or four volumes of verse which Kipling has published, many of the finest poems being scattered through other books, such as the *Jungle Books* and the *Puck* stories. Still others have never been collected in any form.

For convenience in discussion, Kipling's best work may be divided into three general classes—patriotic and didactic verse, narrative or dramatic poems, and poems of nature or of out-door life. Of course this classification, like most of its kind, is a mere makeshift. The groups frequently overlap, and one small but important class can hardly be placed under any of the three divisions—the class, namely, of dedicatory poems. These are few in number, but they comprise two or three of his very finest poems, as well as some of the worst. They will therefore be considered separately.

The first class, of patriotic and didactic verse, shades off into the realm of political doggerel in such awful warnings (to the maker of verses) as *The Lesson, Et Dona Ferentes,* or, most horrible of all, *The Absent-minded Beggar.* But it includes also such fine pieces as *The Sons of Martha, If—, The Galley-Slave, A Song of the English, The English Flag, The Song of Diego Valdez,* and, most famous of all, *The White Man's Burden.* In spite of their stirring metre and splendid imagery there is nevertheless, to the non-British mind at least, a strong flavor of jingoism about such poems as *The Galley-Slave* and *The English Flag,* and also, though to a lesser degree, about the *Song of the English.* It is this "blessed are the English, for they have inherited the earth" tone that causes Kipling frequently to grate on American nerves. But inasmuch as none but a nation that is without sin in the matter of jingoism and self-glorification is entitled to cast stones, it may be well to pass lightly over the verse that is purely British in its appeal and consider rather those poems which have a more universal application.

Attempts to state an author's "message" usually prove nothing except the folly of the self-appointed interpreter, but the undaunted criticaster is always ready to rush in where angels fear to tread and will bring back in time for lunch the "message" of anyone you may name, from Dante to O. Henry. Nevertheless, after much reading of Kipling's work in prose and verse, one thought seems so to dominate all others that it may be worth while to state it. This is the thought of loyalty and service, perhaps best expressed in McAndrew's words:

"Law, Order, Duty and Restraint, Obedience, Discipline." On this commandment hang all the law and the prophets of the great mass of Kipling's stories and poems. Not a difficult gospel, indeed almost too obvious and commonplace to satisfy some aspiring souls, but certainly a gospel that this age would do well to heed. We hear so much about the right of the individual to the full development of his personality, the worker is so ready to place his own real or imagined grievances above every consideration of the common good, that it is good to hear one who reminds us that even the greatest genius can accomplish nothing if he has to contend with the "leagued unfaithfulness" of his subordinates, and that

> "From forge and farm and mine and bench,
> Deck, altar, outpost lone,
> Mill, school, battalion, counter, trench,
> Rail, senate, sheepfold, throne,
> Creation's cry goes up on high
> From age to cheated age:
> 'Send us the men who do the work
> For which they draw the wage.'"

None realizes better than Kipling how completely the whole fabric of society depends on the unswerving fidelity of the worker, and none has expressed this dependence as forcibly and concisely as he has in *The Sons of Martha.* Here is poetry that does what the great mass of recent poetry does not do, namely, touch the ordinary life of a working-day world. There is scarcely a word in the eight stanzas of the poem but is used as a railroader or a civil engineer would use it a dozen times a day in the course of ordinary talk, and yet who dare say that it is not fine poetry? If poets are to regain their old-time influence over the minds of men, they must cease sporting with the tangles of Neæra's hair and get back to the real life of mankind as Kipling does in this and other poems. Could anything be simpler than the language of these stanzas, yet could anything be more vivid?

> "It is their care through all the ages to take the buffet and cushion the shock,
> It is their care that the gear engages, it is their care that the switches lock,

It is their care that the wheels run truly, it is their care to embark and entrain,
Tally, transport, and deliver duly the Sons of Mary by land and main.

* * *

"They do not preach that their God will rouse them a little before the nuts work loose;
They do not teach that His pity allows them to leave their work whenever they choose;
As in the thronged and lightened ways, so in the dark and the desert they stand,
Wary and watchful all their days that their brethren's days may be long in the land."

Sons of Martha, like many another phrase of Kipling's, is already one of the stock references of writers and speakers. Stories have been written with it as a text, and pictures have been named from it. It may safely be asserted that no contemporary writer has contributed so many words and phrases to the vocabulary of everyday life, a fact that in itself proves how close is their author's connection with reality. And it is this power of coining striking phrases that makes even his doggerel of so long life, for his best known expressions are by no means always in his best poems.

Though he sings so triumphantly of empire, none realizes better than he does its cost. *The White Man's Burden,* which now applies to Americans just as vitally as to Englishmen, is the most famous example of his recognition of the price of dominion, but *The Sea-Wife* and other poems, notably the second part of *The Song of the Dead,* express the same feeling. Blood is the price of admiralty. " 'Tis on the bones of the English the English flag is stayed."

What rank should be given to such poems as *If—* and *The Thousandth Man* it is not easy to say. The former especially is one of those poems which must be reckoned with because of its power of stirring and impressing people on whom higher poetry has little or no effect. Here again the doctrine of loyalty is emphasized, in this case loyalty to one's own better self. *The Thousandth Man* extols the unshakable loyalty of a friend who will stick more close than a brother. Whatever may

be their value as pure poetry, these poems are inspiring, and at least they are better poetry than Mrs. Wilcox's "man worth while is the man who can smile when everything goes dead wrong."

But greater than any of the political or didactic verse are the narrative poems, that range from the crude but powerful *Ballad of Fisher's Boarding House* in his early volume of verses to the charming simplicity of *Eddi's Service* in *Rewards and Fairies,* and include such remarkable achievements as *McAndrew's Hymn* and *The Three Sealers.*

The most important as well as the most famous of the first volume of *Ballads* is the *Ballad of East and West,* that drew high praise from the aged Tennyson. A splendid piece of narrative it undoubtedly is, and a remarkable performance for so young a man, but when looked at from the standpoint of technique and metrical skill far inferior to his later poems. There is a hammer-like beat to the verse, an undue protrusion of the metrical skeleton of the fourteen syllable lines, in *East and West,* that has been overcome in *The Three Sealers* and *McAndrew's Hymn.* Compare the unescapable vehemence of the internal rhyme in the first of the following lines (from *East and West*) with the skilful masking of it in the second (from *The Three Sealers*):

"The colonel's son to the fort has won, they bid him stay and eat. . . ."
". . . And they felt the sheerstrakes pound and clear, but never a word was said."

The Rhyme of the Three Sealers (to give it its full title) is in every way superior to *East and West.* With the perversity that characterizes all its dealings with Kipling the public has seized upon and made famous the most tawdry line in the poem, namely, "There's never a law of God or man runs north of Fifty-three." Lafcadio Hearn saw its real merits, however, and in his letters we find repeated praises of it. And Hearn was no mean judge of poetic art and beauty.

The most casual reading of the poem will show that Hearn's enthusiasm was fully justified. All the loneliness of northern seas seems compressed into the one line—

"Where the gray sea goes nakedly between the weed-hung shelves."

In the description of the scene when the fog lifted after the fight, every phrase adds a fresh splash of color to the picture, until we see the whole as vividly, probably more vividly than if we were present:

". . . The good fog heard, like a splitten sail to left and right she tore,
And they saw the sun-dogs in the haze and the seal upon the shore.
Silver and gray ran spit and bay to meet the steel-backed tide,
And pinched and white in the clearing light the crews stared overside.
O rainbow-gay the red pools lay that spilled and swilled and spread,
And gold, raw gold, the spent shell rolled between the careless dead,—
The dead that rocked so drunkenwise to weather and to lee,
And they saw the work their hands had done as God had bade them see!"

This lament of the dying Reuben Paine is noteworthy for its Kiplingesque fidelity to detail in the pictures of the New England coast which he paints in the words of the dying poacher, but it is far surpassed by the last speech of Tom Hall. In one line of it, the second of the two I quote, Lafcadio Hearn said there was more poetry and real feeling than in the whole of *Madame Chrysanthème:*

"And west you'll turn and south again, beyond the sea-fog's rim,
And tell the Yoshiwara girls to burn a stick for him."

Higher even than *The Three Sealers* are the two dramatic monologues, *McAndrew's Hymn* and *The Mary Gloster.* They represent the high-water mark of Kipling's achievements in the portrayal of character in verse. Lafcadio Hearn called them "marvellous things," and the epithet is deserved. They exhibit in its greatest development that grasp of essential details, the golden mean between superficiality and tediousness, and that astonishing command of technical terms so characteristic of their author.

The portrait of "the dour Scots engineer" is a creation that Sir Walter might be proud of, but Sir Walter would have taken some hundreds of pages to depict all the phases of a character that Kipling develops in a few hundred lines. McAndrew's anxiety about the salvation of his soul, his penitence for the sins of his youth, his superficial severity and

sternness and underlying tenderness, his lost love—who died "the year the *Sarah Sands* was burned"—his affectionate devotion to his engines and his almost fanatical adherence to what he considers his duty—all this is painted with a master-hand. It was no small feat to portray a man with the making of a Covenanter martyr in him, a man who burned the plans of his invention lest it interfere with his duty to his engines, and who yet could turn from devotional meditation to the vehement reproval of an oiler, his remarks to the latter closing with the heartfelt exclamation, "'Tis deeficult to sweer nor take the Name in vain!" His reason for refusing to consider foreign service is delicious:

> ". . . I'd sooner starve than sail
> Wi' such as call a snifter-rod *ross* . . . French for nightingale."

What a snifter-rod is I have not the least idea, but my lack of knowledge in no wise interferes with my appreciation of the humor of the passage. Here, as in the description of the "orchestra sublime" of the engines, the technicalities are no more than the carven grotesques that cover the façade of a Gothic church. Ignorance of their real meaning does not, or should not, impair our pleasure in the structure as a well-built whole. The centre of interest in the poem is the character of McAndrew, and even if he miscalled technicalities more egregiously than Sir Kenneth of the Board he would still be essentially true. The spirit is something apart from the raiment in which it is concealed.

If the character of McAndrew is one that might have been created by Scott, that of Sir Anthony Gloster is a conception not unworthy of Robert Browning. At first glance it would seem difficult to find two poems further apart in spirit and subject than *The Mary Gloster* and *The Bishop Orders His Tomb,* yet the two are in certain respects parallel. As Browning's poem sums up the good and the bad of Renaissance paganism, even so *The Mary Gloster* sums up the commercialism of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries—the coarseness and brutality of the "self-made" millionaire, his glorification of "specious gifts material," but also his delight in honestly done work and the unexpected vein of idealism that underlies the whole.

Like *McAndrew's Hymn, The Mary Gloster* is a marvel of condensation. We know Sir Anthony as thoroughly at the end of about three hundred lines as we know that much more lovable self-made man, Christopher Vance, at the end of as many pages. Kipling's hero certainly is not lovable, but there is more than a little dignity and pathos in the death of this man who had "made himself and a million," but whose only wish as the darkness closes in is that he may lie in Macassar Strait by the side of the dead wife of his youth, the wife to whom he has always been faithful in spirit though false in deed. The strange contradictions in the character of the man who would not tolerate dishonest work ("cutting the frames too light") and who yet would steal his dead partner's plans, who gave his son all the money he could spend and then despised him because that system of training turned him into a worthless cad, all this forms a picture which is typical of the careers of "merchant princes" in America as well as in England. Beauty there is not in the picture, but strength and that dignity that results from strength there are.

But though beauty is lacking in the poem as a whole, there are a few striking lines scattered through it. The description, for example, of how he would go out to his last berth "by the little Paternosters"—

"Lashed in our old deck-cabin, with all three port-holes wide,
The kick of the screw beneath him, and the round blue seas outside. . . ."

is certainly vivid, and moreover is expressed in words which a man like Gloster might actually use.

The finest descriptive passage in the poem is, however, the closing one, wherein the death of the man is told in the figure of the sinking ship:

"Down by the head an' sinkin'. Her fires are drawn and cold,
And the water's splashin' hollow on the skin of the empty hold—
Churning and choking and chuckling, quiet and scummy and dark—
Full to her lower hatches and risin' steady. Hark!
That was the after-bulkhead. . . . She's flooded from stem to stern. . . .
Never seen death yet, Dickie? Well, now is your time to learn!"

After the publication of *The Seven Seas,* Kipling wrote no more narrative or dramatic verse of the type of *The Three*

Sealers and *The Mary Gloster.* The only poems in narrative form in *The Five Nations* are political parables. Recently, however, he has developed a new kind of narrative poem founded on the old ballads. Probably Hudson Maxim would deny that these are poems, since tropes are almost non-existent in their lines. In *Eddi's Service,* the best poem of them all, there is not a single trope, scarcely even a simile. Among all the poets of the last fifty years it would be difficult to find any poem so utterly naked of adornment and withal so charming. It is too long to quote entire, and would be completely ruined by cutting, so those who are interested must look it up in *Rewards and Fairies. The Ballad of Minepit Shaw* in the same volume is also a good example of Kipling's later narrative style, but it is more obviously an imitation of the old ballads.

The third great division of Kipling's poetry is that of verse dealing with nature and outdoor life. Some of this, that sings of the "go-fever," is probably the most popular of his poetry except the barrack-room ballads, and it deserves its popularity, for there was nothing like it in the language before Kipling's time, and any that has appeared since he showed how to do it is so manifestly copied from him that it may be disregarded. So far as the love of out-of-doors was made a subject of poetry by Kipling's predecessors, it was seldom more than a reputed desire to follow the baying hounds, to sport with Amaryllis in the shade, or, if the bard were unusually daring, to sail the bounding main. None of them ever mentioned what he would do if it were cold or wet, or if the sea were really rough. Kipling changed all this. He has sung of the seaman's love of his sea as she serves him or kills, of the pleasure in the bucking, beam-sea roll of a black Bilbao tramp with her loadline over her hatch and a drunken Dago crew, of the misty sweat-bath of the tropic jungle, of the long day's patience belly down on frozen drift when hunting *ovis poli*—in short, of all the fierce, elemental joys to which the Young Men turn when the Red Gods call. In *The Song of the Banjo, The Feet of the Young Men, The Long Trail* (*L'Envoi* to *Ballads* and *Barrack-Room Ballads*), *The Lost Legion,* and *The Sea and the Hills* he has summed up outdoor life in all its phases, and incidentally has furnished

dozens of newspaper and magazine poets with their entire stock in trade.

No poet, not even Swinburne, has sung of the sea, and of man's strife with the sea, more splendidly that has Kipling. Swinburne has praised the sea as his " fair green-girdled mother, . . . Mother and lover of men," but Swinburne has little or nothing to say of the fierce and ceaseless struggle which man and his creatures of wood and steel and stone wage with the sea. Even in Swinburne's wonderful tale of the rout of the *Armada* one is given the impression that the sea harms only England's foes and not her sons. Kipling knows better, and is not afraid to say what he knows, that—

> " We have fed our sea for a thousand years
> And she calls us, still unfed,
> Though there's never a wave of all her waves
> But marks our English dead. . . . "

But he knows, too, the irresistible call of the White Horses of the sea, and the joy that the men of the sea feel in their strife with their mighty adversary. Sea-pictures abound in all his poems, and when he wishes to tell how keenly hill-men desire their hills, he can find no way of expressing their longing save in terms of the sea.

In his sea-pictures, as in all his descriptions, Kipling's method is suggestive and not detailed. He gives, it may be, no more than a single word or phrase, but he makes that one expression so striking and vivid that the reader's mind at once supplies the details and realizes the scene better than it could have done after a page of uninspired detail. When we read such passages as the following we see far more than the actual words tell us:

> " There danced the deep to windward,
> Blue-empty 'neath the sun."

> " . . . The wreck that lies on the spouting reef
> Where the ghastly blue-lights flare. . . . "

> " . . . Here leaps ashore the full Sou'west
> All heavy-winged with brine."

The picture of the *Coastwise Lights* is a splendid piece of imagery, but the last stanzas of the poem show a distinct falling-

off. I quote the first stanza, one phrase from which—"the swinging, smoking seas"—is used in Alfred Noyes' *Drake* in the rather colorless description of the flight of the Armada, where it shines like a diamond among pebbles.

"Our brows are wreathed with spindrift, and the weed is on our knees;
Our loins are battered 'neath us by the swinging, smoking seas.
From reef and rock and skerry, over headland, ness, and voe,
The Coastwise Lights of England watch the ships of England go."

One might continue indefinitely to quote from these verses, but a line must be drawn somewhere. Before leaving the "wanderlust" poems, however, one thing further should be noted, and that is the fact that the steamship owes its entrance into poetry largely, if not entirely, to Rudyard Kipling. It is the "world-end steamers" that he turns to when he yearns beyond the sky-line, and he follows the railway also till "the rails run out in sand-drift." Of the Romance of Things as They Are he is the first and greatest singer.

There is, however, another side to Kipling's nature. If he understands the "go-fever" he also understands homesickness, and has given wonderful expression to it. *Christmas in India,* as a revelation of the intensity of an exile's longing for home, is second only to Swinburne's *Jacobite's Exile.* Kipling was scarcely more than a boy when he wrote this, and he felt the loneliness and desolation of those who "wait in heavy harness on fluttered folk and wild" with a keenness that an older man would have been incapable of. It is related that the editor who had asked Kipling for a Christmas poem would not publish it until a parody called *Christmas in London* was written and printed in the next column to take the sting out of Kipling's work. It would be hard to find a stronger testimonial to the poem's truth to life. The exile dares not think too long or too intently of home.

Another poem, little known, forms a striking companion-piece to *Christmas in India.* This is the exquisite *Song of the Wise Children,* which the reviewers of *The Five Nations* unanimously ignored. As *Christmas in India* depicts the yearning of the exile for his English home, so *The Song of the Wise Children* gives us the Anglo-Indian's recollections of the happy days

he spent in the land of his birth as he looks back on them after time has blotted out the memory of discomfort and homesickness. There are few passages anywhere in Kipling's work that can surpass, as pure poetry, these two stanzas:

"We shall go back by boltless doors
To the life unaltered our childhood knew,
To the naked feet on the cool dark floors,
And the high-ceiled rooms that the Trade blows through;

"To the trumpet-flowers and the moon beyond,
And the tree-toads' chorus drowning all,
And the lisp of the split banana-frond
That talked us to sleep when we were small."

There is magic in such verse as that, and the man who can write it deserves to be called one of our great poets. But he can do more than express the exile's desire for his home-land; he can put into words a man's love for the land in which he dwells, no matter where that land may be. *The Native-born* is an early and rather crude example of this power of his, but in *The Flowers* we have the same thing in a much more restrained and artistic form. It shows the extraordinary cosmopolitanism of the man that he can interpret the home-love of the Canadian, the South African, the Australian, or the New Zealander with as much force as he can that of the Old Englander. And his having found a home that he loves in Sussex has not destroyed his power to appreciate the attractions of the homes of others. In 1908 he contributed to *Collier's Weekly* several articles descriptive of a journey through the Canadian North-west. The poem which I quote is in praise of the plains of Manitoba, and is included in his latest book under the name of *The Prairie*. It stands to confute those who say that Kipling has forgotten how to write poetry.

"'I see the grass shake in the sun for leagues on either hand,
I see a river loop and run about a treeless land—
An empty plain, a steely pond, a distance diamond-clear,
And low blue naked hills beyond. And what is that to fear?'

"*Go softly by that river-side or, when you would depart,*
You'll find its every winding tied and knotted round your heart.
Be wary as the seasons pass, or you may ne'er outrun
The wind that sets that yellowed grass a-shiver 'neath the sun.

"'I hear the summer storm outblown—the drip of the grateful wheat.
I hear the hard trail telephone a far-off horse's feet.
I hear the horns of autumn blow to the wild-fowl overhead;
And I hear the hush before the snow. And what is that to dread?'

"Take heed what spell the lightning weaves—what charm the echoes shape—
Or, bound among a million sheaves, your soul may not escape.
Bar home the door of summer nights lest those high planets drown
The memory of near delights in all the longed-for town.

"'What need have I to long or fear? Now, friendly, I behold
My faithful seasons robe the year in silver and in gold.
Now I possess and am possessed of the land where I would be,
And the curve of half Earth's generous breast shall soothe and ravish me!'"

The most beautiful of all these descriptive poems is *Sussex.* It, like the stories and poems of the *Puck* books, reflects the author's genuine love of the goodly land in which he has made his home.

"God gave all men all earth to love,
But, since our hearts are small,
Ordained for each one spot should prove
Beloved over all. . . ."

Even if he had not written *Sussex,* the *Puck* stories would be enough to tell us that the pleasant South-coast county is the land that to Kipling has become beloved over all. He knows the secret heart of Sussex as Hardy knows that of Wessex, and I confidently expect that his best work in the future will draw its inspiration from the life, past and present, of "Sussex by the sea."

Great as is the temptation to quote at length from this poem I shall give only one further example, which I choose because the thought expressed occurs several times in Kipling's later work. After speaking of the traces of Roman occupation he says:

"What sign of those that fought and died
At shift of sword and sword?
The barrow and the camp abide,
The sunshine and the sward."

There is a passage exactly similar in that beautiful little ballad in the *Just-So Stories*—the one that begins "There runs a road by Merrow Down":

> "Of all the tribe of Tegumai
> That cut that figure none remain;
> On Merrow Down the cuckoos cry,
> The silence and the sun remain."

And the same thought is developed at a little more length in the last stanza of *Philadelphia* in *Rewards and Fairies*. The pictures of nature in his earlier work are marvellously vivid, but there is nothing in any of them that shows any such realization of man's unity with nature as we find in such passages as those I have quoted. Whatever course his future work may take, we at least know that he stands with his feet on solid earth.

II

The last division of Kipling's poetry whereof I intend to treat is the small group of dedicatory poems. Although the group includes two or three recent pieces that are rather uninspired, besides the injudicious extravagances of the memorial verses to Wolcott Balestier, the general standard is very high. The dedication of *The Seven Seas* "To the City of Bombay" is a graceful and beautiful poem, a number of whose lines have become familiar quotations. Another deservedly popular dedication is the one which introduces the Indian verses ("I have eaten your bread and your salt," etc.). But the finest of them all is "To the True Romance," which originally opened *Many Inventions* and which was later reprinted, with a few verbal changes, in *The Seven Seas*. If this is not Kipling's best lyric it is at least one of the best, and there are few poems dealing with abstract subjects that can surpass it. It achieves the double triumph of making an abstract topic intensely real and of using with consummate skill a metre that in most hands becomes as a sounding brass or as the pounding of a sledge-hammer.

The theme of the poem is that without the guidance of the "True Romance"—*i.e.*, without the possession of an ideal—no

great deed can be done, but that with her leadership all things are possible.

"Since spoken word Man's Spirit stirred
Beyond his belly-need,
What is is Thine of fair design
In thought and craft and deed.
Each stroke aright of toil and fight
That was and that shall be,
And hope too high, wherefor we die,
Has birth and worth in Thee.

* *

"Pure Wisdom hath no certain path
That lacks thy morning-eyne,
And captains bold by Thee controlled
Most like to gods design.
Thou art the Voice to kingly boys
To lift them through the fight,
And Comfortress of Unsuccess
To give the dead good-night."

In closing it may not be inappropriate to quote from the splendidly self-confident *Envoi* to *Life's Handicap,* written in the pride of his youth and success, while the evil days came not.

"My new-cut ashlar takes the light
Where crimson-blank the windows flare.
By my own work, before the night,
Great Overseer, I make my prayer.

"If there be good in that I wrought
Thy hand compelled it, Master, Thine;
Where I have failed to meet Thy thought
I know, through Thee, the fault is mine.

* *

"One stone the more swings to its place
In that dread Temple of Thy Worth—
It is enough that by Thy grace
I saw naught common on Thy earth.

"Take not that vision from my ken;
O whatsoe'er may spoil or speed,
Help me to need no aid from men,
That I may help such men as need!"

EDITORIAL NOTES

Mexico

THE Mexican situation steadily grows more serious and President Wilson is confronted with a difficult task. But the President has already proved that he is the strongest and ablest Chief Executive that Washington has seen for many a long year, and he may be trusted to find the best, if not the easiest, way to deal with a problem that has too long been left unsolved.

It is astonishing that there should have been any debate with regard to the recognition of the Huerta régime. The United States cannot recognize any Government founded upon murder, dependent upon force, unstable, and unenlightened. The contention that the Mexicans have chosen what they preferred, or, at least, received what they deserved, has no validity. We are not entitled to recognize any Government that does not conform to certain reasonable standards. Though Mexico has a right to mismanage her own affairs, she cannot expect the approval of other countries; and when the policy of muddle gravely involves the interests of those countries, even mere toleration becomes impossible.

Firmness in dealing with the situation is necessary, and will be shown. But the President will realize that powerful interests have been at work to force armed intervention. Intervention may come: but it must not come as the result of an organized press campaign of partial misrepresentation of conditions.

Governor Sulzer

So far, Governor Sulzer has made no reply worth considering to the charges brought against him. It is possible that, after we have gone to press, he may try to vindicate himself. It is possible also that he may adopt the method of the "retort discourteous" and draw attention to a few of the innumerable skeletons in the Tammany closet.

But it seems quite clear that Governor Sulzer's public career

is ended. Tammany, for once in its existence, has performed a public service. To the amazement and amusement of the world, an organization inseparably identified with corruption has fought a little fight to establish the principle of purity in politics.

But Tammany has over-reached itself. Brazenly, it fought its little fight from utterly selfish motives. It attacked corruption on a small scale in order that corruption on a colossal scale might flourish. Governor Sulzer had dared to defy the coterie which created him as a political personage. He has been promptly disciplined.

But Tammany has forgotten that in exposing Governor Sulzer, it was exposing the very best of its own products. It could scarcely be expected that the Governor could escape altogether from the corrosive taint to which a "Tammany man" is invariably subjected. The public which deliberately enslaves itself by voting the Tammany ticket surely did not expect any Tammany protégé to be free from Tammany influences and from the peculiar characteristics of Tammany training!

If the Governor had not quarrelled with Charles F. Murphy, autocrat of New York State, would the public have been made acquainted with Mr. Sulzer's peccadilloes? Has Mr. Murphy so strong a regard for public decency that he would expose even his dearest friend for the sake of the public welfare? If so, *let him expose himself.* The New York Legislature is entirely at his disposal. Let him direct it to conduct a stringent inquiry into the conduct of the organization known as Tammany Hall. Governor Sulzer's Wall Street experiences would fade into very thin air when contrasted with the disclosures that are merely waiting for the investigation of the first Legislature that will fearlessly carry out its duty to the people.

"Legalized Insult"

A New York newspaper recently published an editorial with the heading *Legalized Insult.* As an example of asininity it is almost unparalleled, even in the annals of the New York press.

"Persons desiring to procure marriage licenses in Phila-

delphia are now held up for an indefinite time while, under the new eugenic marriage law which went into effect August 1, a clerk asks them impertinent questions touching their physical and moral character. For the most part the men either grew indignant or took it as a joke when they were asked whether they had any transmissible disease or whether they were imbeciles, epileptics, drunkards or drug fiends. The women invariably flushed painfully and stammered an answer with an angry protest.

" It is, in addition to other objectionable features, a useless waste of time and will simply drive many out of the State to be wed."

This particular marriage law may be imperfect. The compulsory production of a stringent health certificate would prevent any necessity for " impertinent questions." But the women who " invariably flushed painfully and stammered an answer with an angry protest " showed a childish and pitiful ignorance of true modesty and true morality. Tens of thousands of such women are condemned every year to a hell upon earth because the prudery that is called modesty forbids them to face the fundamental facts of life and to learn the essential truths of sex-relationships. Presumably the modesty that is shocked by a simple question will remain suavely unimpaired when confronted with the spectacle of a syphilitic child or any of the abominations which represent the price of prudery.

Naturally, the men "either grew indignant or took it as a joke when they were asked whether they had any transmissible disease or whether they were imbeciles, epileptics, drunkards or drug fiends." In view of the fact that at least fifty per cent. of men contract venereal disease at some time in their lives, it is obviously excessively impertinent to ask them whether they are fit to marry, or fit only for a penitentiary. No wonder a certain proportion " took it as a joke." Venereal disease, epilepsy, imbecility and alcoholism are so comical that a little laughter is indispensable.

If there is a decent man living who will object, for his own sake, his wife's sake, his children's sake, and the sake of the whole community, to produce a health certificate when applying

for a marriage license, he should be sent to an elementary school for the training of the mentally defective. And the women who will face all that is involved in marriage and childbirth, while shrinking from the simple knowledge that will safeguard, and not undermine, their innocence and their happiness, should be sent back to the nursery to play with their dolls. They are not fit to have any other kind of baby, or to live in any other environment.

50,000 Reasonable Women

THE pilgrimage of non-militant suffragists to London from all parts of England culminated in a gathering of 50,000 women in Hyde Park. Their leaders were women like Mrs. Millicent Fawcett, Mrs. Philip Snowden, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, and Miss Susan Lawrence. Legitimate and sensible methods were adopted, and a deep and enduring impression was made on the public.

Law and Reason were the watchwords which appeared most frequently on the multitudinous banners displayed, and Mrs. Fawcett, who is president of the National Union of Woman's Suffrage Societies, claimed that the pilgrimage was "a grand object lesson of the power of the non-militant section of the Woman's Suffrage Party."

It was time that such a demonstration should be made, to recall to the people of England what votes for women really means. The courageous but fanatical militants have done too much to associate a fine cause with frenzied methods. It will need all the efforts of Mrs. Fawcett and her colleagues to counteract the harm already done by their excitable sisters. The open proclamation of reasonable methods must be followed by the open condemnation of the violence that can influence only the people who are not worth influencing.

"Tiger"

SOME discussion has occurred with regard to the publication of *Tiger,* by Witter Bynner, in the May number of THE FORUM. It was reported in the daily papers—no communica-

tion was sent to the editor of THE FORUM—that some purity league had taken exception to the morality of Mr. Bynner's remarkable little drama.

THE FORUM is not read by imperfectly educated and imperfectly developed men and women. It is read by the thinking, earnest people of the nation; by those who believe in the future of their country, but do *not* believe in waiting with folded hands for progress to overcome the inertia of the sluggish, or the crude antagonism of the reactionaries. It is read by those who believe in ideals, but not in ranting; by those who have passed beyond the narrow limits of provincialism in politics, literature, art, and the knowledge of life.

There has been no question as to the place of THE FORUM in American letters and its value to American life. Addressing perhaps the most intelligent public in the world, and throughout the world, it has opened its pages to the free discussion of all vital topics, while maintaining the only attitude that should now be possible: to seek, and to speak, the truth; to attack ignorance and prevent the crimes and the follies that spring from ignorance; and to attack especially that deadly prudery which, in the name of so-called morality, will tolerate daily the most loathsome practices in every village, town and city of the country, but will *not* tolerate—much less encourage—any sincere effort to bring home to the conscience of humanity a clear realization of the corruption of "civilization," and of the necessity for action,—now, and here: not at the time of the Greek Kalends, or in some visionary Utopia.

If anyone could read *Tiger,* and not be profoundly impressed by the whole spirit and motive of the play, culminating in the tense climax which is, in itself, such a scathing indictment of modern hypocrisy, then, indeed, the necessity for *Tiger,* and for all such earnest, fearless attempts to break down the ghastly tradition of "outward decency and inner corruption," becomes even more obvious and peremptory.

THE FORUM
FOR OCTOBER 1913

A DISCORD IN THE SWEET ORCHESTRA OF OPTIMISM

THOMAS PERCIVAL BEYER

THE sub-freshman who thought an optimist was "a sea-monster with a nucleus and any number of waving legs" was wrong. An optimist is a land-monster. It seems strange that no enterprising parody-monger has altered the time-serried maxim to read: "Hell is paved with optimists." Certainly as mile-stones and finger-posts along the way they withstand well time and weather; and though I am no great traveller, I suspect that the city Shelley thought so much like London shares with London and New York and all modern cities their paving material. From optimus, through melior, bonus, mal, peior, down to pessimus, optimists form the highway. In justice it must be said that even to him who runs, provided he can read at all, some outstanding figures point not to the hell toward which they lean, but backward, up the hill of hopeful endeavor. And upon each rooted and petrified optimist the traveller reads in letters of living darkness, "Abandon hope, all ye who journey further."

Misled by etymology, many have sought and interviewed these optimists, hoping to be directed to the Summum Bonum. But with the terrible gravity of logic the logic of gravity has carried them down the hill only to plump into the slough that engulfs unthinking goodness, the graveyard of optimists.

At the very foot of the hill and sucked into the marrow of the bog is a large though not a goodly company. They are the sons and degenerate grandsons and kin of Mary, of whom Kipling told us not long ago. These are the religious optimists,

they who have prayed to have their debts removed far from them and are surprised at the apparent deafness of Providence; they who have formed the habit of laying their burdens upon the Lord. "The Sons of Mary," who trust God with such fervent zeal that they cannot without impiety so much as think of offering Him their assistance, stand submerged in the burial-ground of their optimism. They have prayed for the best in face of certainty of the worst; and they cannot reconcile the outcome with the assurance "Never have I seen the righteous man forsaken." All that God asked of them was a little loaf of works; but they responded with their great stone of faith—and it has been hanged round their necks.

I fancy I see in my vision, far out in the morass of economic optimism, a pious, prehensile figure well known to the world. He trusted in God and Ledger A; his trust was so hearty that God would look after everyone else that he neglected to do any patrol duty himself, and so he is fast sinking into history, the history of the Dark Ages of the Nineteenth Century, a maligned and misunderstood man.

Still further from help is one with a rotund and cherubic face. His optimism was not religious or economic, but political. He had the superb conviction of Quay that the Republican party, the party of Lincoln, could do no wrong. To save the party from defeat at the hands of a pessimistic generation of vipers that insisted much was wrong and were threatening the constitution, the palladium of our liberties, he put himself in the breach. He merely started from the maxim of an earlier optimist, "Whatever is, is right," and the united efforts of his senatorial colleagues who believe in the same divine fitness of Whatever Is, grew faint against the popular pessimistic conviction of Something Wrong. Had Alexander Pope been, instead of a philosophic rhymester, an American politician, his maxim would have dragged him to the same ignominy. As it is, he stands up the hill by the road-side in a place of more dignity than that enjoyed by his practical followers, warning the traveller that "Whatever is, is right" was once a specious falsehood; from the bog, Lorimer bears witness that now it is only an inane lie.

This burial-ground becomes depressing; besides, I am too much in earnest to keep up a consistent figure.

Particular offenders are only the results. Who are the philosophers of this destructive optimism? Better look for the sources to men and ideas of more repute.

The two Machiavellis are the Editorial Writer on the prosperous daily, and the Pastor of the Contented Flock.

A few weeks ago, in my Sunday morning paper, the leading editorial castigated a county-school superintendent who at a recent educational meeting had protested against the character of the current reading affected by young people. He had ventured on the awful iconoclasm of asserting that it was for the most part "trashy and sentimental." The editorial writer breathed an horrific whisper: "Can you arraign the reading of our age any more than you can arraign the people themselves who do the reading?" . . . I have been led to believe that Moses arraigned the people of an age, and at the same time, his own brother, optimistic Aaron; that Jesus Christ arraigned an age, nay, all ages through all time, for cupidity, crassness, externalism and cant; that Paul of Tarsus, St. Francis of Assisi, John Wycliffe, Martin Luther, John Wesley, Carlyle, Marx, Lincoln, H. G. Wells and La Follette all lifted a warning finger against their age, and each in his way did or is doing something to change "Whatever Is." But the editorial writer wots not of them. Some of them have been branded "pessimists"; all of them are pessimists if the editorial writer is an optimist, and they are so *because* he and his tribe are optimists. They all said, "The world is going to the devil; head it off." But the editorial writer rebukes, "All unflattering criticism is pessimism, for it hurts business. Anyway," he pæans in a moral ecstasy, "the world is growing better."

Shorn of this rather unsportsmanlike allegation against the past, the editorial writer would run mighty low on ammunition. And yet even this comforting truism, in the light of certain facts, is rendered not altogether impregnable. If the world is growing better, it is doing so under an immense handicap. I think I may safely challenge the student of history to exhume from her most noisome cavern a thing so utterly damnable as one

product of the Twentieth Century. I mean the White Slave traffic. Pandarism is as old as the world—and men's passion and greed. But it has been reserved for our time to reduce the trade to an exact science, systematic, calculating, subsidizing our law and officers of the law. At least I rejoice that a viler thing is beyond our conception.

Concerning this an optimistic press is delighted that since we know about it now, it is not so bad as it was before. When it names an unspeakable thing and publishes a part of its record, then the press chortles that the fangs are drawn. In similar vein, the editorial writer when called upon occasionally by the publisher, defends the policy of his paper in peddling the reeking details of crime. This defence has long been celebrated for its naïveté. We are told that crime cannot flourish in the light and publicity is the only safeguard of the public; whereas it is notorious that after every minute account in the papers of a diabolical occurrence, a dozen imitations and improvements follow. When vice grows bold and stalks abroad at mid-day, we easily recognize it and lock it up. But vice does not often make that mistake; it leaves over-confidence for the optimistic virtues. It goes from cover to cover, and keeps eternally on guard. That is why it is never defeated.

The world, beset by optimists, has a hard time growing better, and does not improve by sitting down, patting its stomach and bragging "after this sublime long-eared fashion." It is growing better because a long line of martyr pessimists have cried, "Repent ye." The world is like a man afflicted with Snaut-krampf. When you want him to move forward, you push him back; and when you want him to retreat, you get behind and urge him on. When you roar in the face of the world, "You are an insane old doddering idiot," he shakes himself out of his dream and begins to show signs of intelligence; when you coo soothingly, "You are growing better; make haste slowly," he assents with a fatuous nod and sinks back to comatoseness, and perfectly at ease in Zion, declines gently to the burial-ground of optimism.

The Prosperous Newspaper is a retail purveyor in wholesale quantities of the most reliable optimistic opiates.

From the Pulpit comes the other soporific balm.

If we whisper "credo" to an intellectual fossil, say our prayers and give to the poor, we may safely leave the conduct of the political, social and economic order in the hands of God. This is not an unfair representation of what one hears in nine out of every ten churches on fifty Sundays of every year. Chaucer, that sapient man-of-the-world, gave classic expression to this form of lazy optimism:

> "Tempest thee noght al croked to redress
> In trust of her that turneth as a bal;
> Greet reste stant in litel besynesse;
> Stryve noght, as doth the crokke with the wal."

Chaucer's faith was the current faith of his time, and as such is a matter of mild literary interest; but to hear it to-day advanced as the religion of Jesus the Scourge of Evil, seems tragic travesty. "Not peace, but a sword," said Jesus. But from the Pulpit comes the dulcet chiding:

"What thee is sent, receive in buxomnesse"——

"Resist not evil"——

"Anxiety argues lack of faith; trust and pay tithes"——

"God's in His heaven, all's right with the world."

In the face of this teaching, warranted by the trade-mark of the Church, what wonder that many a devout flock continues to go meekly to the shearing? What wonder that those who might be as lions in the fight, lie down as lambs, waiting the decree of Providence and yielding up their wool to the Tariff?

The distrust evinced recently toward the Men and Religion Forward Movement may teach the Church wisdom. Whether there was or was not a single stone of foundation for the charge that Wall Street was behind the movement, there can be no doubt that its philosophy must be congenial to those interested in Whatever Is. If only the people are kept entertained with a speculative religion, and healthily dissatisfied with the evil in their own hearts, they will leave Business and the Social Fabric alone.

How is it relevant or frank, when a hungry man cries out for justice, to tell him to satisfy his soul on spiritual manna, to

get right with God, that much here is wrong, but that it will be made right in eternity?

The leaven of this question is working in many minds.

"Count your blessings," is one shibboleth. This may be a profitable recreation for the fortunate, but as a life-work, even for those who would need a life-time to count their many blessings, it is not all that could be desired. In the prayer that Jesus recommended to those who believed in his conception of life, I find no mention of it. The prayer is for the Kingdom of God, for material necessities, for forgiveness, and for strength in temptation. Jesus did not blink the painful facts of existence. He was a seer; he saw. He preached, "Know the truth and the truth will make you free." Yet much pulpit eloquence and energy is spent in side-stepping truth as it pertains to the Church itself and to the life of its founder, for the fear that truth may vitiate doctrine. Utterly hopeless and utterly dark must be that working faith, the suspicion that the truth, if we could get at it, might be bad. Naked truth must always be provided with a fig-leaf.

I recall one sermon considered edifying by those who heard it. The text, "The Lord hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities," rang through it all at convenient intervals and was the key, tune, time, everything to the whole pæan. "The Comfort of Sinners" was the description of the theme that appeared in the morning paper, and if any of that alien race happened in the sanctum to hear it, they surely were repaid for coming. Nine-tenths of the congregation, all that were willing to accept thoughtless happiness, went away with shining faces.

First, the preacher took a fall out of "Be sure thy sin will find thee out." This, he vouchsafed, means, "Be sure other people will find out your sin," and it is not at all true, for "the throne of God is mercy, not marble." Some unexegetical persons had the mistaken notion that this ancient warning might refer to an inner, subtle attack on the sinner's heart. Then he turned on the novels that teach "the sins of the parents shall be visited upon the children." Some again had taken this adage for a scientific truism, but their eyes were opened that

morning: it was only the sensational and pessimistic drool of an age that knows not God, for—" He hath not dealt with us . . . " and so on.

As I listened my mind curiously reverted to a sermon I heard when I was a boy of nine. It is my first definite sermonic recollection. The text was, " Be sure thy sin will find thee out,"—and I can remember vividly the illustrations used. I am afraid that preacher was a sad pessimist; he held out small comfort to the sinner. Of course he told him there was a possibility of repenting and gaining forgiveness, but he assured him that the consequences of his sin would surely follow him. After that I didn't dare to sin so much as my natural inclination led me; I was afraid to, I confess. Sinning looked like rank foolishness, since righteousness had the dice loaded. Still cause and effect do not mind the charge of pessimism, and our sins do continue to find us out.

Optimism especially pursues the choirmasters. We may admit that the Michael Wigglesworthian conception of the Day of Doom is antiquated and horrible, while at the same time, granted we have a grain of literary appreciation, we can admire or at least respect that matchless mediæval hymn:

> " Day of Wrath, O Day of Mourning,
> See fulfilled the prophet's warning,
> Heaven and Earth in ashes burning.
>
> " Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth;
> Thro' Earth's sepulchres it ringeth;
> All before the throne it bringeth."

Now I know a popular choirmaster whose favorite caper in leading college chapel service is to sing this tremendous poem in a nasal voice, get off a chestnut about " Hark, from the tombs, a doleful s-a-ound "; and then race into the right kind of hymnology,—" Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flowers."

Over-confidence has lost more battles than confidence ever won. Faith, it is true, works miracles; but presumption takes many a tumble. The walls of Heaven may not fall so easily to shouts and exultation and rag-time; there will likely be some

fighting, some bruises and some casualties before they are scaled.

And back of the Pulpit and the Press are the people.

"Oh, you old pessimist," said a charming lady of my acquaintance, a college graduate and a leader in local literary circles, when I expressed the mild assumption that everyone at some time or other acted from motives lower than the highest. I thought I was in the company of an irreproachable majority of petty sinners, and was merely admitting that there is "none that doeth right, no, not one." But "oh, you old pessimist, you're too iconoclastic for any use" proved the eclipse of my conversational influence for that evening.

Once popular philosophy enjoined, "Nothing except good about the dead." Now our domestic and social relations are founded upon an extension of that clemency to the living. If you know anything good about him, tell it; if you know anything bad about him, keep it to yourself. Let others get bitten too. This is popular logic.

"Don't knock; boost"—"Don't join the anvil chorus"—"Leave your hammers at home"—these popular texts have force with us simply because we have more sympathy for an individual than for a whole community; we suffer conscientious scruples for injuring one man's business even in the course of justice, but, with a shrug, get rid of our share of responsibility for the world's sickness and silly, avoidable ills.

"If you believe in revivals, three-dollar banquets to launch this or that philanthropic enterprise, best-sellers, fraternal organizations, this or that new movement of any sort, why boost. If you don't believe in them, keep your hands off and your thoughts to yourself."

Yes, but how if I believe *against* them?

"Don't notice the discords," advises many a sweet-faced sage. There is a selfish force in this, to be sure. I perceive its power to make for placidness, but I question its sanity. To close the eye, to stop the ear, to clamp the nose,—this does not improve the noisome stench, the jar, the unsightliness any more than not to think about Niagara destroys Niagara. It does

indeed aid our forgetting. Then when we have forgotten and our senses have atrophied, we discover with a genial complacency that the world has been growing better.

" God reigns and the Government at Washington still lives " once flashed across the country like a spark from heaven. This, I suppose, was true at the time. However, it started or perhaps only represented a careless optimism as to the Government at Washington that ended in the nation's never giving it a thought, leaving " the Government at Washington " to Congress and lobbyists; whereat " the Government at Washington " grew moribund, and to-day, were it not for the pessimists, would be, if not dead, at least enjoying a peaceful sleep.

Consider finally two men who helped to form Nineteenth Century thinking and feeling.

Tennyson, because he did not indict the social order, urged putting up with it and wrote a religious poem of resignation, is called " optimist." Yet in what did Tennyson place his trust? *In Memoriam* and *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After* make it plain that he depended upon evolution to right the wrongs, to kill the ape and tiger in modern society and commerce. Millennium will top millennium and then in some future æon, too far distant to compute by present mathematics, *evolution by indeterminate variations* will have brought about an appreciable difference in our treatment of the wage-earner. Sympathy will some day become profitable; natural selection will do the work of righteousness. So comfort yourselves, for God is working out a glorious plan to give bote to the needy. Tennyson is the poet of the Satisfied, of those who own and draw dividends from " the argosies of purple sails."

But this, it seems to me, is the only real pessimism. He had lost faith in the " Good Will in Man." Man could never advance by trying, by taking thought; he could never purge his system with remedies; he must wear out the disease in the old-fashioned way. " When the Fever called Living was over at last," then the troubles of an individual were at an end. (How thankful his disciples must have been that transmigration formed no part of his thought!) Each man has to live but once,

and for only seventy years. Then after he has been a long time dead and other generations have had their turn at the same wheel,—beset by the same—or just a little different—"taints of blood" and "defects of will"; and handicapped by the same—or just a little different for each generation—absurd mechanics of social structure; he will be able to perceive from his vantage-point in eternity that the "divine far-off event towards which the whole creation moves" is a fraction of a degree nearer. Leave NOW to Standard Oil, the Sugar Trust, the Plumber, the Butcher, the Baker, the Candle-stick Maker; Man has FOREVER.

Something like this was the unutterable wisdom of Tennyson's optimism.

Carlyle we call pessimist because he said of the Americans "forty million people, mostly fools"; because he was never suited, but was continually preaching the gospel of What Is Not, Coöperation for Competition, Service for Being Served. He believed Man has the power to change What Is into What Shall Be. Man was not a blind creature in the hands of fate, a ball tossed to and fro, but a determining force in the universe. So he stormed and raved and blustered; so he shook his fist under the lord's nose, under the commoner's nose, under the nose of the sans culottes. He shouted that they were all heirs to the high estate of manhood, and ought to be shamed to the heart at aiming so low or not aiming at all. He sulked, chafed, roared, lashed and slashed with tongue and pen,—lost faith in particular men, forfeited their faith in him and the love of disciples,—all because he believed in Man. "Brother, thou hast in thee possibility for much"; for much more than you are now doing. Why in God's name don't you out with it?

That Tennyson the "optimist" has given more pleasure to the world than Carlyle the "pessimist" may indeed be true; it is hardly worth while contesting. But no sane student of our time doubts that Carlyle's has been the greater service. Public Conscience developed from *Past and Present,* not from *In Memoriam.* Friction rubs up heat and heat is an abomination to the dilettante; it works havoc to a kid-gloved, silk-hatted world. Enthusiasm in a dress-coat is unthinkable. But the heat makes

light and the light that shines from moral enthusiasms enlightens the world. It is the pessimists who kindle the light by friction.

Possibly the terms have been sadly jumbled, but I hope the idea is clear.

If etymology were arbiter, optimism could meet no opposition. The spirit of hopefulness works perpetual miracles, and if works be added to faith, no miracle is beyond reason. But optimism is for the future; it is helpless before the present. What Is, Is, whether we believe it or not. If politics are rotten, they get a bit rottener while we are exercising faith that they are sweet. If the current principles of trade are ungodly, the millennium lags further in the future during our fatuous dream of slow, graceful evolution by unhindered and unhelped Providence. In short the water remains undrawn, the wood unhewn, the dirty platter unwashed; for there is no eye to see. Here is work for Pessimism, the seer of What Is. Hail it as the Prophet of the Present.

Then call on Optimism, the Prophet of the Future. What Is may be bad; it shall not remain so; it shall be otherwise. Here are Graft, Pretence, War, Lies, Hate, Death. Here they are; show them to us, pessimists. But here they need not remain; guide us past them, optimists, to Honesty, Reality, Peace, Truth, Love, Life.

The ape and tiger remain ape and tiger because they imagine themselves lords of creation. If we insist that we already are what we have the possibility of becoming, we shall be countless æons growing up to it, if indeed we ever get nearer. If we proclaim that we will be what we are not now, we may hope to bury the atavistic ape and tiger "deeper than ever plummet sounded," reach up and bring a heaven quickly down.

SCHOOL

Percy MacKaye

OLD Hezekiah leaned hard on his hoe
And squinted long at Eben, his lank son.
The silence shrilled with crickets. Day was done,
And, row on dusky row,
Tall bean poles ribbed with dark the gold-bright afterglow.
Eben stood staring: ever, one by one,
The tendril tops turned ashen as they flared.
Still Eben stared.

O, there is wonder on New Hampshire hills,
Hoeing the warm, bright furrows of brown earth,
And there is grandeur in the stone wall's birth,
And in the sweat that spills
From rugged toil its sweetness; yet for wild young wills
There is no dew of wonder, but stark dearth,
In one old man who hoes his long bean rows,
And only hoes.

Old Hezekiah turned slow on his heel.
He touched his son. Thro' all the carking day
There are so many littlish cares to weigh
Large natures down, and steel
The heart of understanding. "Son, how is't ye feel?
What are ye starin' on—a gal?" A ray
Flushed Eben from the fading afterglow:
He dropped his hoe.

He dropped his hoe, but sudden stooped again
And raised it where it fell. Nothing he spoke,
But bent his knee and—crack! the handle broke,
Splintering. With glare of pain,
He flung the pieces down, and stamped upon them; then—
Like one who leaps out naked from his cloak—
Ran. "Here, come back! Where are ye bound—you fool?"
He cried—"To school!"

II

Now on the mountain morning laughed with light—
With light and all the future in her face,
For there she looked on many a far-off place
And wild adventurous sight,
For which the mad young autumn wind hallooed with might
And dared the roaring mill-brook to the race,
Where blue-jays screamed beyond the pine-dark pool—
"To school!—To school!"

Blackcoated, Eben took the barefoot trail,
Holding with wary hand his Sunday boots;
Harsh catbirds mocked his whistling with their hoots;
Under his swallowtail
Against his hip-strap bumping, clinked his dinner pail;
Frost maples flamed, lone thrushes touched their lutes;
Gray squirrels bobbed, with tails stiff curved to backs,
To eye his tracks.

Soon at the lonely crossroads he passed by
The little one-room schoolhouse. He peered in.
There stood the bench where he had often been
Admonished flagrantly
To drone his numbers: now to this he said good-bye
For mightier lure of more romantic scene:
Good-bye to childish rule and homely chore
Forevermore!

All day he hastened like the flying cloud
Breathless above him, big with dreams, yet dumb.
With tightened jaw he chewed the tart spruce gum,
And muttered half aloud
Huge oracles. At last, where thro' the pine-tops bowed
The sun, it rose!—His heart beat like a drum.
There, there it rose—his tower of prophecy:
The Academy!

III

They learn to live who learn to contemplate,
For contemplation is the unconfined
God who creates us. To the growing mind
Freedom to think is fate,
And all that age and after-knowledge augurate
Lies in a little dream of youth enshrined:
That dream to nourish with the skilful rule
Of love—is school.

Eben, in mystic tumult of his teens,
Stood bursting—like a ripe seed—into soul.
All his life long he had watched the great hills roll
Their shadows, tints and sheens
By sun- and moonrise; yet the bane of hoeing beans,
And round of joyless chores, his father's toll,
Blotted their beauty; nature was as naught:
He had never *thought.*

But now he climbed his boyhood's castle tower
And knocked. Ah, well then for his after-fate
That one of nature's masters opened the gate,
Where like an April shower
Live influence quickened all his earth-blind seed to power.
Strangely his sense of truth grew passionate,
And like a young bull, led in yoke to drink,
He bowed to think.

There also bowed their heads with him to quaff—
The snorting herd! And many a wholesome grip
He had of rivalry and fellowship.
Often the game was rough,
But Eben tossed his horns and never balked the cuff;
For still through play and task his Dream would slip—
A radiant Herdsman, guiding destiny
To his degree.

IV

Once more old Hezekiah stayed his hoe
To squint at Eben. Silent, Eben scanned
A little roll of sheepskin in his hand,
While, row on dusky row,
Tall bean poles ribbed with dark the gold-pale afterglow.
The boy looked up: here was another land!
Mountain and farm with mystic beauty flared
Where Eben stared.

Stooping, he lifted with a furtive smile
Two splintered sticks, and spliced them. Nevermore
His spirit would go beastwise to his chore
Blinded, for even while
He stooped to the old task, sudden in the sunset's pile
His radiant Herdsman swung a fiery door,
Thro' which came forth with far-borne trumpetings
Poets and kings,

His fellow conquerors: there Virgil dreamed,
There Cæsar fought and won the barbarous tribes,
There Darwin, pensive, bore the ignorant gibes,
And One with thorns redeemed
From malice the wild hearts of men: there surged and streamed
With chemic fire the forges of old scribes
Testing anew the crucibles of toil
To save God's soil.

So Eben turned again to hoe his beans,
But now, to ballads which his Herdsman sung,
Henceforth he hoed the dream in with the dung,
And for his ancient spleens
Planting new joys, imagination found him means.
At last old Hezekiah loosed his tongue:
"Well, boy, this school—what has it learned ye to know?"
He said: "To hoe."

SOCIAL NEMESIS AND SOCIAL SALVATION

ANNA GARLIN SPENCER

IN the oft-quoted passage from Lecky's *History of Morals*—so inconsistent and misleading in its analysis of "The Position of Woman"—the prostitute is spoken of as "the eternal priestess of humanity blasted for the sins of the people." Priestess or slave, she is proved an avenging fury who blasts the people for their sins. Denied human rights, she shows an almost superhuman power to destroy. She is the social Nemesis that overtakes the unwary and the innocent as well as the determined sinner; and, so far as the physical consequences of vice are concerned, her power for social harm is becoming clear even to the most superficial onlooker.

With the publication of Dr. Prince Morrow's *Social Diseases and Marriage,* reinforced by such reports as that of the "Committee of Fifteen," the knowledge that venereal disease constitutes the unique menace to race integrity has become common property. We all know that it accounts for a large percentage of masculine invalidism and infirmity; that it is responsible for many of the most serious forms of paralysis and insanity; that it is a disease of youth that kills youth in such fashion that, as Dr. Morrow says, "none has such a murderous effect upon offspring"; that it is so inimical to marriage that a majority of so-called "women's diseases" are due to infection of innocent wives by their husbands; and so responsible for sterility in marriage that its pathological share in that condition must be reckoned with before any accurate discussion of women's guilt in "race suicide" can be entered upon. The total misery due to this scourge is not yet known, but it has already mounted high in the record of social ills.

We may pride ourselves that in the United States we do not kill off, as in France they are said to do, twenty thousand children annually from this cause; but one-third at least of the blind among our own defectives can accuse their parents' sins for this affliction; and a death rate of babies infected with this poison, reaching from sixty to eighty-five per cent., is a national menace.

Careful study indicates that this disease is contracted, in from thirty to forty per cent. of cases, before the age of twenty-one; and that therefore the boys concerned must make us conscience-smitten for our social neglect of them and of their needs, as well as of the girls whose enforced or voluntary slavery to vice is now causing such disquietude. And there are so many more boys than girls concerned in this racial morbidity!

We are now entering upon a world-wide crusade against preventable disease. In every attack upon some ancient scourge we are set the task of finding out its real cause. What is the cause of venereal disease? It is not the marriage of the immature, although racial weakness and many serious diseases spring from that misuse of youth. It is not excesses in the marital relation, although many ailments can be traced to that source. It is not found as a consequence of polygamy, when husbands are true to their plural wives, although polygamy is a low type of family organization, giving small basis for the highest civilization. Nor is it the inevitable accompaniment of all illegitimate and socially harmful sex-relationship. The " kept mistress " may be despised, but she is not necessarily a centre of infection. The girl seduced by what she mistakes for love is not inevitably diseased. She who pieces out her honest wage with occasional lapses, with one companion alone, may escape becoming a menace to public health, whatever her effect upon public morals. It is the " public woman " whose " heterogeneous promiscuity " makes her everywhere and always the active source of this contagion. From her, and to her, her patrons inevitably carry this dread disease. And be it remembered there is always an army of men who thus serve as carriers and do her work of vengeance upon society, for every one prostitute allowed or encouraged by society to ply her trade. In the recent *Report on Commercialized Vice in New York,* fifteen thousand women to one hundred and fifty thousand men is indicated as the ratio conservatively estimated. Such a ratio is indispensable to the business; for without it the harlot could not support herself, and the masters and madams, the cadets and traders, the policemen and magistrates, the house-owners and landlords and agents, the allies of the drinking saloon, the gambling place and the criminals' den, who prey upon and despoil

her. The almost incredible number of men who visit the " stars " of the underworld, women sought as " money-makers " by the managers of the business, totalled on the record of " account books " captured by investigators of disorderly houses, shows the genesis and method of this contagion. It is as clearly the outcome of the institution of the brothel as is the befoulment of streams the source of typhoid fever. In the one case, as in the other, the innocent suffer with the guilty.

Dr. Mileur, who as a well-known defender of State license systems has had much weight with many, has declared that " prostitution is essential and indispensable, but it must be admitted that the prostitute is cut off not only from society but from heaven, from hope and from repentance." The doctor is clearly mistaken in one of these statements. The woman he thinks it well to sacrifice may be cut off from repentance, hope and heaven, but she is not isolated from society. An open road, much travelled, stretches from her place of traffic to the most honored homes of the most sheltered wives and children. Cut off from society, indeed, so far as a recognition of her claims to justice and protection are concerned, she enters society without being invited to " functions," or having her name inscribed on calling lists or club registers, in " blue books " or " Who's Who." She penetrates unasked to society's innermost recesses of family life. She is present in the blind or feeble-minded baby; the ailing child; the diseased wife, who loses at the hospital her chance for motherhood; in the premature death of the man of the house; in the divorce court, where the worst facts are hidden under claims of non-support and incompatibility; in the hidden fear and hatred, or the outspoken friction, that curse the lives of children of those who have lost faith in each other. The Scarlet Woman enters society, indeed, although her own entertainments are in secret places. No matter from what point of experience they enter this life, all prostitutes at last return upon society the wrongs done to them. They may have been debauched in helpless childhood in some poverty-bound household. They may have been bought and sold at tender maidenhood in the traffic that is at last revealed to the world. They may be of those unmarried mothers, more sinned against than sinning, for whom the world has scant

help in time of need, and who seem pushed into evil ways. They may have been born with perverted natures, perhaps the residuary legatees of the sins of fathers, whom even good environment cannot save from moral shipwreck. They may have been honest-hearted, clean-minded immigrant girls lured to destruction by lying advertisements and decoy employment agencies. They may have been just foolish, pleasure-loving creatures, caught by the temptation of a large income from vice, contrasted with a small wage for honest toil. Most of all, they may have sunk into the abyss from that weakness of mind and will which make the abnormal girl the sure prey of greed and lust. No matter where they come from or how long they are in arriving, they all acquire, and are sure to use, a deadly power to hurt and to destroy the very life of the people.

The guilt of society toward them is in the ratio of their youth when entering the life; and at least sixty per cent. become fixed in habit before the age of twenty years. This youth is nearly paralleled by the ages of those men whose diseases show that they have visited "her whose steps take hold on hell." There are gray-haired men, it is true, and fathers of families and heads of enterprises of dignity and usefulness, who support the system behind the prostitute, who remain her patrons and are responsible for many of the worst elements of the social evil. The majority of men who suffer from this social Nemesis, however, are young, many of them mere boys.

There are three classes of young men whom society has deliberately handed over to the worst forces of evil which it contains. The first is the common sailor. There is much eloquent talk of the social value of those " that go down to the sea in ships." This has never prevented the sailor from being left in all places and times to be despoiled by " landsharks." For the sailor's accommodation the lowest type of boarding house is left without control of better influences. For his allurement the lowest type of drinking saloon, the one nearest dens of thieves and within easiest reach of murderers, is set aside by tacit consent of all the powers that be. For him the wretched women, most forlorn and most diseased, who have fallen from higher planes of vice, lie in wait first to debase and then to rob. We

are indignant if the common sailor does not show himself a hero when a great disaster makes it his duty to " save the passengers first." It is a miracle of human nature that he can have left within him so often the material of which heroes are made, when he is given over so wholly to the tender mercies of the wicked when on shore. Beset from the boat-landing to the first decent street he may seek to find, with men and women all bent on his exploitation, it is to the credit of his nature that he so often escapes to find his way to the upper world.

The other classes left, and by a more conscious misuse of society, to be exploited by unrestrained evil forces are the enlisted men of the army and navy. We hear much praise of the " moral discipline " of the naval and military schools in which officers are trained, and many mothers and fathers seek this training for their sons. Some of us have doubts as to the benefits of a discipline that so accents the natural tendency of boys to bully the weaker and give the stronger unchecked group control. Granted, however, that the schooling of the officers of the army and navy is ideal, what of the school of experience and practical discipline to which the enlisted men are consigned?

The mental and moral effect of a control from above which gives the rule,

> " Theirs not to reason why,
> Theirs not to make reply,
> Theirs but to do and die,"

is open for discussion, in a world that demands of even its common life the power of choice at the ballot box; but this is not our present concern. What all serious-minded persons must consider when they know the conditions of military and naval drill is the effect upon the man who is sometime to become a citizen in civil affairs, and may enter the race-life as husband and father.

Think what we do to the enlisted man. We take him young, a mere boy, attracting him by promise of sure wage, a sight of the great world, a life of charming adventure, a vocation honored by all as a part of the national defence. We shut him off from the society of good women at the age most susceptible to such companionship. We give him a round of routine duties which soon pall upon his interest, which have in them no vital

connection with real life in the world of useful achievement, and which leave the imagination free to indulge all sorts of dreams, good, bad and indifferent. We herd him with older men to many of whom nothing in life is sacred. If a naval man, we hand him over on shipboard to an autocratic rule of masters which has, in democratic life, no counterpart. If in the army, we give him initiation into a rough association unparalleled in civil life save by the lumber camps and " barracks " of the coarsest labor. Then, when the " middie " has " shore leave " or the army man a furlough or a " day off," we line the streets through which he must pass to the ordinary world of homes and decent recreation with all the denizens of the underworld to prey upon and debase him.

Statistics which prove that disease is far more deadly than wounds in the case of actual war are paralleled by those that demonstrate that venereal disease constantly fills the hospitals of the army and navy when on a " peace footing." Death on the battlefield, with some high purpose behind its slaughter, may make even legalized murder seem for the moment a noble thing, and give dignity to one's service to country. But death, disease, disablement, weakness, blurred thinking, besmirched imagination, destroyed capacity for fit parenthood;—these, as the price paid for the semi-idleness of army and navy men, when the work for which they have been trained is not being done;—this is monstrous waste!

There are leaders of the Peace Movement to-day who, while working for treaties and arbitrative courts which may prevent actual war, are indifferent to, or defend as right for the time being, at least, the expenditure of the people's substance in money and in life for the maintenance of vast standing armies, and of navies that can only get " practice " by reckless expenditure in useless destruction of values. A sullen revolt against such peace propaganda is rising to outspoken and contemptuous protest. This protest is from the wage-earners of the world, who know full well who pay the seven-tenths or more percentage of the national budgets that go for army and navy expenditures in time of peace, and who pay the cost in dead and wounded when war is really declared. There is likely to be one

" general strike," at least—whatever may happen to the I. W. W. It will be a strike not only against war, but against militarism. It will be a strike of the common people who have already learned the unequal burden they bear when kings and diplomats disagree, and when the advocates of vast expenditure for military and naval equipment get the control of parliaments and congresses.

Meanwhile another revolt against both war and militarism is rising from the heart of womanhood. It rises as fast and as far, as strong and as bitter, as the knowledge of the inevitable interlocking of militarism and social vice comes to the consciousness of free and noble women. The conditions around navy yards and docks where war vessels lie at rest while their enlisted men go ashore; the sort of women whose nomad existence follows the course of naval movements and military encampments; the recommendations for the supposed benefit of common soldiers and sailors still given by surgeons and physicians of war departments; the surroundings of every garrison station of the army and their effect on civil life;—these things women are beginning to learn about. There is little doubt where the women of this or any other nation will stand on the question of militarism when once most know, what some now do, the facts concerning the moral issues involved. The strong current toward such militarism in the United States threatening us to-day will meet its breakwater when women are once enlightened, and endowed with power to write their moral judgments in law and custom.

Meanwhile a still larger army of youth is being sacrificed to an alarming extent in the industrial world. The strength and promise of the manhood of the nation set out to seek fortune and achievement in the great world, with little but ambition and hope to guide them. How does society safeguard them in the years when her highest interests demand their purity, their vigor, their noble purpose, their highest efficiency?

The answer to this question could be fitly made only by a companion group to *The White Slave* of Miss Eberl. Such a group would show in place of the shrinking girl a lad, strong and beautiful, but with a wistful, homesick look in his eye. A

young lad of virile power, with fiery passions tugging at his will, but with clear eye and earnest look that reveal the moral force that has so far made him master of himself. A young lad with yearning for the companionship of good women so difficult for the stranger to gain. A lad with a shy idealism, of which he is half-ashamed, which makes his hidden thought of marriage a sacrament did he but know it, and which proves him made for highest social use. Beside him should stand a woman of the street, flaunting in his face her practised arts of temptation, a woman in whose debased nature, cupidity and deceit have fed fat upon the hatred and cruelty of the world. A woman to whom the lad's ignorance of the arts of prudence that older and worse men may use marks him her easy prey. A woman whose very existence is an outrage upon the home he has left, a menace to the home he wants some time to possess. If he yields to the temptress, there is small chance that he escape from her, and from her like, without sacrifice of his finest strength of brain and body. In any case his ideal of womanhood is smirched, and he will never be able to " play fair " in the game of marriage. At worst he will never be able to give his children what they have a right to demand of him. He may still aspire, and he may rise to leadership in the higher forces of social life, but his secret memories will forever mock his aspirations and may lessen forever his power of resistance to evil.

It is such boys as this lad who, by the thousand, stumbling on the path through chance alliance with such women as this, are made instruments for the pollution of the blood of the nation. Shall they be blamed alone, or chiefly, in a world which has never taught them the danger of such alliance; nay, worse, which has for ages assured their kind that such alliance is usual and necessary? Is society guiltless which has made marriage so difficult for struggling youth and vice so easy in its approach?

The new crusade against preventable disease, which promises to rid the world of so many ancient scourges, is moving toward efficient attack upon the scourge which follows vice. Let publicists, social workers, physicians and political reformers understand, however, that this scourge is bound up, as is no other, with an *institution, a hoary institution, which must be destroyed,* if it

is to surrender its loathsome power to science and philanthropy. Venereal disease can never be lessened to any great extent until the brothel is abolished; it can never be brought under social control until every decent boy is defended against the public harlot.

For abolishing of brothels we have already, in most enlightened communities, sufficient law; even the sixteen hundred and more recently studied in Manhattan could be closed at once by vigorous enforcement of existing statutes. In any community, however, in which long usage in giving an outlawed business right of way has lessened the power of law to gain respect, the " Model Injunction Act of Iowa," so called, may be brought into the field. The purpose of this law is to hold responsible every person engaged in operating or maintaining a house of prostitution or of assignation, including the owner and lessee of buildings used for such purposes. It vests the power in any citizen, whether or not he or she is personally damaged by such establishment, to instigate legal proceedings against all concerned; to secure the abatement of the nuisance; and perpetual injunction against its re-establishment.

Let us suppose a serious and persistent effort has closed the well-known but formerly permitted houses of vice in a community; what of their managers and inmates? If once this business were abolished, there would be little difficulty in securing suitable punitive treatment for the traders in women and girls, the cadets and purveyors, the keepers and madams, and even the respectable men and women who rent houses for vile purposes. The inevitable publicity given to the latter hypocrisy would in most cases be enough to end it. At least we should hear no more of sentences of " three months in prison " or " fifty dollars fine " for the ruin of a young girl; and few " leaders in society " would line up with the hosts of evil if their complicity meant danger of companionship in prison. And what of the inmates, the women who make their living by the trade? At this point the childish " raids " and sporadic " investigations " and earthquake upheavals in the area of police graft have so far shown themselves utterly inhumane and futile. We have fined the women and thus given their procurers power to change their place of

residence; we have sentenced them to short terms in jail or workhouse for the brief recess that sends them back more vigorous and more determined in their work of social destruction; we have driven them from segregated districts into the tenements of the poor; we have even taken them in groups to the confines of one town to send them to the next with stern admonition never to come back. We have done almost everything with and to these women, when for the moment we felt too righteous to let them alone, except the one thing which they need, and which society demands. *That thing is their retirement from their trade and from the world itself for as long as their condition of body and mind and moral nature require.*

No woman making her living at an outlawed business should be permitted to determine her future life when that business is once destroyed in any given place. For the more hopeful and educable no liberality of social expenditure is too great to win for them the power of self-control, self-direction and self-support in fellowship with the upright of their kind. For the most invalid in body and mind, in moral nature and in industrial power, no sentence to segregated and socially controlled existence, under humane influences, with conditions making possible the conservation of their feeble work power and feebler desires for good, can be too long; not even the sentence that separates them for their entire lifetime from the world which has misused them and in which they are proved unfit to live. Nothing short of such drastic measures can remove from society the most virulent poison at the heart of the social evil. And if there is anyone who does not yet understand the difference between depriving all prostitutes of liberty, if need be for social protection for their entire lives, in the interest of social purity and public health, and that State Regulation that deprives a few prostitutes of liberty for a little while in order to send them back to their trade with a physician's certificate of immunity to their patrons as their most attractive business card, such a person needs no Binet tests to demonstrate imbecility!

To the abolition of the commercialized institution of lust, together with all its contributing criminal classes; and to the due punishment and deprivation of power by removal from society

of the groups of prostitutes who would be rendered homeless by this action, we must add the permanent custodial care of every defective child and adult if we would indeed begin to make headway against the black plague. In the 647 cases of wayward girls recently studied by Dr. Davis at the Bedford Reformatory, 20 were found insane and removed to special hospitals; 107 were obviously feeble-minded and in need of permanent custodial care; and 193 proved mentally deficient by scientific tests, and hence in need of special protection from all the moral dangers of life. A proportion of nearly or quite one-half of the defective among the outcast women, set beside the fact that only about one-tenth of the known feeble-minded are in protective care, totals an indictment of society which should stir to action the most indifferent and selfish.

And what of the men and boys found dangerous to society in relation to the social evil? We can get at and segregate certain classes of them; those in prison and reformatory; those in army and navy; those in almshouses and public hospitals; those in forms of labor which demand physical examination as a preliminary to employment. Moreover, the trend toward physical culture, so beneficent and so rapidly working down to the elementary school and up through the college, is making customary what may finally prove to be the most efficient preventive of all diseases, namely expert physical examination at every age-crisis in life. It will not be surprising if we end our health crusade with compulsory physical examination of every man, woman and child, each and every year.

Meanwhile the State is moving toward the "sterilization of the unfit"; not very wisely nor very strongly it is true, but just enough to give the public conscience an inkling of what may some time be required for social protection. The clergy are starting toward a new conscientiousness as respects the physical aspects of marriage; and some are announcing that they require a medical permit before they hallow the bands. This latter movement is rather blatant and spectacular, at present, leading to pictures of "eugenic brides and grooms" in the yellow press and tainting the whole matter of physical examination as preparation for marriage with that suspicion of evil which most surely

tends toward making health precautions odious to the delicate-minded. Nevertheless, even a social megaphone may announce the coming of a true Gospel!

There is also a great stirring in the educational field. We have come to feel that youth must be safeguarded from the social evil and its heavy price in health and strength. Some of us are rushing to legislatures to get laws passed that require " an hour a week of instruction in sex-hygiene " no matter how it is to be given, or what its effect may be upon the inflammable imagination or upon the almost fierce reserve of youth. There is no subject in which so many pedagogical difficulties arise for solution; but it is certain that we must attempt their solution; and in some manner, in the home or the school or both, in different ways, give youth the weapons of knowledge against every evil that would ensnare and ruin.

One thing, however, the instructed conscience of fatherhood and motherhood will protest against; namely, the placing upon *little children* of the burden of their own protection against vice and crime. " The first art of education," says one of old, " is not to teach truth or virtue, but to guard the mind from error and the heart from evil." How shall a great city excuse its disobedience to this admonition when, as during last year, in Manhattan, over twenty little girls from one elementary school alone are debauched and diseased by the depravity of one man, who gains access to their unprotected innocence through the congestion of the tenements, the poverty and ignorance of their mothers, and the demoralizing influences of the streets! The hideous facts that many teachers of schools know and mourn over cry to heaven for the condemnation of all of us. Whatever the measure of our individual guilt, it must be borne in upon the public conscience and intelligence that the social evil in all its many-sided aspects calls for more than sanitary rules. The moral effort that is needed to safeguard every little child is the first and most urgent demand. Nor must it be forgotten that we cannot make men and women chaste by legislative enactments. Nor can charity " deal out virtue, with the soup, at six, to whoso does not seek it." Nor can reform prevent young boys and girls from entering bye and forbidden paths by treating with

savage punishment all who have made a misstep. Nor can men be scared away from the Scarlet Woman by mere fear of disease; for the natural gambler in man makes each one expect to escape punishment for stealthy pleasures. "It takes a soul to move a body even to a cleaner stye," and mankind will never leave its ancient abiding-place of the lower nature until a new sense of the need of salvation, personal and social, generates a new ethical passion.

A figure, new to our reverence, rises before us to-day to stir a new idealism and awaken that ethical passion. It is the figure of the Child whose "century," as Ellen Key has said, is opening before us. Not the Virgin Mother and her Babe who leaves out of worship the sacred function of fatherhood. Not the Christ-child of the mystic crown, companion of monks who fear all women as evil and despise marriage as an unholy state. Not these, but the real, human Child, who bears in each tiny hand the threads of life from all the past, and beckons the present to the promise of the future. The real and human Child, for whom fathers toil and sweat and mothers suffer and serve; who makes of marriage a moral discipline and of life a school of unselfish effort. This Child, now for the first time revealed in all its potency to bless and curse, in all its awful testing of ultimate values, this Child stands at the opening of its own century, the evangel of a new religion of humanity. The religion the Child announces demands of man that he add to the gifts of fatherhood he has already made,—his patient toil, his vast achievement, his tender love, his constant service,—one other gift: that mastery of himself by which to dower even the unborn with nobler heritage. The religion the Child announces demands of woman that she consecrate her new freedom to a new ministry to life, so deep, so broad, so majestic, so compelling, that the yearning of man and woman for each other, and of both for home, shall be a ladder on which all the race shall climb.

When this religion shall build its temples in home, and school, in court and market-place, in studio and the centres of recreation,—then, indeed, social salvation will be assured.

THE THIRD AMERICAN SEX

George Cram Cook

IN America there are three sexes—men, women, and professors. It is the saying of European scholars looking from those self-governing democracies, their universities, upon ours. They see ours ruled without the consent of the governed through presidential autocrats by boards of non-scholar trustees —not a part of the world of learning, but superimposed upon it. The American professor has the status of an employee subject to dismissal without trial by men not his colleagues.

The universities of Germany, the older universities of England and Scotland respect and trust and leave free the individual. Their organization gives them the right to regard themselves as provinces of the republic of letters. The overlorded universities of America have no such right.

For a couple of centuries American professors have submitted to a system which gives most of them little control over their own lives, small power to defend any truth which has powerful enemies, no part in shaping the policies of the institutions in which they teach. Hence the pitiable figure of the American scholar to whom Emerson, Emersonically oblivious of such little matters as despotic college government, held up a high ideal of independent manhood.

The position of her scholars under the thumb of business men and capitalists who control the university purse is enough to account for the fact that America is intellectually second rate. Unless content to remain so Americans have got to think down to bedrock about university government and do what thought demands.

Feeling that something is wrong, we have begun to examine the life of our universities, but no general attention has centred as yet upon their inherited, undemocratic system of control which is bearing the fruit of timidity and subservience among those twenty-three thousand men and five thousand women whose social function it is to create and transmit American thought

" The teaching of professors must be confined to classes au-

thorized by the university," said President Butler of Columbia to Professor George E. Woodberry. "You will have to limit your relations with students to such as are possible in the class-room." This mandate came at a time when the mind of Woodberry was influencing the lives of his students in a way that reminded men of Jowett.

Such an objection by a university president to the stimulating influence of a professor outside the class-room, and so beyond the president's own control, is not, as might superficially appear, the mere tyrannical caprice of one exceptional individual. It is in line with the general subordination of scholar to administrator which lies like a black frost over the life of our institutions of learning.

In Europe such intimate influence of teacher upon student is simply a matter of course. A man like Professor Dr. Ihne of Heidelberg is constantly having the Herrn. Studenten at luncheon or dinner at his villa. Every week or so the Freiherr von Waldberg used to meet students he attracted at a café such as the Garni Perkeo, where the group would sit stein in hand around a long table in a private room and talk—sometimes brilliantly. In such little Kneipes throughout Germany live criticism of new literary, philosophical, artistic, and scientific tendencies is born.

American college teachers exert little influence of this kind. Rich in funds, our universities are poverty-stricken in that spiritual relationship of master and disciple which in its beauty and in its power to shape life takes rank with friendship and with love. Our professors are not in any sense Freiherrs—free masters. Their humiliating dependence upon the will of other men deprives them of the spiritual qualities which create discipleship.

We cannot imagine an American professor standing for any truth as Haeckel stood for years at Jena fighting almost alone in Europe the cherished theological biology all but universally accepted then by scholars, by the people, and by official churches, but now accepted by no scholar. There was no board of financier trustees at Jena to tell Haeckel to soft-pedal his subversive evolutionary ideas and dismiss him without trial if he declined.

In the recent popular articles and books on American colleges the most striking fact is an omission. The faculty does not

appear as a factor in college life. The fact that men whose life business it is to study and think have no vital influence upon thinking and studying youth excites no comment.

The typical student attitude is illustrated by a remark overheard in the Harvard Yard. An influential sophomore was moulding opinion concerning a certain course in philosophy. "He's making that course too stiff for an undergraduate course," he said.

Interested in his own activities, the student regards a professor's course simply as a credit. Of these he is compelled to purchase with his time a certain number necessary for a degree. Occasionally he discovers a bargain, technically known as a snap, whereat he rejoices, despising however as easy the teacher from whom he can buy a credit so cheap. When, on the other hand, like the influential sophomore, he finds himself in a course which requires more than the average amount of study, he feels that he has been sold. "A fool and his study are soon parted." That professor is a skinflint; he sells a credit too high.

But a teacher as a living mind aiding the growth in power of other living minds—how few American students have ever seen one!

Raising the standard of requirements, i. e., the price of credits, does not in the least alter this radically vicious attitude. Nor is it primarily the fault of the student. It is not in human nature to have such a feeling toward live men lecturing on important subjects. The students' indifference is a consequence of the university policy of training, selecting, and suppressing teachers into saying what nobody will think of again outside the lecture room. Deprived of that freedom in which alone arise the daring, energy, and joy essential to creativeness, our teachers avoid ideas threatening change of things established with an instinct like that of certain animals avoiding poisonous plants. Such ideas might throw real light on life for youth, if youth could hear, but they endanger food and clothes and shelter. *We have enlisted the professor's instinct of self-preservation against original and courageous thought.*

Revolutionists of every kind are sifted out of our faculties by prudent trustees. But half the significant thinkers of the

world are revolutionists of some kind, and most of the others cannot be understood save as resisters of revolution. These are the poles between which stream the currents of the world's creative thought. Obscure them and scholarship goes groping through the world without a light—as in American doctoral dissertations.

The American college is on trial. Men will not continue to spend four years of their youth in the pursuit of general culture and get so little of it. Professor Fife of Wesleyan thinks the colleges have deteriorated in the last half century. He notes the absence to-day among undergraduates of discussion of vital social and industrial problems, corresponding in our time to those problems of slavery and Darwinism with which the college atmosphere was electric in the middle third of the nineteenth century. There may be some idealization of the past in this view, but there is no question about the absence of vital discussion of living questions in colleges to-day. Their graduates go out to blunder into understanding of the modern world—perhaps through contact with those revolutionists they were taught to disregard or misunderstand.

"Where do they get that intellectual passion?" exclaims the typical university man when he encounters those minds in which the real issues of modern life are burning their way to solution.

The student does not get from his teachers even the kind of thinking which leads to understanding. He hears of no such thing as "the hierarchy of the sciences." He gets no chart of the world of mind, no hawk's-eye view, no hint that there is hub and tire to the wheel of knowledge. All he gets is loose spokes —without knowing they are spokes. In their individualistic, noncoöperative, specialist departments, bound too tight administratively and not related organically, the teachers themselves do not know it.

Not being in possession of the elements, the very tools of thought, college graduates are reduced to that subservience to conventional ideas which is their most easily observable class characteristic. Some huge spiritual steam roller seems to have run over their individualities. Following conventional ideas is one practicable way through life, but he who takes it instead of

thinking for himself must follow, not lead, and he can be led almost anywhere.

The rules and statutes and restrictions of our universities show the least democratic organization and spirit of any in the world. Students are treated like irresponsible children—and respond to treatment. Great manuscript volumes record their absences from class. Faculty members have only a mockery of power, a vote on academic trifles—the standard of admission, the grades necessary to pass a course, the grouping of studies which may be elected, whether or not " marks " shall be " open." Even in such things they are not inclined to use their vote against the president upon whom they are dependent for continuance of position. They have no power over larger questions of university policy, no power over expenditure of income. They may see money needed for necessary books or scientific apparatus going into unnecessary buildings, but cannot stop it. The president is responsible not to them but to an outside board.

The board members who have the power to dismiss any teacher any day often hold their positions for life and are irremovable, as at Smith College, where a proposal to give the alumnæ more representation on the board has just been hypocritically evaded. Sometimes the board is purely self-perpetuating, as at Columbia. On other boards, such as one of Harvard's two, membership is for a term of years and graduates of five or more years' standing are permitted to select by vote one among six or seven nominees for each vacancy. A glance at any particular list of these nominees shows them to be all men of the same social class and viewpoint.

In State universities the regents are usually appointed by the governor. While there are capitalists among them, the typical regent has been appointed because the governor needed his political influence. Often the regent owns a newspaper.

The boards of public and private institutions have in common the fact that the teaching scholars who are collectively the university have no share whatever in the selection of their members and no check of any kind upon their actions.

Now why, set over a university, should there be a board of capitalists, lawyers, politicians, a board of non-scholars armed

with that power of the purse which may be and is used to control and suppress the thought of scholars? Logically there is no reason. There should be no such board. Historically the reason is simple. We have inherited this undemocratic system from seventeenth century America, and have as yet done nothing to democratize it. It had its origin not in democracy but in theocracy. Founded to educate ministers our colleges had to be organized to guard against the creeping in of heresy. A professor who became a heretic had to go, and there had to be machinery to see that he went. And there was. And that seventeenth century machinery has been kept in good working order right down to the thirteenth year of the twentieth century.

In organizing State and nation after the revolution the anti-democracy represented by Hamilton had to compromise with a militant democracy, but in the theocratic college there was no democracy to compromise with. So the transition from an America ruled by ministers to the America ruled by capitalists through lawyers was accomplished without spilling any of the absolutism of college government. It has been so little challenged that new universities have copied it mechanically from older ones.

A professor is to-day dismissed, or asked to resign, or an instructor is not reappointed—all without opportunity for trial. In case he is informed of the disapproval of his "employers" before dismissal and given another chance he is simply, in the words of Judge Henry E. Holland, trustee of Yale, "hauled up before the board." The board could officially decapitate him just to amuse itself if that happened to appeal to its sense of humor. But a professor need not even be "hauled up." He may simply receive a letter notifying him that he is "relieved from further academic service," the relief to begin that day, as in the case of President Butler's letter of March 7, 1911, to Professor J. E. Spingarn.

That could not happen even in the army, which does not claim to be a very democratic organization. A court-martial is not proverbially overcareful of the rights of the men it tries, but it recognizes that there are such things. Not so the university trustee. The American professor has not even the right to be

court-martialled. He is not judged like an army officer by his own colleagues. He is not judged like an American citizen by his peers.

Democratic reform of this absolutist system is not going to come spontaneously from the present governing boards. They see no reason for dissatisfaction with an arrangement which places unlimited power in their hands. Not being men of imagination they do not realize how degrading their rule is to the men they rule.

Their satisfaction with things as they are can best be shown by quoting a few expressions of the principle of autocratic power by board members themselves.

"The board of trustees are the ultimate authority," J. W. Alexander, member of the board of trustees at Princeton, has said. "In case there should be any differences, the authority of the board would have to prevail. The professors would have to walk the plank."

Mr. F. W. Peck, director of Chicago University, has written: "The trustees should see to it that in teaching . . . no unsound financial doctrines nor anything of a dangerous character be taught."

Secretary Goodspeed of Chicago said: "On all questions in our university the final supreme authority is vested in the trustees."

A Columbia trustee being asked, "Who is to decide whether the teaching of a professor is truth or untruth?" replied: "The board must decide what is right or wrong."

Why have scholars at all if scholarship—the conscience of the guild of scholars—is not to decide what shall be taught?

In a printed statement J. H. Raymond, trustee of Northwestern University, has said of professors: "In social science and political science they, as a rule, are only a little less qualified to be the final arbiters as to what shall be taught than they are concerning financial problems. In all things they should promptly and gracefully submit to the final determination of the trustees. A professor must be an advocate, but his advocacy must be in harmony with the conclusions of the powers that be."

Mr. Raymond received many congratulations from university

authorities upon this uncompromisingly tyrannical position, and no protests from the teachers against whom the tyranny was directed. The incident helps to explain the European view of the third American sex, and prepares us for such books as the recent one by an instructor in journalism in the University of Wisconsin which gives instruction in the art of writing " apparently honest criticism " of plays in order to prepare the students for service on venial newspapers.*

The American university president, though his own position is hardly more secure than that of his subordinates, is the instrument of the will of the boards. One such president, Thomas F. Kane of the University of Washington, is recently reported by students to have said to them: " Students must get the right attitude. They have no right to criticise the regents, for they are higher in authority." The students asked him if they had no right to criticise the governor who appointed the regents. The president answered: " Not when he is on the campus." As citizens of the State the students may criticise the head of the State, but as university men they may not criticise their academic superior.

This principle means that democracy has not yet begun in college, and it means the end of democracy should it spread from there and prevail. It does not occur to President Kane that when you have deprived members of a university of the right to criticise, which amounts to the right to think, you have destroyed the university's reason for existence.

There are university teachers who do not feel the pressure on faculties for the reason that they instinctively share the point of view of the members of their governing board. Besides the men who do not feel the pressure are those that yield to it. Their cases do not become known. The slow death in them of the

* *Newspaper Reporting and Correspondence,* by Grant Milnor Hyde. D. Appleton and Company, pp. 263-4. Mr. Hyde writes: " Very few critics are so fortunate as to be able to say exactly what they think about a play; they must say what the editor wants them to say. . . . One cannot praise in a way that is too evident; he cannot simply say 'The play was good; the acting was good; in fact, everything was good.' He must praise more cleverly and give his copy the appearance of honest criticism." Freshmen in the school of journalism at Wisconsin are required to buy this book.

higher life of the mind is the silent tragedy of our university life. If difference with a board is not too vital the evil consequences fall short of dismissal. Promotion stops, as in the case of the popular Mr. Marckhardt of Michigan, an active socialist who has not been advanced in academic rank in spite of striking success as a teacher. There was a similar lack of promotion of Triggs of Chicago for a number of years before his dismissal. The unconventional Mr. Copeland, whose play of mind and æsthetic worldliness gave him more charm for students perhaps than any other man at Harvard, remained an instructor for years. Being a socialist may turn the scale against a man whose tenure is precarious for other reasons, as in the case of George Louis Arner, instructor in Economics at Dartmouth. His Ph.D. was in sociology instead of in economics, and his lecture form was not very good, but he influenced students. He was not reappointed the third year.

The observable test of academic freedom comes when a scholar thinks something, regarded as important, which his governing board does not think, and he refuses to yield. Some cases may be recalled to indicate the kind of differences for which professors " have to walk the plank."

There was a time when they were dismissed for views on free trade and greenbacks, as President George M. Steele of Lawrence University back in 1892. A whole crop of them went because they believed in free silver, like President E. B. Andrews and President H. E. Stockbridge of the North Dakota Agricultural College. Some went for Populism, like Docent I. H. Hourwich of the University of Chicago. They went for " anti-imperialism," like President Henry Wade Rogers of North-western. They went because they were " anti-monopolistic," like Frank Parsons and John R. Commons of the Kansas Agricultural College and E. W. Bemis of the University of Chicago. Some went for " anti-plutocratic " ideas and acts, like President Thomas E. Will of the Kansas Agricultural College in 1900.

Professors have been ousted because they were Unitarians (of all innocuous people!) like Dr. J. H. Ward of Kansas. They have been appointed on condition they should not let it be known they were Unitarians, as in the case of Inis H. Weed, appointed

Dean of Women on this condition a few years ago in the State University of Washington. A Russian has been offered an appointment as professor of French on condition that he change his Russian name to a French one. This was Lieut.-Col. Lochwitsky, I. R. A., who lives at 3543 Indiana Avenue in Chicago. The case of E. A. Ross of Stanford, dismissed for views on coolie immigration and municipal ownership, attracted more than usual attention simply because the suppression of opinion was the act, not as usual of a governing board, but of an individual, a founder of the university.

Professors have been tried for sociological heresy, like Richard T. Ely of the University of Wisconsin. They have been let out for "applying" Christianity, like George D. Herron of Grinnell College. And—hopeful sign—they have been let out for standing by a colleague under fire. Of these are G. E. Howard of Stanford for protest against the dismissal of Ross, President George W. Gates of Grinnell for standing by Herron (also for offending the school-book trust), and J. E. Spingarn dismissed after a fight growing out of the case of Harry Thurston Peck, who was dismissed for being sued for breach of promise.

Nowadays the characteristic danger point for professors is industrial unionism, not so much "syndicalism" theoretically and in general as participation in some specific industrial conflict. College teachers are perfectly free to hold any opinions they please about such things—provided they do not publicly express them. Getting a good hot socialist speech reported in the newspapers will sometimes do the business, as in the recent case of Kendrick P. Shedd of the University of Rochester, dismissed after twenty-two years of service for his speech at Auburn, N. Y. A vehement speech on a particular industrial situation will do it, as in the case of the speech at Bridgeport, Connecticut, of Frank Bohn, lecturer in History in the Columbia extension work. Vida Scudder's speech at Lawrence brought her the threat of dismissal unless she could give assurance of non-repetition of the offence. This she declined to do and the threat was not carried out.

Professors can lose their positions by admitting before a committee investigating the subject that the president of their uni-

versity is a liar. This was the case of Professors Simms, Andrews, and Van Steenderen of the University of Iowa.

Out of hundreds of cases of academic unfreedom these must suffice to show that the principles of autocratic government enunciated by board members are no dead letter, but are in active operation.

The fear they inspire in American faculty men was strikingly illustrated when the Inter-collegiate Socialist Society first sent out letters asking indorsement of its object. This was not to make socialists, but "to promote an intelligent interest in socialism among college men and women." The society found twenty-seven professors, among them men of foreign culture like Professor Kuno Francke of Harvard, who were willing to let their names appear as indorsers. But hundreds of letters were received from men who said that while they were in sympathy with the proposed object they did not desire to have the fact made public.

Over-timidity?

Yes. The over-timidity of the unfree. A revelation of the spiritual atmosphere of that subjected class to whom America sends its youth to be prepared for manhood.

If the American college did no worse than reflect in miniature the capitalist oligarchy which more or less controls society as a whole, there would not be much hope of its reform before the reform, or revolution, of the rest of society. But existing college government is an absolutism unknown anywhere else in our life, and the absurdity of not intrusting with self-government a body of men as highly trained as a college faculty is glaring. Consequently a movement to bring the college abreast should have good hope of success at the present time.

If the colleges refuse to come abreast we should stop sending them our sons and daughters to be infected with the hookworm of social backwardness. Unless we have gone in for the production of a nation of slaves, the college professor of to-day, logical fruit of a despotic system, is too dangerous an example to set before the nation's youth.

The remedy for lack of freedom is self-government. The way to free a slave is to abolish the power of his master. The

way to secure academic freedom and make university teachers free personalities is to transfer to them as a body the powers now held by outside boards, including the appointive machinery, the control of university finances, the right to select their own president, and above all the power—fatal and blighting when not in their own hands—the power to terminate a scholar's connection with his institution.

The scholars of a university must collectively control their own incomes, that is, their own lives and thoughts. Educators must control education. If that is dangerous to the interest of any special class, so much the worse for it. Its interest has got in the way of a primary interest of society.

By giving them the governing power we can raise up a new breed of teachers—men to whom the youth of the land can look for real light on life. Respected for the first time by themselves, by students, and by foreign scholars, such men will be free for significant thought and utterance, for real study and unflinching criticism of public affairs.

"Great personalities are essential to any educational institution," writes the president of Smith College arguing for raising salaries. More pay is obviously not remedy enough. A system which can and does cut off the income and career of a thinker who dares to advocate a conclusion not "in harmony with the conclusions of the powers that be" cannot be expected to produce great personalities and has not done so. Real personalities, to say nothing of great ones, will continue to be few among college teachers until they are free from their present fear, restraint and subservience.

The administrative heads of universities must be made responsible not to a small board of non-teachers set over the faculty, but to the teaching scholars. Since to abolish the existing boards would be considered too sharp a break with tradition, it will be easier as a matter of tactics to leave them in existence shorn of power. This can be accomplished by having the members of the boards, like the presidents, elected by the teaching force.

A cautious half-step in this direction was recommended by President Schurman in his report last fall to the Cornell trustees.

The proposal is to permit full professors to elect one third of the board of trustees. If adopted this plan will result in no transfer of power. It is interesting only as a possible first step toward a university governed by its scholars.

We should have a board of trustees of whom not merely a safe minority of one third, but all are elected by the faculty. We should have as electors not merely full professors but the whole body of teachers. Another step in a gradual elimination of the outside element would be to make faculty members eligible to board membership. That accomplished, a college president and governing board would be related to the faculty much as an English or French premier and his cabinet are related to parliament.

A college president might well prefer to be the head of such a self-governing democracy of scholars rather than what he is.

Other indications of pressure toward democracy are the committees at the Universities of Illinois and Washington to study the question of more democratic government. The Illinois committee was appointed three years ago and its report has not yet been published.

These stirrings at Cornell, at Washington, at Illinois, and elsewhere, indicate that university self-government can be brought into the sphere of " practical politics " if means can be found of rousing intelligent public opinion to its importance.

Public discussion is likely to bring up objections similar to those which arise in private discussions among university men. The three chief arguments seem to be that scholars in control would not get money, that professors do not desire freedom, and that they do not need power because their interests are being well looked after without it.

As to not getting money: it is time our universities were using the great wealth they already have for the ends of scholars instead of crushing down those ends wherever they conflict with the prospect of further " benefactions." These cost too much in sacrifice of independence. Our universities are rich enough. If they are going to do no more than they have done for the world's thought, for the kindling of intellectual passion, the wealth that

has been showered upon them is all waste. The society of the future will not endure it.

In productive funds Columbia has forty-four million dollars, Harvard twenty-five, Chicago seventeen, Yale nearly fourteen, Cornell over nine million.

Of annual income Wisconsin, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, Yale and Michigan have over a million and a half.

Chicago, Harvard, Illinois, and Cornell have over two million.

Columbia does not say.

The poorest of them has money enough to afford the luxury of unmuzzled scholarship. The American university which succeeds in replacing mercenary with intellectual passion is going to gain much more in prestige among the best elements of our life and in international standing than it will lose in those benefactions which are now acting as malefactions. If any endowment is held or support obtained under conditions incompatible with control by teachers, the quicker the universities let go of it the better. It is not more money they need, but free men.

As to the second objection, that professors do not desire freedom—it is really true that some of them argue against the need of it. They say they are paid to teach certain things in certain ways and that if they do not want to do it they are free to leave.

The argument betrays their indifference as to whether their university is perverting or fulfilling its social function. Such matters have been relegated to the trustees. The teacher's apathy is a psychical result of lack of responsibility.

The argument against freedom by men deprived of it is not unfamiliar. These are not the first slave advocates of slavery. The overthrow of such a system is likely to take time; the pleasure and displeasure of the masters is swift. We shall always have the plant animal justifying the sessile mode of life.

The third argument is current at Columbia. Some professors there argue that they do not need any more power because there is a commission at Columbia "studying the high cost of living with a view to raising professors' salaries." Since there is a disposition on the part of trustees to raise salaries, since sab-

batical year privileges are being extended, since the interests of college teachers are being so well looked after by the masters under the present system, what need to change? Since our despotism is benevolent why incur all the trouble and risk of a struggle for freedom?

The answer is that unfortunately such comfortable acceptance of benevolent despotism produces the third American sex. It sterilizes the intellectual life of university and nation. It is still true that despotism cannot be accepted nor freedom renounced without serious spiritual consequences. They are observable in teachers who do not desire freedom of teaching.

Such narrowed vision and atrophied will is discouraging to those who consider what chance there is for improvement. Here is the vicious circle which exists between every tyranny and its victims. Lack of power produces subservience of spirit, and subservient spirits are not fit for nor able to attain power.

Is there any way out?

There would be none if all American professors were plant animals. But the men who have refused to knuckle down, the men who leave because the university as it is cramps growth, are evidence that a certain proportion of American scholars will not accept the sessile mode of life. It is to this kind of men still inside the faculties that we must look for revivification of the universities.

All that part of American society which can still appreciate the need of intellectual freedom should try to induce these potentially valuable faculty rebels to discontinue the futile old method of petty individual rebellion. Instead of revolting and being eliminated one or two at a time, leaving the system unchanged, they must get together and transform the system.

Even a dozen men combined could do something. Trustees would have to pause before dismissing such a group. Half its faculty a real university could hardly drop, though the thing has been done at Marietta and other little sectarian colleges. An entire faculty standing together could secure in a short time the powers of university government.

That there is no faculty capable of such solidarity is of course

true. But it is also true that no faculty is without a certain number of men capable of standing together for their guild interests.

It is these who ought to be organizing and centering upon the immediate object of securing for faculties the right to elect their own president and trustees.

The tension of such a movement would from its inception end the spiritual inertia complained of in our colleges.

There have been individuals preaching the gospel of internal self-government. The writings of Professor Cattell of Columbia and those of his contributors in his weekly *Science* have not been without effect in bringing about the significant recommendation at Cornell. His recent volume *University Control* contains a valuable referendum showing that 85 per cent. of 299 scientific men of academic position favor a change of our absolutist system of university government.

What is sorely needed now is not the intermittent work of individuals, but a campaign conducted systematically by a permanent organization. This could bring Cattell's Columbia literature to bear effectively upon the situation at the University of Washington, and make what Professor Guido Marks does at Stanford help the cause of self-government at Columbia. *Science* has made itself a focus of the intelligent discontent of university teachers, but only the roused opinion of a much wider public can force the present governing boards to relinquish power. Faculty men should create an organization to create that opinion.

In the past the arbitrary power of presidents and trustees has frequently suggested such coöperation of college teachers, but at this point the idea has been habitually disposed of by some one saying with a laugh "Brain Workers No. 1," or "the Professors' Union." That seemed to settle it.

Shrinking instinctively from the application of the working class method to their profession, the academic workers have failed to consider seriously the only line of action likely to lead to their independence. How much of the ridiculousness of the phrase "professors' union" is due to the fact that professors as we know them, dissociated from the idea of power and manhood, are in themselves somewhat ridiculous? It is perhaps because we are not accustomed to look to them for anything re-

quiring so much guts as the formation of a union that the two ideas " professor " and " union " clash. But " union " is capable of taking " professor " out of the category of the ridiculous.

An ex-professor of international reputation who rebelled with the sympathy of certain colleagues against a piece of administrative domineering brings against organization the objection, sustained by his own experience, that college teachers " lie down." But it has been in the individual fights of other men that they have lain down. It is yet to be demonstrated that they would abandon a battle for their common cause. They have quit in spontaneous, socially aimless revolts of individuals. Would they quit in a general revolt made for a principle to which by organizing they had pledged themselves in advance? Or is there no principle for which they would so pledge themselves?

In either case we should have to give them up, and stop sending people to college. But we should not, like many radicals, give up the colleges on suspicion, *a priori,* because till now they have been inert. We have spent too much money and life on them to abandon them hopelessly to reaction without a determined effort on the part of friends of intellectual freedom to democratize them.

The strength attainable by organization of the living element among the college teachers themselves is too valuable for them to permit either a ridiculous phrase or a professional prejudice or the fear inspired by their own past weakness to stand in the way.

There is as much need for the college teachers to overcome the obstacles, trivial and serious, that retard organization as there was for primary teachers when they first formed their " federations." While this article is being written the ideas embodied in it are being made the basis of a manifesto of a new radical organization of the high school teachers of New York City.

In the matter of a " union " the college teachers have not only the example of the primary school teachers and the secondary school teachers, but also that of the heads of their own institutions. There is a college presidents' union. It is not a modest organization. It calls itself " The Association of American Universities." The name expresses the prevalent presidential

belief, unfortunately based on fact, that there is nothing much to a university but president.

Unlike most other labor organizations, the C. P. U. or College Presidents' Union holds its sessions in secret. It may be a little sinister, but it is not ridiculous. It has power. It has the authority delegated to their instruments by the omnipotent but non-executive trustees.

That is the power whose possession would make the C. T. U., the college teachers' union, not ridiculous. The transfer, with its resulting new and powerful type of scholar, is an important interest of American society. But everybody's business being nobody's, this is the special business of the college teachers themselves. The interest of society as a whole coincides with their guild interest. Being unable to fulfil their social function without the governing power it is their highest duty to demand it and not to quit until they get it. Society should hold them responsible if they do not.

The scholars' guild—to choose a name which helps to reveal the true ultimate aim of such an organization—has not merely as reason for existence its present practical fighting advantages and the accomplishment of the immediate object of securing university self-government. Looking out beyond that, it is a necessity as the germ of an essential social organ.

Society begins to reveal its new structure—a federation of productive industries and social activities each governed from within and all coördinated. If among these there should be no organ of scholarship industrial, society will be vitally defective.

From it scholars cannot hold aloof. Like the other unions that compose it theirs must be free but responsible, self-guided but not self-willed, governed not from without as now through economic power in the hands of another class, but from within by the high technical conscience of the guild.

The lack of solidarity with the majority of the nation which has characterized our intellectual class—its mistaken mental identification of itself with the ruling class—has filled the labor movement with bitter contempt for " intellectuals." Because of the upper class color of " culture " the working class is growing inimical to culture itself. If the intellectual class fails to orga-

nize and strengthen itself and get itself into right relations with the working class which is the nation, the coming supremacy of that working class may sweep away—wheat with chaff—the culture of the world.

Instead of that, scholars aware and worthy of their function and having the courage to fulfil it can make their guild the centre of the world's new mind—the social organ by which humanity remembers its past and brings it to bear effectively upon the present.

Education is the chief occupation of one quarter of the population—at the present time in round numbers 600,000 teachers and twenty million pupils and students. Eventually this whole sphere of life must be in the control of one big union.

But this cannot be lumped amorphously into one structureless mass. Inside its unity the primary school teachers, secondary school teachers, college teachers, and university research workers will each have to hold themselves free of the others for their own characteristic development.

The primary school teachers are already feeling more and more conscious of their collectivity and its function. The college teachers may come belated, but they must come to feel the oneness, in a single but differentiated organization, of all who teach.

No vision of the future, of course, can have dynamic power to start a movement of college teachers. A far, fine goal can have value only to a movement that has started. What can and should start it is the pressure of the galling, hampering condition which exists—the undemocratic government of teachers by trustees which is spoiling the lives and work of our scholars and thereby doing serious damage to the higher life of America.

THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST MADERO

DOLORES BUTTERFIELD

IN 1910 Mexico held a presidential election, in which, for the first time in his career, Porfirio Diaz was confronted by a rival candidate. This candidate was neither a soldier nor a politician. He was a business man, whose leisure had been devoted to study and literature. Indeed, he was ridiculed as a dreamer by the party in power, and because he was a Theosophist, a vegetarian, and a few other things of which they had no comprehension, they scoffed at him as "El loco Don Pancho." Nevertheless, his political writings, though dispassionate and impartial, were so logical and fearless that the party in power paid him the compliment of suppressing them. He had the courage to accept a nomination from which Bernardo Reyes, the soldier, and several politicians, had run away.

The persecutions launched against Francisco Madero and the anti-reëlectionist party which nominated him, and the fraud resorted to in that election, would fill a volume. Madero himself and all men known to be his supporters, and indeed many who were only suspected of it, were imprisoned. The new candidate, politically unknown when he began his unprecedented campaign, became so tremendously popular that the most brutal terrorism was resorted to in a vain effort to check the growing sentiment in favor of democracy—or its manifestation, at least. The election of 1910, returning Diaz and Corral to office, and ratified by Congress in the face of documentary evidence of 150 cases of flagrant fraud submitted by the anti-reëlectionist party (which evidence was never examined even for the sake of pretence), was absolutely illegal.

The country revolted. The Government called upon its army of 30,000 men, and found that half of that army was "graft," it numbering really not more than 15,000. Volunteers were called for, but the volunteers were all going to Madero. So widespread was the revolution, so simultaneous in all parts of the country, and so wholly supported by public opinion, that the Diaz régime, undermined by its own corrup-

tion, and taken by surprise in its over-confidence, was suing for peace at the end of six months, and Diaz and Corral were forced to resign.

Francisco Leon de la Barra, a more or less neutral politician, though a conservative, well thought of by both parties, and whose honor, despite his connection with the old régime, was unquestioned, was the selection of both sides for Provisional President pending an election. Madero could have gone into the presidency at once on a wave of popular enthusiasm without parallel in the history of his country; but he wished to emphasize the fact that the revolution was not intended to put him in power, but simply to overcome the dictatorship and make an election possible; and, though even his friends criticised the sacrifice of his advantage, he insisted upon waiting six months for excitement to cool before an election was called. Even so, he was elected by an almost unanimous vote, in the midst of a popular enthusiasm bordering on delirium. He himself had no control over that election. He had disbanded and disarmed his troops, and the polls were in the hands of de la Barra, whose sympathies were known to be more with the old party than with Madero, but whose honesty was relied upon despite that fact. In the election returns de la Barra himself was defeated for the vice-presidency.

Perhaps it would not be amiss to speak here of the attempt on the part of Bernardo Reyes to launch his candidacy, since its withdrawal has been made to reflect upon the election. Reyes had been offered the popular nomination in 1910 and had refused it, adding insult to injury by saying of the Diaz methods: "That is the way to govern." That this man, whose cowardice had lost him the opportunity (his first of all) to be the great popular hero, should now return to vie for their favor against the man who had loved them enough to espouse their cause in its dark hour, so infuriated the people that Reyes was mobbed and stoned, and de la Barra had all he could do sending soldiers about to protect the would-be candidate, until he withdrew his candidacy and left the country—to start a revolution, in which his unpopularity was again so signally manifested that even he became convinced of it.

The conduct of the populace in attacking Reyes was blameworthy, but after all not unnatural. It was the conduct of men who, after generations of despotic rule, had not yet realized the fact that they could have expressed their opinion of Reyes quite as effectively with the ballot box as by pelting him with stones, and far more creditably to themselves.

With Madero in office the people were inclined to consider the battle won, although the leaders of the anti-reëlectionist party (reorganized as the Partido Nacional Progresista) reminded them repeatedly that the hardest part of the fight was still before them, inasmuch as the enemy, so easy to worst on an honest battlefield, was far more dangerous in the field of intrigue, to which it was sure to resort.

We must here consider that enemy. The corrupt party which grew up about the old dictator, and for which in his last years of rule he became merely a figurehead and shield, was called the Cientifico party by its opponents, it having no name of its own, and being ostensibly simply an aggregation of patriots devoting themselves perpetually to the service of their country. These men represented at once a bureaucracy and a landed aristocracy. Among them they owned practically all the land of Mexico; two or three of them would own an entire State; and as they also owned the State governorships, the courts of the nation, the portfolios of the Ministry, and the presidency and vice-presidency of the country under Diaz and Corral, it will readily be seen that they owned the country, body and soul. Their terrible system of exploitation had become with each year increasingly intolerable and undisguised; the situation of the people was desperate. The constitution of Mexico is as liberal and advanced as our own, and in some points even superior, providing for direct election of senators and of the Supreme Court; but this constitution was in actual effect entirely abrogated by the Cientificos, who ruled by a mediæval feudalism combined with an incipient capitalism which spelt for the majority of the people of Mexico absolute want, ignorance and degradation, and tremendous wealth for the beneficiaries of the system.

These men, powerful and terrible in themselves, were in

reality but the representatives of a power even more vast and terrible. They were but fingers on the hands of greed and monopoly reaching out from Wall Street and the money centres of Europe. Behind Diaz was the Pearson-Morgan-Cientifico alliance, and when Diaz went down that alliance was still to be reckoned with. Madero and the Progressive leaders knew this. The ignorant masses did not know it and were largely incapable of comprehending it.

True, it has been charged that Madero himself was only the hired man of Standard Oil. Here is the truth of that charge:

Porfirio Diaz, owing to his own connection with the Pearson Oil people (the Mexican Petroleum Company, Ltd.), an English syndicate allied with the Morgan interests, had greatly discriminated against the Standard Oil, practically keeping it out of business in Mexico in the interests of the Pearson monopoly. Agents of the Standard at one time discovered some oil wells and were about to denounce them when Diaz nationalized them. This was lauded by the Cientifico salaried press as a most patriotic action; but it presently transpired that the oil wells so patriotically nationalized to save them from the maw of the Standard had quietly passed into possession of the Pearson Company. Standard Oil disliked Porfirio Diaz as heartily as the Pearson-Morgan combine rejoiced in him.

Madero must certainly have known this, for it was common knowledge. He financed his revolution with 30,000,000 pesos ($15,000,000 U. S. currency) which was his own personal inherited fortune. He also mortgaged his personal properties in Coahuila, and gave his personal note at high interest to secure additional funds. Where was he to go for money in sufficient quantity to conduct a war if not to Wall Street? And shall we criticise his judgment if he took his securities to Standard Oil instead of to Morgan? Whether this constituted him the tool of Standard Oil or not we must leave his own conduct to show.

This Cientifico-Morgan alliance was the power Madero had to fight. To be sure, he had his choice of making peace with it, for the alliance was not so unalterably devoted to Porfirio Diaz that, for its money interests, it would not have accepted

his successor, young and modern, with a clean record and overwhelming popularity, had he consented to be a reformer only in name, and in reality to serve the alliance. He had the choice of every Latin-American President: to betray his people or fight these allied interests. Had he consented to the betrayal, he would have had all the strength of Wall Street to render his Government stable, and it would have taken a real revolution of the whole people of Mexico to overthrow him.

The fate that Francisco Madero met at the hands of this alliance is the best proof of his sincerity. It is not the false and dishonest Presidents of Latin-American republics who have anything to fear from Wall Street or foreign capital generally.

By the treaty of peace of Juarez, Madero had committed himself to respect the established Congress; which was wholly a mistake, since that Congress was not elected by the people and did not really represent the people, but the Cientificos. This mistake, like such others as he made, originated in his kindness of heart, for he wished to end the revolution of 1910-11 without further bloodshed by acceding to so much of the conditions presented by Diaz. He faithfully kept that promise even after its breaking was justified by the men to whom he had made it, and in his love for democracy committed the additional error of allowing that hold-over Congress to act upon its own initiative—a privilege it had never enjoyed under Diaz. The result was the adoption by Congress of an obstructionist policy which delayed the reform measures Madero had promised. This delay was, as a matter of fact, only a slight one; but it was assiduously made use of by Cientifico agents to foment discontent among the ignorant on the plea that Madero was fooling the people.

Another Cientifico weapon was the press, owned or subsidized by them almost in its entirety, since under their régime all papers not amenable to subsidy were persecuted and suppressed. Availing itself of its new liberty, the press assailed the Administration at every point, distorting and misrepresenting its every act, circulating insidious falsehoods, exaggerating every adverse circumstance, and by sheer force of endless repetition doing its best to establish its accusations as positive facts. The capitalist press of the United States joined in depicting Madero as an

ambitious revolutionist, a corrupt politician, and a deceiver of the people.

In addition to the intrigue and bribery of the Cientificos and the attacks of their press, there was Zapata.

Zapata had risen against Diaz, calling himself a Maderista. In a war conducted with a humanity seldom recorded in the annals of Mexican warfare, in which civilians and foreigners, and, on Madero's side, prisoners of war, were respected, the methods of Zapata were such as to be rather a detriment than a service to the cause. So much was this the case that Ambrosio Figueroa, his commander, unable to control Zapata and his numerous following of lawless men, separated from him, refusing to be identified with his campaign. The fall of Diaz made no difference to Zapata—without a break he kept on fighting against de la Barra; or rather, looting villages, which was his way of fighting. Madero, in an unofficial capacity as chief of the revolution, saw Zapata and obtained his promise to lay down his arms; but Zapata never kept that promise. After the election of Madero he still continued his depredations without pause. He called himself an "agrarian rebel," excusing himself with wrongs which really did exist, but for which Madero was in no case to blame. Whatever the promises of Madero, and whether he broke them or not, the Zapatista had no legitimate cause for complaint, since he never gave Madero a chance, but on the contrary contributed most actively to increase the difficulty of keeping those promises.

Yet despite all this, in less than four months (about February, 1912, Madero having been elected in November, 1911), the Administration began active measures for the survey and adequate appraisement for taxation of the enormous estates, previously assessed at a mere fraction of their value and containing thousands of acres which their titles did not cover. Madero had never promised, either in the Plan of San Luis Potosi or aside from it, to subdivide the lands of Mexico by violent confiscation. An adequate land tax, which would automatically take the land out of the hands of non-users and distribute it among the users, such distribution to be aided by the organization of a Government loan bank to facilitate the acquisition of

land by the poor, was the plan he advocated. Reputable engineers were sent out to survey and reappraise the lands, it being worthy of note that these operations began in the States of Chihuahua and Coahuila, where the Madero family estates are situated.

General Luis Terrazas owns 12,000,000 acres of land in Chihuahua. He and his henchmen having always been the Governors of that State until the election of Abraham Gonzalez in 1911, he was accustomed to doing exactly as he pleased about the taxation of those lands, and when he saw the reappraisement figures of the engineering corps, he was not disposed to let it go at that. Luis Terrazas is the father-in-law and close ally of Enrique C. Creel, the great banker—a part-American, variously Ambassador to the United States and Minister of Foreign Affairs under Diaz, and the most sinister of the whole Cientifico clique, in so far as any one of them may claim the honor of that distinction above the others.

Immediately following the revaluation of the Terrazas lands the garrison at Ciudad Juarez, Chihuahua, mutinied, proclaiming a revolution, and shortly afterward Pascual Orozco, Jr., Chief-of-Arms of the military zone of Chihuahua, joined this revolution and became its leader. It was well known at the time that Orozco, after being paid $25,000 (U. S.) for his services in the Madero revolution, had demanded further sums of the Government and been refused. It was also perfectly transparent, and has since been proved beyond question, that the Terrazas and Creel interests fomented and financed the movement and paid Orozco for his defection. Orozco claimed that Madero had broken his promises to the people—four months after Madero's election, in the face of the fact that he was doing his best to fulfil them. He even went so far as to impute to the Plan of San Luis Potosi a dozen or more glowing promises not to be found in the original text, which Madero had ignored, but which he, if victorious, would fulfil—a deception practicable and valuable in a country of preponderant illiteracy.

The men at whose head Orozco placed himself, aside from his own troops, were for the most part ex-Maderistas of the worst character, who had failed to lay down their arms with

the other Maderistas when the revolution was won, but had turned to looting isolated ranches and committing depredations under the successive titles of Magonistas, Reyistas, Vazquistas, etc., until they finally settled into Orozquistas. These men, like the Zapatistas in the south, never gave Madero a chance and had no legitimate complaint against him; and if, like the Zapatistas, they were not wholly to blame, their absolute ignorance, extreme poverty and consequent depravity being the result of their lifelong conditions, neither was Madero to blame because he could not by a miracle transform them and their conditions from one day to another.

The only thing that ever made the Orozco revolution appear formidable was its seizure of Juarez, a port of entry, and Chihuahua, the State capital. These were not taken by courage or skill of arms, but by treacherous mutiny on the part of men to whom the cities had been intrusted; men not strong enough—so devoid were they of real popular support—to hold these cities when they had them. Orozco called his revolution a "People's revolution." Yet in 1910, when the people really rose, they easily overcame the small army of convicts and conscripts and overthrew a military dictatorship of thirty years' standing. Why then, in 1912, could not the same people overcome the same army? Obviously, because Orozco never represented the people of Mexico. His following never numbered more than five or six thousand men at most, in his most fortunate days, while on the other hand Madero was able to double the federal army with Maderista volunteers. Many labor unions volunteered in a body to augment his ranks, for that class, more perhaps than any other, literally worshipped him.

The Orozquistas, as an army, were soon disorganized and disrupted, only saved from entire annihilation by the mountainous topography of a sparsely-settled country affording them protection, and by the laxity of certain federal officers, now known to have been bribed, who neglected, after a certain point, to follow up actively the rigorous campaign instituted in the first place by General Fernando Trucy Aubert. These officers, like those pursuing Zapata in the south, festooned the roadside trees with looters and thieves—until Madero proclaimed an am-

nesty, sorely against their will, for they wished that campaign to militate against him with the people—but they made no real effort to capture the hired leaders who fomented the disorders.

The Orozco revolution, however, served its purpose. In conjunction with the Zapata rebellion, it constituted a most effective flank movement, and from the moment of its outbreak the Progressive Administration was not allowed a free moment in which to work. It depleted the treasury necessarily and unavoidably, while the cry went up that Madero was looting the treasury. It prevented the reorganization and reduction of taxes as a matter of course. It halted the land survey and appraisement movement, and also the subdivision of tracts already reclaimed as public lands. In a word, it went far toward halting all the reforms for which Orozco was so loudly clamoring, and made the reconstruction of the country doubly difficult, if not impossible. In its task of undermining the Progressive Administration it found most efficient aid in the Cientifico press of Mexico and the pro-intervention newspapers of the United States.

Still the Administration was not brought to terms. It revoked a number of monopolistic concessions granted by the Diaz régime in its last and worst years of power—among others the notorious west coast fishing concession and pearl fisheries concession. The labor unions, crushed under Diaz, under Madero extended all over Mexico, he personally assisting in the organization of many of them. Shortly after his inauguration the working-men began to strike for living wages, and the employers called upon the Government, as they were in the habit of doing, to " arbitrate." Porfirio Diaz used to arbitrate the labor question with guns, as in Rio Blanco and Cananea, to the entire satisfaction of the capitalists. Madero refused to lend troops because there were no disorders to justify it, and the Government's attitude obliged the employers to raise the wages of the strikers. Later, a minimum wage law was passed for the benefit of striking textile workers. It has been stated from an impartial source that under the Madero Administration the wages of working-men in some parts of Mexico actually quadrupled (from 25c. to $1.00 per day, U. S.), though the paralyzation of

business due to the counter-revolution went far toward counteracting these benefits.

A study of Latin-American politics abundantly proves that this kind of legislation was likely to have far more to do with the crushing of Madero than his having 150 relatives in office, real or fictitious or a little of both, or his alleged looting of the treasury, or any broken promises to the people. It was the determination to keep those promises, and not the breaking of them, that undid him.

Against the Cientifico-Morgan alliance the Progressive Administration had the doubtful support of Standard Oil, with whose agents it succeeded in negotiating a loan. Standard Oil demanded enormous concessions and was refused. The refusal of Madero to take his country from the Pearson-Morgan combine and make it a present to Standard Oil instead spelt the absolute cutting off of money supplies for his treasury, and the consolidation of Wall Street against him.

Now came Felix Diaz, plentifully financed, proclaiming a revolution in Vera Cruz. Felix Diaz had been chief of police in Mexico City under his uncle (nobody talked about relatives in office in those days); but he was a military graduate glorying in the title of brigadier-general, which rank he had attained at a very early age for merits not apparent to the public at large. He was chiefly known for his notorious corruption, even at a time when corruption in the Government was never spoken of above a whisper, and for his habit of firing upon unarmed demonstrators and riding them down with his mounted police. He had also pretended at one time to be an anti-Reëlectionist, and had gone about in various cities visiting the Maderistas in prison, as well as such few as were out of prison, gathering from them what incriminating evidence he could; which was not much, since despite the cloud of Cientifico wrath at the moment supposed to envelop him, nobody trusted him.

While in possession of Vera Cruz Felix Diaz announced that he was a patriot without personal ambitions; that he would never under any circumstances be an aspirant to the presidency of Mexico; that he desired only to bring peace to his country, and that, peace assured, the nation might have free voice in

the selection of its executive. Numerous working-men at once undertook a peaceful parade, bearing Madero banners; whereupon the Diaz troops fired upon them, killing seventeen and wounding many others, of whom five died later.

Different stories are told of Diaz's capture in Vera Cruz, and it is too recent yet to know the exact and entire truth of that affair. Plots and counter-plots, bribes and counter-bribes are alleged, and just how far these allegations may be true, or how far the matter may admit of a simpler explanation, it is impossible to say. Be the truth of these stories what it may, Felix Diaz was captured and sentenced to death by a court-martial. Madero was appealed to to save the life of the condemned man, and his clemency got the better of his prudence. Diaz was confined in the fortress of San Juan de Ulua, but a plot to liberate him being discovered, he was transferred to Mexico City (without "trying to escape" on the way, be it observed) and confined in Belen prison.

On the 8th of February, 1913, cadets of the Tlalpan military college under General Ruiz, in connivance with a faction of the army, liberated Felix Diaz and Bernardo Reyes, the latter a prisoner since his own revolutionary effort in December, 1911. Diaz seized the arsenal, which is close to the prison, and in the first surprise attacked the national palace. In that attack General Reyes was killed, and General Ruiz was captured and summarily executed in the courtyard of the palace. The Felicistas were repulsed and forced to concentrate in the arsenal.

Then followed the terrible eleven-day bombardment of Mexico City. While it lasted Madero was assailed by lukewarm politicians and wealthy citizens (the capitalists of Mexico never did care for him), urging his resignation in the interests of peace. His refusal to resign, on the ground that he was the constitutionally elected President, and his resignation would amount to a desertion of the people who elected him, was translated to mean inordinate personal ambition, senseless obstinacy and caprice. The worthy gentlemen besieging him did not appear to think it incumbent upon them to appeal to the patriotism of Felix Diaz for a cessation of the bombardment which was wrecking Mexico City; nor did they feel called upon to de-

nounce *his* conduct as signifying personal ambition, caprice or obstinacy.

One thing is worthy of remark. In 1911, the populace of Mexico City gathered before the national palace and shouted at Porfirio Diaz to resign, so loudly that even he, deaf as he was, heard it through closed doors. Now, with shells bursting overhead and suffering on every side, it was not the populace which urged Madero to resign. To the last Madero rode freely through the streets of the city, bareheaded on his great white horse, amid cheers.

Both sides were charged with disregarding the rules of civilized warfare in that battle. The rules of civilized warfare, however, have never forbidden the bombardment of cities—or did not, at all events, when American troops shelled Vicksburg and Richmond. There is no constitutional President in the world who would not have considered it his right and his duty to defend his national capital from such rebels; no country in the world where the comfort of foreign residents, Americans or of other nationality, would have been considered paramount to the nation's life-and-death struggle between democracy and despotism.

But if it is true, as charged, that Victoriano Huerta, commander-in-chief of the army, did not betray his President at the last moment, but that his treason was a preconcerted thing, and that, coming and going daily with Madero, he was all the while awaiting the moment to betray him; if it is true that he deliberately sent battalion after battalion of devoted Maderista volunteers to be mown down by the machine guns of the arsenal in a profitless assault; if it is true that he had the sights of his own guns altered so that shells aimed at the arsenal fell in the business and even the residence sections of the city; then, indeed, we must admit that Victoriano Huerta at least has violated all the rules not only of civilized warfare but of civilization.

Just how much of what has come from the City of Mexico during the past months is true and how much wild report or censored lies of the *de facto* Government, it would be impossible to say as yet. The known facts, however, are sufficiently revolting to require no embellishment and admit of no extenuation.

Madero was arrested on the 19th of February by General Aurelio Blanquet of the federal forces, and confined in the national palace, together with Pino Suarez, the Vice-President, while Gustavo Madero, the President's brother, was arrested by Victoriano Huerta, then dining with him at a restaurant. Later, a resignation purporting to be signed by Madero and Suarez was submitted to the legislature after all the loyal Maderistas in that august body had been imprisoned. Many claim that the resignation was a forgery. If genuine, the signatures to it were obtained under conditions which absolutely invalidate a signature under the Mexican law. The legislators, bribed and cowed, raised no question, but accepted it. Lascurain, Minister of Foreign Affairs, assumed the presidency, appointed Huerta to the Ministry, and at once resigned himself, Huerta becoming the Provisional President.

Meanwhile, news had been conveyed to Felix Diaz by Ambassador Henry Lane Wilson, and after some slight hesitation as to whether or not Huerta was to be trusted by any man, Diaz transferred himself to the national palace, where an interesting consultation took place between Huerta, Diaz and Henry Lane Wilson. Wilson then telegraphed the American State Department urging recognition of Huerta, in the face of the brutal murder of Gustavo Madero, Adolfo Bassó and others.

The city was under a reign of terror. Arrests occurred on all sides. Rurales rode through the streets calling upon the citizens to cheer for Diaz and Huerta. Marcos Hernandez, brother of Rafael Hernandez, Minister of the Interior, surrounded on the street by rurales and commanded so to cheer, answered " Viva Madero! " and was shot down. Cannon frowned over the city. Diaz announced that there would be an election very shortly in which he would be a candidate; but that if he were not elected he would seize the presidency by force.

There are gruesome stories told of the ultimate fate of Madero—stories that he was even tortured in prison to obtain his resignation, which some contend he never signed; which others say that he did sign, and intrusted it to Lascurain, to be presented only when he, with Pino Suarez and his Ministers, should be on board a foreign warship in Vera Cruz: stories that he was mur-

dered, with Pino Suarez, and only their dead bodies carried out in the automobiles which were to have transferred them (for their greater comfort, Huerta and Wilson said) to the penitentiary. This story would seem to be refuted by the account of an eye-witness, who claims to have seen Madero and Suarez as they entered the automobiles, and to have heard Madero say to Suarez as they separated: "Comrade, this is the end." The same eye-witness tells of following the automobiles on foot, arriving at the penitentiary just after the shooting, and seeing the dead bodies of the two prisoners carried past him, covered with blood, and Madero, who was shot in the head, unrecognizable except for his beard.

Whatever the truth, whether they were alive or dead when they were put into those automobiles, Francisco Madero and José Pino Suarez were murdered, and in the eyes of the world their murderers cannot escape the responsibility of their crimes. The official account of the matter cannot clear them. It was so lame that it was told and retold, with alterations and repairs which did not help it to stand any straighter, until the attempt to make it pass was finally abandoned.

According to this official version, the escort conducting the President and Vice-President to the penitentiary was attacked by Maderistas, who, oddly enough, injured none of the rurales surrounding the automobiles, but riddled with bullets the men they were trying to rescue. There was the further curious circumstance that, although the rurales supposedly returned the Maderista fire, none of the assailants were killed or hurt. The exclusive killing of the two prisoners looking a trifle suspicious, it was presently stated that five of the assailants had also been killed, but the corresponding five corpses never materialized. The scene of the attack was shifted from midway between the palace and the penitentiary to the rear of the penitentiary, to conform to the stories of people who had heard firing and seen the commotion at the latter point. After a few other trifling changes had been made in the official version, Henry Lane Wilson telegraphed the American State Department that he believed it, and advised that it be accepted.

One City of Mexico newspaper boldly declared that Ma-

dero and Pino Suarez had been assassinated without even the pretence of a sham attack. The next day the editor was imprisoned and the presses confiscated. Afterwards Huerta pointed to the attitude of the press (already subsidized almost in its entirety) as an indication of the popularity and stability of his Government.

A " rigorous investigation " of the death of the two statesmen was instituted, as a result of which Cardenas, the man who arrived at the penitentiary with only the dead bodies of his prisoners and a none too substantial story of how it happened, has been promoted. The army surgeon who performed the autopsy on the bodies of Madero and Suarez has also been promoted. Why? It has been said that the bullets which entered Madero's head were fired from so close beside him that his hair was burned; that Pino Suarez was strangled. What was the ghastly secret that autopsy was to conceal?

Meanwhile, what of the country in this crisis? In the awful surprise of the treason of Huerta, the bulk of its fighting men forming the volunteer element of that very federal army which Huerta commanded, Mexico was stunned. With the murder of Madero came the reaction. Even in the streets of Mexico City itself, trembling under the guns of Huerta and Diaz and terrorized by the awful butcheries and the arrest of scores, crowds gathered to tell and retell of that murder. People wept. They placed stones to mark the places where Madero and Suarez fell, and lit candles upon them. Bareheaded peons gathered at the door of the penitentiary, and when the coffin of their President was borne forth they cried " Viva Madero! "—to be dispersed with bayonets by the soldiers; but that pitiful little cry, uttered over his coffin, in the faces of his executioners, was worth more than all the loud acclaim that rang from the housetops of Mexico City for the victor of 1911.

And in the procession arranged by Felix Diaz to celebrate the return of peace (rather prematurely, it seems), cries of " Viva Madero! " were heard above the music and the other shouts. The group responsible was fired upon, and six men shot down right in the midst of the celebrants.

Outside the capital the country was aflame. Coahuila, Ma-

dero's native State, had already repudiated the usurpers and put an army in the field under its constitutional Governor, Venustiano Carranza. Sonora had already seceded. Now Sinaloa, Tepic, Lower California and Nuevo Leon were involved; indeed, the whole north, for Chihuahua was comparatively quiet only because, as the theatre of the Orozco revolution, it was full of federals. Abraham Gonzalez, the constitutional Governor of that State, and the only one it ever had, was arrested on a charge which was never proved, and killed on the way to Mexico City—"while trying to escape," one officer said; but this sounded crude, and a statement was issued to the effect that Gonzalez fell under the wheels of the train which was conveying him to the capital.

Something similar was the fate of Felipe Riveros, the Maderista Governor of Sinaloa, who, if reports are true, while being conveyed on shipboard from Mazatlan to Manzanillo for trial in Mexico City on a charge of sedition, "fell overboard" and was drowned. Perhaps most horrible of all was the murder of young Gabriel Hernandez, one of the real heroes of the Madero revolution—a murder perpetrated in a fit of drunkenness by Enrique Cepeda, a nephew of Huerta, occupying no less honorable a position than that of Governor of the Federal District.

In the South rose Yucatan, Pino Suarez's State, and Vera Cruz. Campeche seceded. In the interior Tlaxcala and Aguascalientes defied the usurpers. The Maderista peon and labor union volunteers in the army put up placards denouncing Huerta and proclaiming that the army had betrayed the republic. They mutinied; they deserted; many succeeded in joining the Constitutionalists; hundreds of others were butchered. When the censorship closed down, fourteen States out of twenty-seven were in open revolt, and all Mexico was seething. We may judge of the reliability of dispatches coming from Mexico since then by the fact that dispatches from the City of Mexico represent Carranza as surrendering and suing for peace on his knees, while telegrams direct from the Coahuila border have shown him still fighting—and gaining ground. We learn more or less what happens in the north; but behind the veil of the official

censorship we catch only a glimpse now and then of events in the interior and the south. The Mexican Government owns the telegraph system, and therefore whoever has possession of the Government has entire control of news both entering and leaving the country.

This, then, is the peace of Felix Diaz: a civil war embracing all Mexico; a civil war which no amount of terrorism and bloodshed can ever stay, or do more at the very utmost than postpone for a little while. The only thing that gives Felix Diaz and Huerta any strength at all is the fact that under them the old Cientifico political and military machine, its ramifications extending all over the country, has sprung together again. But that machine could not stand before—cannot stand now—for now it is in very truth the people of Mexico rising by thousands, as they never rose for Orozco or Zapata—as they rose, indeed, only for Madero in 1910.

For all that has been said and written of the decline of Madero's popularity, it was not the people of Mexico in their entirety, as was pretended, nor in their majority, who turned against him and brought about his fall. Treachery alone established his enemies, for the popular support was his. The real working-men of Mexico worshipped him to the last, as did the better element of the peons; and if perhaps for a moment a few of the honest may have wavered, not comprehending his difficulties, they know now that he was true to them, and that he was murdered because he would not betray them; that he died, fighting for them to the last against the forces of despotism, from which he tried in vain to rescue them. In the fifteen months of his incumbency he could not accomplish the miracle of lifting the ignorant masses of Mexico, in part vicious and criminal, though through no fault of their own, into the Utopia which his enemies claimed that he had promised the people, but which, Utopian dreamer though they stigmatized him, he never had. Study of his Administration, however, shows that he did everything humanly possible in that short time to establish a democracy, to better the conditions of the working-men, to extend the educational system, and to break up the enormous land holdings; and that if he failed it was because at every turn he

was beset by the machinations of an enemy which disdained no treachery, no intrigue, no falsehood, no fraud or force to arrest his efforts, discredit him, and finally murder him. Such mistakes as he made were those of a man too generous himself to suspect treason and ingratitude in others.

The position of Orozco in this crisis sets at rest any question as to which side he was fighting for. His union with Huerta and Diaz on the plea of being quite convinced that they will hold an honest election and carry out those popular reforms which he was so patriotic about when Madero was really trying to carry them out, removes whatever shadow of doubt might have existed. The Cientificos to carry out Madero's reforms! Orozco might better confess his duplicity at once than try to shield it by feigning to believe such an absurdity.

Rojas, Salazar, Cheche Campos, and the other leaders of the Orozquista faction are imitating their leader and barefacedly joining forces with what, if it prevails, will be the most frightful despotism Mexico has known, more shamefully established than any in her history. The Orozco patriots, however, being in the pay of the same element behind Diaz and Huerta, are but joining their own and receiving their final rewards in the way of divers governorships, etc. That their men will be unanimous in following them is to be doubted; as witness the conduct of some of Cheche Campo's men, who, when ordered by him to incorporate with the Huerta forces, fired upon him and his officers, and betook themselves to the Constitutionalists. What few honest men there were among the Orozquistas, misled in their ignorance to believe that Madero was deceiving them and had allied himself with the Cientificos, see now who the real allies of the Cientificos were, and the trap into which those allies led them.

The " pacification " of the Orozco leaders, therefore, means nothing in the way of peace to the country. The spurious and reactionary Orozco revolution will simply be replaced by a real one. As a matter of fact there could not possibly be a union between the Orozquista leaders of yesterday and the Constitutionalists of to-day. The Constitutionalists know that Orozco and his fellows are part of the conspiracy against the Progres-

sive Administration; they sapped its strength and its resources until the way was clear for the military revolt of Diaz and the treason of Huerta finally to accomplish its overthrow.

By that conspiracy, availing themselves of the absolute ignorance and extreme poverty, and the consequent vice of a large portion of the masses—ills for which thirty years of peace under Porfirio Diaz offered no remedy—the Dictatorship and the Cientifico-Wall Street alliance have returned to power, under a new Diaz—for Huerta is but a convenient tool to clean up the dirty work and be made the scapegoat in favor of Diaz in due time: a new Diaz, as ruthless as his uncle, infinitely more corrupt, and without one spark of his uncle's genius to relieve the evils of the system for which he stands. The revolution of 1910 is lost, its victory betrayed, its heroes sacrificed in vain—unless the Mexican nation can redeem it.

There will never be real or stable peace in Mexico while either Huerta or Diaz rules. The country hungers for peace, it is true, but the peace of a Diaz cannot allure her—she has tasted it to the dregs. It will be war to the death, war without quarter. The Cientifico forces have shown and will show no humanity, and we can hardly expect the Constitutionalists to be the same generous Maderistas they were in 1911, after seeing their generosity so shamefully repaid. Though many of them will never dishonor themselves with the enemies' methods of warfare, others may descend to savage retaliations; but in no case can they cease to be just. They are not rebels—the rebels are enthroned to-day in the national palace. The men whom Huerta calls rebels are the defenders of the Constitution of Mexico, fought for through thirty years of civil war, and written in the very heart's blood of the martyrs of the *Reforma*. They are the defenders of the Republic which Huerta, Diaz and Orozco have betrayed.

ARE THE JAPANESE UNFRIENDLY?

HAROLD C. RIDGELY

FOR centuries the Japanese Government has steadfastly refused to permit foreigners to own land in its territory, and yet when one of our States makes a law even slightly restricting alien ownership, strong and repeated protests are made at Washington. The Japanese do not want to fight, they say. Certainly not; they want to secure land without fighting. They are crowded on a large island having an area less that that of many a single State in this country, and have a population about half as large as ours; whence the need for expansion.

The method pursued by the Japanese in their purchase of lands is usually the indirect one, by means of agents. Mr. Smith, Mr. Jones and Mr. Anderson buy adjoining farms, and it is not until later that Mr. Hashihashi is found to be the real owner. Then the rents are raised, or the occupants are requested to move and are supplanted by a yellow man's colony. Where Mr. Hashihashi obtains his funds is uncertain, but it is a well-known fact that his Government does not hesitate to enter upon a good business venture.

Such was the method pursued in the case of Korea. First, a small colony secured a foothold, then another and another, much larger. The profound friendship and affection which the Japanese bore towards the Koreans were widely proclaimed and advertised. The native inhabitants were lulled into a state of somnolence. Gradually arms were smuggled into the country, and too late Korea awoke to the fact that the Japanese colonies were a body of trained soldiers, an army of invasion.

The Japanese do not want the Hawaiian Islands, they say. They already have them; they have overrun the islands. It is a crime against civilization to let more get in there. The position is the most strategic in the Pacific, and Pearl Harbor is the best harbor. There is none like it within a two thousand mile radius. These islands should be owned, controlled and peopled by citizens of the United States. We should be justified in excluding the Japanese from our territory as we have the Chi-

nese, and as Japan has excluded us from the ownership of lands within her dominions.

Carefully inserted in the treaty which Japan has with us, is a section making the sons of Nippon ineligible to citizenship in the United States. The Government of Japan does not wish to lose citizens; it desires to maintain colonies in foreign countries and to draft soldiers from them when needed. Thus we are, to all intents and purposes, supporting a portion of the Japanese army, and by no means a small portion, for every Japanese is a trained soldier. Such a relationship between two countries is, to say the least, undesirable.

Within the last year, envoys have been sent by Japan to the several Powers of Europe to ascertain their probable attitude in the event of a Japanese-American war. European diplomats, however, have never been noted for long and wearisome conversations respecting their future plans and intentions, and the information obtained was probably not of a very satisfactory nature. Replies to interrogations are said to have lacked that explicitness so dear to the hearts of the Japanese.

Regarding intermarriage and the assimilation of the races, we are accused of prejudice and of assuming a conceited attitude of superiority. We are told that something besides the color of the skin should be considered in determining the standing of the races and their relationship. No doubt various individuals of both races have, to a pardonable extent, a certain race pride, but it is hardly a determining factor, and is not the question at issue. The yellow canary and the white pigeon do not mate together. Is it race prejudice? Some may claim that these birds should consider something besides the color of the plumage. Perhaps they do: they have different habits, eat different food, fly differently, and live in different nests. It might be difficult to say which is the superior bird. Perhaps we should divide honors and say that the pigeon cooes better and that the canary sings more sweetly. "Birds of a feather flock together," and we cannot hope to alter the matter. We need not waste words over the question of race superiority.

The Japanese spy system has been used here to an extent that would not be tolerated elsewhere. There have been spy

servants on our battleships, and wherever our ships go they are carefully studied and photographed. A few months ago, four Japanese naval officers visited our navy yards, and were shown our methods of defence and offence. Should any of our officers return the visit, they would be shown as little as possible. Japanese spies are even in our shipyards, engaged on the construction of our own battleships.

We have done our share in teaching the Japanese the art of modern warfare, even to the extent of educating some of their naval officers at the United States Naval Academy. Are we wise to teach an art that may be used against us? Are we wise to educate foreigners at West Point, as is being done at present?

Wherever a revolution is contemplated or in progress, there can be seen our yellow friends, busily seeking an advantageous opportunity to apply their newly learned art of war. They have aided the rebels in the south of China; they have intrigued with the various political parties in Mexico to secure possessions, contrary to our Monroe doctrine; they have furnished arms to the warring tribesmen of the Philippine Islands.

The Japanese are increasing their holdings of lands within this country, and already the amount is considerable. They own or lease within the State of California alone over 190,000 acres. In one State, they have purchased all the available lands surrounding a powder plant, "to raise strawberries for the American markets." If those berries do not make our mouths water, they at least afford food for reflection.

Expenditures for the Japanese army and navy have been increased out of all proportion to the size of the nation. Money has been poured out like water, and more has been borrowed. What is the meaning of this gigantic, warlike preparation? Is Japan anticipating friction with some foreign power, and if so, which?

Russia was caught off guard and defeated; Korea was unprepared and vanquished; China was forced to give up valuable territory because Japan wished to increase her possessions. Are the Japanese unfriendly towards us? Perhaps not, but it is always wise to maintain an efficient navy.

THE SETTLEMENT IN THE BALKANS

ROLAND G. USHER

THERE was from the first little doubt that the Treaty of London would not bring peace in the Balkans. The very extent of the territory in the hands of Bulgaria, the decisive advantage accruing to the Triple Entente from the formation of the Balkan Confederation, independent of both European coalitions, made it impossible for the rest of the Balkan states and, above all, for the Triple Alliance, to accept the *status quo* of March, 1913, as even the basis of a settlement. In the treaty no adjustment was made of the relations of the Balkan states to each other, of their relations to the European Powers, individually and collectively,—issues of paramount importance—while the organization and future status of Albania, the inevitable reorganization of Turkey, the status of German interests in Asia Minor, the amount and, indeed, the granting of the money indemnity which the Balkan states demanded from Turkey, were either ignored or left for future action. Indeed, the Treaty of London was calmly based on the notably false supposition that the only difficulties needing adjustment were those between the new Confederation and Turkey. And none knew this fact better than its makers. Only the general public seem really to have believed that peace was insured.

In fact, the results of the war between the Confederation and Turkey were themselves the direct causes of a civil war between the members of the Confederation. The successful conclusion of the negotiations, which definitely put the Confederation into the field and began the war with Turkey, had been made possible only by an exchange of promises, as binding as could be framed, as to the division of the spoils and as to the future governmental relations of the allied states. Nowhere was the realization of the complexity of the situation keener than in the Balkans; nowhere were statesmen as conscious that the war was no mere religious crusade for the rescue of Macedonian Christians from the clutch of the Infidel, no mere stage play for the advantage of European coalitions. The issues were

racial and national as well as religious and international, and far more concerned the formation of states strong enough to preserve their independence of each other and able to further the racial and national ambitions already cherished for centuries, than the creation of a Confederation which should become a factor in European affairs or even than the driving of the Turk from Europe. The conquest of Thrace, Macedonia, and Albania was an essential part of the new national schemes; support from the Triple Entente absolutely indispensable to protect the new states against the ambitions of Habsburg and Hohenzollern. It has been difficult for us to visualize the situation from the angle of the Balkan statesmen and to realize their passionate determination to achieve their own ends at whatever cost to the Turk or to Europe. Servia and Montenegro meant to have Albania and part of Macedonia; Greece wanted Crete, Saloniki, and much of Macedonia; Bulgaria coveted the rest of Macedonia and as much of Thrace as could be obtained. Even the new boundary lines were drawn.

The unexpected success of the war promptly invalidated all these agreements by the simple logic of facts. Europe interfered and took from Servia and Montenegro most of their allotted share of the spoils, insisting upon the creation of an "independent" Albania, whose virtual domination by Austria and Italy was scarcely concealed by the transparent fiction of international status. To both Servia and Montenegro nothing could be worse than this except actual annexation by Austria. Then, the solid advantages accruing to the Triple Entente by the practical destruction of European Turkey led England, France, and Russia to insist upon concessions in the East by Germany, Austria, and Italy. In return for concessions in Albania, the boundary between Bulgaria and Turkey was drawn from Enos to Midia, thus throwing into the former's hands all the roads and mountain defiles, and the strategic defences of Constantinople—an unexpectedly large and important accession of territory and population. Bulgaria actually held so much more territory than any of her allies could hope to get that she threatened to overshadow them and even to endanger their independence. The fortunes of war plus the interests of the

European coalitions had literally invalidated every feature of the previous arrangements intended to insure the essential equality of the Balkan states in area, population, and influence. With Bulgaria so much larger than anticipated, Servia and Montenegro shorn of nearly all possible accessions, and Bulgaria claiming sovereignty over the Greek population of Macedonia and the possession of Saloniki, the situation was unbearable. Nor could Roumania look upon the added strength and prestige of Bulgaria with anything but distrust or regard her own exposed southern boundary as any security against aggression. To the Bulgarians, however, intoxicated by victory, all seemed possible. Was it conceivable that the men who had beaten the Turks and astonished Europe should fail in battle against men whom the Turks had disgracefully beaten? The actual fulfilment of all Bulgaria's ambitions seemed more than possible and her statesmen rejected with scorn the insistence of Greece and Servia upon the letter of the previous treaties.

Here was a situation much to the liking of the Triple Alliance. Whether the result of chance or intention, the Turko-Balkan War had resulted in a dramatic repulse of the schemes for the creation of a Confederation in the Balkans in close alliance with Germany and Austria, which should control the roads to Constantinople and the East and insure the Germans easy access to Asia Minor and the Baghdad Railway. An independent league of states, even if not at all connected with the Triple Entente, would effectually cut communications with the Baghdad Railway and become a stumbling block in the execution of the German plans for the reorganization of Turkey and the development of Asia Minor. But when the Triple Entente hastened to support the new Confederation and was apparently on most amicable terms with its members, it seemed as if the Pan-Germanic schemes had been decisively defeated and that all was lost. Nor was it clear in Berlin and Vienna how the loss was to be retrieved.

The results of the war itself, however, soon made clear a method by which defeat might be turned into victory. Chance had put into the hands of Bulgaria the very territory of most consequence for the control by Germany and Austria of the

transcontinental highways to the East and she was more than anxious to keep it. She claimed nearly the whole of Macedonia and Thrace on the plausible ground of racial affinity between the population and her own, and not only seemed able to make good her claim, but likely to have the support of the people. The size of her army, its advantageous position for an assault on her allies, the ease with which the Servians could be rendered impotent by an Austrian feint in their rear, all suggested the potency of an alliance between the enlarged Bulgaria and the Triple Alliance as a method of giving both an unrivalled opportunity to obtain their share of the "land under the sun." Bulgaria would dominate the Balkans, and, allied to Austria and Germany, be protected from assault from Russia or Roumania, and would thus keep open the roads to the East on which so much depended. Such an alliance between Bulgaria and Austria (at least) was agreed upon and the Bulgarian army took the field in an endeavor to separate the Greeks and the Servians and crush them singly.

The decisive defeat of Bulgaria was as astonishing as her first victories, and was due to the union of the other Balkan states against her. Her sudden attack promptly proved to her allies that she was determined to dominate them, if not to conquer them, and their rage knew no bounds when the attitude of Austria convinced them that Bulgaria had committed treason to them and allied herself with their deadliest enemy to gain support for her own designs. Yet, despite the first successes of the Greeks and Servians, the campaign was by no means lost and the Bulgarians were preparing a movement in which they expected to sweep all before them, when Roumania and Turkey joined their foes. The Greeks and Servians had already driven them out of Macedonia; Adrianople and the whole of Thrace were recaptured; northern Bulgaria fell into the hands of the Roumanians without a blow; and a large Roumanian army of fresh troops appeared within striking distance of Sofia, while the Turks entered Bulgaria from the south-east. Surrounded on all sides, her army exhausted by heavy fighting, decimated by unusual losses, her population on the verge of revolt from conscription and requisitions of food, there was no alternative but

surrender. While the new treaty of peace still leaves undecided great and thorny questions, it settles finally everything relating to Bulgaria. A large slice of land in the north goes to Roumania; nearly all of Macedonia to Servia and Greece; and it seems likely that a strip of territory along the southern boundary will be Bulgaria's only accession. Whatever happens she will be reduced to equality with her hitherto smaller neighbors.

In its effect upon the international situation, the result is again defeat for the Triple Alliance and victory for the Triple Entente. Once more the attempt to secure decisive control of the Balkans and the trade routes has failed. At the same time, the civil war has certainly robbed the Triple Entente of the very solid position which it occupied in January. Then the maintenance of the Balkan Confederation either as an independent state or as an ally of the Triple Entente seemed fairly certain and the only question under discussion was the extent to which Turkey could be weakened and the permanence of victory assured. Since the outbreak of the civil war, the Confederation has been broken and probably beyond repair, for Bulgaria's treachery will not be soon forgotten nor will she forget the humiliation of conquest. The balance of power has been restored in the Balkans. In all probability, the new alignment (secret if not avowed) will be Roumania, Bulgaria, Albania, Turkey, and the Triple Alliance; Greece, Servia, Montenegro, and the Triple Entente. The latter must cling to the Triple Entente because their natural foe is Austria, whose ambitions their existence thwarts and with whom they dare not ally. Their independence can be insured only by Russian support. Roumania, Bulgaria, and Turkey, on the other hand, are much more afraid of Russia (Pan-Slavic propaganda to the contrary notwithstanding) than of Austria, and are so necessary to the fulfilment of the Pan-Germanic schemes that they feel reasonably sure of being able to exact independence as a price of support. The recent atrocities, which seem to have been impartially committed by all the combatants, have accentuated racial and national hatreds so that any organic governmental union between these states seems at the present writing to be hopeless. Still, a return to the formal terms of the earlier agreement may

not improbably be part of the terms exacted from Bulgaria. Unquestionably, this is a victory for the Triple Alliance and a defeat for the Triple Entente.

The indirect results of the second war clearly favor Germany, Austria, and Italy. The exhaustion of the Balkan states in men and resources is now so great that they can hardly be formidable foes or very powerful allies until a generation has elapsed. In January, 1913, they were strong enough in men and resources, especially when backed by the coffers of England and France, to have interposed a very real barrier in the way of Austrian and German expansion—too powerful to be attacked without so weakening the forces of the Alliance in Europe as to court disaster at home. But the battles and massacres, the requisitions and plundering of the civil war have robbed them of the strength which made them formidable. Austria and Turkey have nothing to fear from them and the Triple Entente little to gain from their coöperation. If the civil war was instigated by Austria (as is now claimed) it has turned out to be an unconscious (?) stroke of genius, for it has robbed the Triple Entente of any real fruits of the first victory. Conversely, it has deprived the Balkan states of the power which made them seem a year ago such admirable allies for the Triple Alliance; but it has made them even more desirable victims. For the Balkan peoples, the Triple Alliance cares little; for the strategic points their countries control, it cares everything.

In another matter, the civil war has filched from the English and French valuable privileges. English and French capitalists had promised themselves the profits of the economic regeneration of the Balkans. Even if peaceful penetration was not possible, the development of the agricultural and mineral resources merely as a commercial venture would be distinctly worth while. Now, in all probability, German and Austrian capitalists will secure the " right " to " develop " the richest sections in the valley of the Danube, while the reëstablishment of direct connection between Berlin, Vienna, Constantinople, and Asia Minor will enable them to flood south-eastern Europe and western Asia with goods " made in Germany."

A further indirect influence of the civil war is not without

interest and may conceivably possess importance. On the whole, Christendom cheered the Balkan nations in their attack upon the Infidel, and, because they were Christians, accorded them a degree of sympathy quite undeserved and invested them with qualities, racial, moral, political, military, entirely non-existent. The Western world looked at those "brave little peoples" through the natural haze of religious feeling and recked little of the facts as observers reported them. The second war, with its bloody battles, its unconscionable massacres, and fiendish cruelties, was needed to make clear to Europe and America the real condition of the Balkan peoples. At last, the man in the street knows what observers have always known—that the Balkan peoples are still living in the eleventh century A. D., and that there is a good deal to be said in the Turk's favor.

The fact that this settlement literally contains substantial gains for everybody except Turkey, even though some may not have obtained all they hoped for, and yet does not accord any one too decided an advantage, gives reason to hope that some time will elapse before a determined attempt will be made by anyone to disregard it or upset it. Compared with the situation of a year ago, all of the Balkan states have gained substantial amounts of long-coveted territory, and have achieved much in national solidarity, in military experience, and in an acquaintance and coöperation with each other which can hardly fail to close in part the great gaps which have sundered them in the past. Even the recent atrocities can scarcely have stirred the passions of men as much as the recent coöperation and comradeship have their imaginations. Murder and bloodshed have been too common, friendship and brotherly kindness too unusual, for the latter not to have left the deeper marks. Above all, they have achieved gloriously together; they have beaten back the Infidel, rescued Macedonia, Albania, and most of Thrace, territory which the Turk had held for at least four hundred years. Certainly, the last year has seen great changes in the Balkans and gives promise of better to come.

The Triple Entente has distinctly benefited by the dismemberment of Turkey, by the decimation of the Turkish army, and the disorganization of the civil administration. Turkey is much

less valuable to Germany than she was. The important strategic points which she hitherto controlled have fallen into the hands of peoples who are either willing to ally with some member of the Entente or are naturally hostile to Austria or Germany and must be managed and paid a price. On the other hand, the Triple Alliance is also better off than it was a year ago and immeasurably better off than it was six months ago. If Turkey is weaker, she is less capable of rejecting German guidance and more dependent upon financial support. She is a worse weapon, but a better tool. If the Balkan states are all larger in territory, they are all weaker in men and resources, and those states most necessary to Germany and Austria are turning to them for political and financial aid and seem more likely than ever before to be amenable to "reason." In particular, Albania has been made an independent principality, as Austria has long schemed to make it, and on terms which make Austrian or Italian predominance almost a certainty. Moreover, Austria had the solid satisfaction of extorting these terms from the Triple Entente at a moment when the general situation in Europe was highly unfavorable to her and her allies.

Turkey has paid the bill.* Her existence as an independent state seems more precarious than ever, for the powerful interests which kept her in existence have shifted their ground and have somewhat altered their ambitions. The late war has proved that a strong Turkish state in Europe is no longer essential to international peace. Indeed, the religious revolt in Arabia against the Sultan's headship of the Mohammedan faith is reported to have the backing of some of the great Powers. War in the Balkans is for the nonce over; but the European situation is, if anything, changed for the worse. Both coalitions are more favorably placed than before for an actual clash of arms and they are now convinced that some of their fears, which restrained them in the past, were without foundation.

* But Adrianople is a valuable discount.—Editor.

A DREAM OF CALLINAN

F. M. Reyher

"Callinan was a man that would go out of his own back-door, and make a poem about the four quarters of the earth." [*The Old Woman from Craughwell; Lady Gregory: Poets and Dreamers; Raftery.*]

CALLINAN had travelled the roads of all the world. He had sat on the side where the sun was warm and told strange stories of strange folk to the children. The time the spring wind was carrying the breath of the daisies from the white hillsides, he would stretch himself out beneath a bush and recount the glories of Ireland in the old days, and tell about Fergus and Oisin, and the other Fenians. When the mists were crawling up from the bogs, and the praties were rotting with the touch of the mists, he crept under a stone at the end of a glen, and told the tale of the Countess Cathleen. One fine day he made a long poem about all these things. It was a great poem. Then he made a little poem about the fairies, and sang it at night near the hills of Knocknarea, the time the moon was shining, full and white. It tickled the wee folks mightily that a grand poet like Callinan, who had made a big poem about the glory of Ireland in the old days, and the Fenians, and the Countess Cathleen, should be singing a pretty song to them. And as he sat there singing his song of the fairies, and dreaming about the silver mansions of the moon, who but Maeve herself should be stepping up, and didn't she say pleasantly to him:

"Good evening, poet Callinan."

Callinan got up, he knowing at once it was Maeve, and bowed and said politely:

"Good evening to yourself, Queen Maeve."

Then she said to him: "It's a fine poet you are, Callinan, surely, and I'm pleased with you, the way I've a mind to be rewarding you. So now, choose any three things you want, and I'm giving you my word you'll get them."

Callinan sat down on the ground and began to think. He looked up at the moon and began to dream again about the silver mansions there, the way he near forgot the Queen if she hadn't rapped him on the knees with her wand. Then he began to think of the sea which he used to watch from the high cliffs. Then he thought of the flowering heather, and the long roads; and about the warm sun at the cross-roads of the world, and the children and people that would be passing, and eager to hear his words. He thought about the breath of the daisies that comes from the white hillsides the time the sap is running fresh; and about the things you can hear if you listen to the rain and to the wind and to the trees. And he clean forgot all about Maeve again, so lost in his thinking and dreaming he was.

Now she was getting impatient, after offering him three wishes to be kept waiting like that, and in stillness, with never a decent bit of talk passing between them. Besides she was thinking of the good time she was missing with the rushing host that was now far off, and it at some wild sport you may be sure.

So she rapped him on the knees, and said real sharp like: "Well, Callinan, isn't it able you are to be making up your mind at all about three things you're wanting more than anything else in the world?"

Then he looks up at her wondering, and he sweeps his arm round him, and says: "It's many things I've got already, Queen Maeve. It's a true, kind gentlewoman, that you are, Queen, to be bothering yourself about a wandering poet, and I thank you for your offer, but I'll be so bold as to refuse it."

You see, Callinan had the best gift of them all already—the gift of wisdom.

But Maeve was provoked; she having come all that way and been kept waiting so long after having offered him a fine present, only to be refused. Oh, she was provoked! It's that fickle the good people are; and just a bit before she was so pleased with him, too.

"Och! pest on ye, ye idiot!" she shouts at him, stamping her little foot on the ground, and rapping him severe with her wand. "You've no gumption at all, at all!"

Rap, rap, rap, went her wand on poor Callinan's legs; and

she dancing round him, working herself up into a pretty tantrum.

"You won't take what I offer you, won't you?—Well then, I'll take from you the three things you're loving best of all things in the world."

And with that she took from him the three things he loved best in all the world: the love of wandering, the joy of many people listening to him, and the hope of death. Then she went away, and left Callinan sitting on the ground, heavy with sorrow.

He got up after a bit, for he felt a sudden desire to get right home and not be walking aimless about; and he started out dazed and sad for his small cottage. When he got home, he went out into his tiny back-yard, that was so small you could hit every corner of it from the door with a good pole. Life was empty as a dry well to him now, with the joy of talking to his friends gone, and no desire to be on the roads, and the hope of death taken out of his heart. He sat down in the doorway, and put his face in his hands, sorrowful beyond words.

He sat there a long time brooding, finally one hand fell down between his knees, and he let it run through the sand and pebbles. Without thinking he moved his hand up and down, and the warm dirt trickled through his fingers. After a while he looked at the bright, thin stream curiously. He held some of the sand and a pebble in his palm. Well, that was funny! He had never known sand-grains to be so different; and that pebble was an interesting thing now.

Sand and pebbles had been nothing but the feel of the road under his feet to him, hard or soft, sticky or loose, and he walking on over them with his high dreams. He had never really looked at sand and pebbles. Now he held only a few bits of the stuff in his hand, but there was so much he couldn't see it rightly all at once. So he threw it all down but the pebble, the way he could get a look at that. What a drift of strange marks it had! He peered at it long, but each mark meant so much it distracted him entirely to make out the whole meaning of it; for there was a meaning there he saw, the same as if it had been

down in writing. Then he dropped the pebble, and carefully got one grain of sand on his palm, so he might start with something small. But the moment he began looking close at it and studying it, it grew big, till it was so big, the world itself couldn't be any bigger.

He had started looking at the sand and pebble in the morning; suddenly, the way he hadn't noticed it at all for its quickness, the night was on him and the stars over him, and it seemed he had not looked at the grain of sand any time at all: with the heavy thinking and long staring it seemed he could see it yet, for all the darkness.

Then he looked at the stars, the way he thought they were grains of sand, and some grand, dark poet was treading them underfoot on the roads of heaven, the way he couldn't see them or their beauty at all; just as he, Callinan, had trod on the stars of sand on the roads of the world, and not seen them or known their beauty till the love of wandering had been taken from him. And he thought how he was a worm under heaven looking up, and seeing the stars; and then he thought of the worms under the earth, seeing the sand-grains, and he thought they must have souls, too.

And then Callinan went in, and lay down on his bed contented, and it was the first day of his loss of the three things he had loved best in all the world: the love of wandering, the joy of many people listening to him, and the hope of death. In the morning it had seemed the night could never come; everything had been taken out of the hours, and they wouldn't be moving along, but resting heavy on him forever.

The next morning he rose early, and after a bite to eat, went out into his back-yard, and took up another grain. It was wonderful surely to be seeing how different it was from the one he had noticed the day before. So all day he sat there studying it, the way it might have been a book. And so the days began to run on, and he sitting there quiet like, studying the wonders he kept finding round his step. Fifteen years he sat there and he hadn't begun to see all the strange things and read all the strange writings on the sand and pebbles, and bits of sticks, and other things he came across.

He sat so still and quiet the young people would be poking fun at him, and they passing by his yard.

"Now would you be looking at Callinan," they'd say, "him that was ever having the great pleasure walking and talking, sitting there playing with stones like a gossoon, and as quiet as a stone itself? Where's your fine speech and elegant words now, Callinan, Callinan?"

But he'd not even look up, but only mutter, "It's the young must be always chattering, but the old have the wisdom of silence. It's the young feel the strength of their youth, the way they think they can send their bodies over the roads of the world, but the old send their spirits over the wide roads of the dreams."

Now all these many years Maeve was watching him, and she wasn't pleased at all to see Callinan sitting there peaceful and contented, and not at all fretted; no, not even as worried as before she took from him the three things he loved best in the world. Besides, some of the other fairies that were jealous of her were having little, sly laughs behind her back, for all that she was the Queen, because she couldn't get the best of Callinan, and she didn't like that at all; in fact, she was getting madder and madder. So she thought it over and one day she came and gave Callinan back the love of wandering. He never thanked her at all, but because the desire of wandering was in his heart again he moved right over to where three ragged dandelions were shaking in one corner. Underneath them was the largest stone in Callinan's yard. In these foreign parts he stayed a long time and found a power of new, strange things.

Maeve was nigh perished with anger to see him still so happy. So she gave him back the joy of many people to talk to. Now when the people came round he spoke to them, and he would sit staring down at a bit of mud or stick or something, while he told strange stories of wanderings on the roads of the world, and made grand poems of the same; and told them great, fine, true things about the big world outside, the way he showed he knew it better than anyone else, till the old women said:

"Callinan is a man that can go out of his own back-door, and make a poem about the four quarters of the earth."

Then the disappointed fairy was destroyed entirely with anger, and gave him back his hope of death. He died in foreign parts, beside the three ragged dandelions that leaned over the biggest stone; and he had not visited nearly all of his yard. As he looked up at the stars for the last time, he thought to himself how little he really knew of it; and he thought how soon he'd be a poet walking the roads of heaven, treading on the sands of stars. But he said to himself:

"I'll be noticing the stars under my feet, and not just crushing them down and never taking a bit of a glance at them, the way people are walking the roads of the world, and they never seeing the fine things at their feet at all."

Then he thought again how little he knew of his yard, and how big it was truly. Every day it changed like a magic thing; no two days alike; every season made it different; every year turned it clean round. How little he knew of it, truly.

He wondered if heaven changed from day to day, and if no two stars up there were the same.

PRITHEE, STRIVE NOT

HARRY KEMP

PRITHEE! Strive not to remember
Ancient Love burnt-out and dead;
Waste not breath on blackened ember—
Ash will ne'er again give red.

Lift the latch—another lover
Waits upon thy kiss without . . .
All the old things have gone over
That the heart went mad about!

ADVENTURES WHILE PREACHING THE GOSPEL OF BEAUTY

NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY

II

Walking Through Missouri

TUESDAY MORNING, JUNE 4, 1912. In a hotel bedroom in Laddonia, Missouri. I occupy this room without charge.

Through the mercy of the gateman I crossed the Hannibal toll-bridge without paying fare, and the more enjoyed the pearly Mississippi in the evening twilight. Walking south of Hannibal next morning, Sunday, I was irresistibly reminded of Kentucky. It was the first real "pike" of my journey,—solid gravel, and everyone was exercising his racing pony in his racing cart, and giving me a ride down lovely avenues of trees. Here, as in dozens of other interesting "lifts" in Illinois, I had the driver's complete attention, recited *The Gospel of Beauty* through a series of my more didactic rhymes till I was tired, and presented the *Village Improvement Parade* and the *Rhymes to be Traded for Bread* and exhorted the comradely driver to forget me never. One colored horseman hitched forward on the plank of his breaking-cart and gave me his seat. Then came quite a ride into New London. He asked, "So you goin' to walk west to the mountains and all around?" "Yes, if this colt don't break my neck, or I don't lose my nerve or get bitten by a dog or anything." "Will you walk back?" "Maybe so, maybe not." He pondered awhile, then said, with the Bert Williams manner, "*You'll ride back. Mark my words, you'll ride back!*"

He asked a little later, "Goin' to harves' in Kansas?" I assured him I was not going to harvest in Kansas. He rolled his big white eyes at me: "What in the name of Uncle Hillbilly *air* you up to then?"

In this case I could not present my tracts, for I was holding on to him for dear life. Just then he turned off my road. Get-

ting out of the cart I nearly hung myself; and the colt was away again before I could say "Thank you."

Yesterday I passed through what was mostly a flat prairie country, abounding in the Missouri mule. I met one man on horseback driving before him an enormous specimen tied head to head with a draught-horse. The mule was continually dragging his good-natured comrade into the ditch and being jerked out again. The mule is a perpetual inquisitor and experimenter. He followed me along the fence with the alertest curiosity, when he was inside the field, yet meeting me in the road, he often showed deadly terror. If he was a mule colt, following his mare mamma along the pike, I had to stand in the side lane or hide behind a tree till he went by, or else he would turn and run as if the very devil were after him. Then the farmer on the mare would have to pursue him a considerable distance, and drive him back with cuss words. 'Tis sweet to stir up so much emotion, even in the breast of an animal.

What do you suppose happened in New London? I approached what I thought a tiny Baptist chapel of whitewashed stone. Noting it was about sermon-time, and feeling like repenting, I walked in. Behold, the most harmoniously-colored Catholic shrine in the world! The sermon was being preached by the most gorgeously robed priest one could well conceive. The father went on to show how a vision of the Christ-child had appeared on the altar of a lax congregation in Spain. From that time those people, stricken with reverence and godly fear, put that church into repair, and the community became a true servant of the Lord. Infidels were converted, heretics were confounded.

After the sermon came the climax of the mass, and from the choir loft above my head came the most passionate religious singing I ever heard in my life. The excellence of the whole worship, even to the preaching of visions, was a beautiful surprise.

People do not open their eyes enough, neither their spiritual nor their physical eyes. They are not sensitive enough to loveliness either visible or by the pathway of visions. I wish every church in the world could see the Christ-child on the

altar, every Methodist and Baptist as well as every Catholic congregation.

With these thoughts I sat and listened while that woman soloist sang not only through the Mass, but the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament as well. The whole surprise stands out like a blazing star in my memory.

I say we do not see enough visions. I wish that, going out of the church door at noon, every worshipper in America could spiritually discern the Good St. Francis come down to our earth and singing of the Sun. I wish that saint would return. I wish he would preach voluntary poverty to all the middle-class and wealthy folk of this land, with the power that once shook Europe.

FRIDAY, JUNE 7, 1912. In the mid-afternoon in the woods, many miles west of Jefferson City. I am sitting by a wild rose bush. I am looking down a long sunlit vista of trees.

Wednesday evening, three miles from Fulton, Missouri, I encountered a terrific storm. I tried one farm-house just before the rain came down, but they would not let me in, not even into the barn. They said it was "not convenient." They said there was another place a little piece ahead, anyway. Pretty soon I was considerably rained upon. But the "other place" did not appear. Later the thunder and lightning were frightful. It seemed to me everything was being struck all around me: because of the sheer downpour it became pitch dark. It seemed as though the very weight of the rain would beat me into the ground. Yet I felt that I needed the washing. The night before I enjoyed the kind of hospitality that makes one yearn for a bath.

At last I saw a light ahead. I walked through more cataracts and reached it. Then I knocked at the door. I entered what revealed itself to be a negro cabin. Mine host was Uncle Remus himself, only a person of more delicacy and dignity. He appeared to be well preserved, though he was eighteen years old when the war broke out. He owns forty acres and more than one mule. His house was sweet and clean, all metal surfaces polished, all wood-work scrubbed white, all linen fresh laun-

dered. He urged me to dry at his oven. It was a long process, taking much fuel. He allowed me to eat supper and breakfast with him and his family, which honor I scarcely deserved. The old man said grace standing up. Then we sat down and he said another. The first was just family prayers. The second was thanksgiving for the meal. The table was so richly and delicately provided that within my heart I paraphrased the twenty-third Psalm, though I did not quote it out aloud: "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies"—(namely, the thunder and lightning, and the inhospitable white man!).

I hope to be rained on again if it brings me communion bread like that I ate with my black host. The conversation was about many things, but began religiously; how "*Ol' Master in the sky gave us everything here to take keer of, and said we mussent waste any of it.*" The wife was a mixture of charming diffidence and eagerness in offering her opinion on these points of political economy and theology.

After supper the old gentleman gave me the benefit of many sage sayings in the course of the narrative of his family history. He had five children grown and away from home and one sleek first voter still under his roof. The old gentleman asked the inevitable question: "Goin' west harvestin'?"

I said "No" again. Then I spread out and explained *The Village Improvement Parade*. This did not interest the family much, but they would never have done with asking me questions about Lincoln. And the fact that I came from Lincoln's home town was plainly my chief distinction in their eyes. The best bed was provided for me, and warm water in which to bathe, and I slept the sleep of the clean and regenerated in snowy linen. Next morning the sun shone, and I walked the muddy roads as cheerfully as though they were the paths of Heaven.

SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 9, 1912. I am writing in the railroad station at Tipton, Missouri.

A little while back a few people began to ask me to work for my meals. I believe this is because the "genteel" appearance with which I started has become something else. My derby hat

has been used for so many things,—to keep off a Noah's flood of rain, to catch cherries in, to fight bumblebees, to cover my face while asleep, and keep away the vague terrors of the night,—that it is still a hat, but not quite in the mode. My face is baked by the sun and my hands are fried and stewed. My trousers are creased not in one place, but all over. These things make me look more like a person who, in the words of the conventional world, "*ought to work.*"

Having been requested to work once or twice, I immediately made it my custom to offer labor-power as a preliminary to the meal. I generally ask about five people before I find the one who happens to be in a meal-giving mood. This kindly person, about two-thirds of the time, refuses to let me work. I insist and insist, but he says "Aw, come in and eat anyway." The man who accepts my offer of work may let me cut weeds, or hoe corn or potatoes, but he generally shows me the woodpile and the axe. Even then every thud of that inevitably dull instrument seems to go through him. After five minutes he thinks I have worked an hour, and he comes to the porch and shouts: "Come in and get your dinner."

Assuming a meal is worth thirty-five cents, I have never yet worked out the worth of one, at day-laborer's wages. Very often I am called into the house three times before I come. Whether I work or not the meals are big and good. Perhaps there is a little closer attention to *The Gospel of Beauty,* after three unheeded calls to dinner.

After the kindling is split and the meal eaten and they lean back in their chairs, a-weary of their mirth, by one means or another I show them how I am knocking at the door of the world with a dream in my hand.

Because of the multitudes of tramps pouring west on the freight trains,—tramps I never see because I let freight cars alone,—night accommodations are not so easy to get as they were in my other walks in Pennsylvania and Georgia. I have not yet been forced to sleep under the stars, but each evening has been a scramble. There must be some better solution to this problem of a sleeping-place.

The country hotel, if there is one around, is sometimes wil-

ling to take in the man who flatly says he is broke. For instance, the inn-keeper's wife at Clarksburg was tenderly pitiful, yea, she was kind to me after the fashion of the holiest of the angels. There was a protracted meeting going on in the town. That was, perhaps, the reason for her exalted heart. But, whatever the reason, in this one case I was welcomed with such kindness and awe that I dared not lift up my haughty head or distribute my poems, or give tongue to my views, or let her suspect for a moment I was a special IDEA on legs. It was much lovelier to have her think I was utterly forlorn.

This morning when I said good-bye I fumbled my hat, mumbled my words and shuffled my feet, and may the Good St. Francis reward her.

When I asked the way to Tipton the farmer wanted me to walk the railroad. People cannot see " why the Sam Hill " anyone wants to walk the highway when the rails make a bee-line for the destination. This fellow was so anxious for the preservation of my feet he insisted it looked like rain. I finally agreed that, for the sake of avoiding a wetting, I had best hurry to Tipton by the ties. The six miles of railroad between Clarksburg and Tipton should be visited by every botanist in the United States. Skip the rest of this letter unless you are interested in a catalogue of flowers.

First comes the reed with the deep blue blossoms at the top that has bloomed by my path all the way from Springfield, Illinois. Then come enormous wild roses, showing every hue that friend of man ever displayed. Behold an army of white poppies join our march, then healthy legions of waving mustard. Our next recruits are tiny golden-hearted ragged kinsmen of the sunflower. No comrades depart from this triumphal march to Tipton. Once having joined us, they continue in our company. The mass of color grows deeper and more subtle each moment. Behold, regiments of pale lavender larkspur. 'Tis an excellent garden, the finer that it needs no tending. Though the rain has failed to come, I begin to be glad I am hobbling along over the vexatious ties. I forget my resolve to run for President.

Once I determined to be a candidate. I knew I would get the tramp-vote and the actor-vote. My platform was to be

that railroad ties should be just close enough for men to walk on them in natural steps, neither mincing the stride nor widely stretching the legs.

Not yet have we reached Tipton. Behold a white flower, worthy of a better name, that the farmers call "sheep's tea." Behold purple larkspur joining the lavender larkspur. Behold that disreputable camp-follower the button-weed, wearing its shabby finery. Now a red delicate grass joins in, and a big purple and pink sort of an aster. Behold a pink and white sheep's tea. And look, there is a dwarf morning glory, the sweetest in the world. Here is a group of black-eyed Susans, marching like suffragettes to get the vote at Tipton. Here is a war-dance of Indian Paint. And here are bluebells.

"Goin' west harvestin'?"

"I have harvested already, ten thousand flowers an hour."

JUNE 10, 1912. 3 p. m. Three miles west of Sedalia, Missouri. In the woods. Near the automobile road to Kansas City.

Now that I have passed Sedalia I am pretty well on toward the Kansas line. Only three more days' journey, and then I shall be in Kansas, State of Romance, State of Expectation. Goodness knows Missouri has plenty of incident, plenty of merit. But it is a cross between Illinois and Northern Kentucky, and to beg here is like begging in my own back-yard.

But the heart of Kansas is the heart of the West. . . . Inclosed find a feather from the wing of a young chicken-hawk. He happened across the road day before yesterday. The farmer stopped the team and killed him with his pitchfork. That farmer seemed to think he had done the Lord a service in ridding the world of a parasite. Yet I had a certain fellow-feeling for the hawk, as I have for anybody who likes chicken.

This walk is full of suggestions for poems. Sometimes, in a confidential moment I tell my hosts I am going to write a chronicle of the whole trip in verse. But I cannot write it now. The traveller at my stage is in a kind of farm-hand condition of mind and blood. He feels himself so much a part of the soil and the sun and the ploughed acres, he eats so hard and sleeps

so hard, he has little more patience in trying to write than the husbandman himself.

If that poem is ever written I shall say,—to my fellow-citizens of Springfield, for instance:—"I have gone as your delegate to greet the fields, to claim them for you against a better day. I lay hold on these furrows on behalf of all those cooped up in cities."

I feel that in a certain mystical sense I have made myself part of the hundreds and hundreds of farms that lie between me and machine-made America. I have scarcely seen anything but crops since I left home. The whole human race is grubbing in the soil, and the soil is responding with tremendous vigor. By walking I get as tired as any and imagine I work too. Sometimes the glory goes. Then I feel my own idleness above all other facts on earth. I want to get to work immediately. But I suppose I am a minstrel or nothing. (There goes a squirrel through the treetops.)

Every time I say "No" to the question "Goin' west harvestin'?" I am a little less brisk about reciting that triad of poems that I find is the best brief exposition of my gospel: (1) *The Proud Farmer,* (2) *The Illinois Village* and (3) *The Building of Springfield.*

If I do harvest it is likely to be just as it was at the Springfield water-works a year ago, when I broke my back in a week trying to wheel bricks.

JUNE 12, 1912. On the banks of a stream west of the town of Warrensburg, Missouri.

Perhaps the problem of a night's lodging has been solved. I seem to have found a substitute for the spare bedrooms and white sheets of Georgia and Pennsylvania. It appears that no livery stable will refuse a man a place to sleep. What happened at Otterville and Warrensburg I can make happen from here on, or so I am assured by a farm-hand. He told me that every tiniest village from here to western Kansas has at least two livery-stables and there a man may sleep for the asking. He should try to get permission to mount to the hay-mow, for, unless the cot in the office is a mere stretch of canvas, it is likely

to be (excuse me) verminiferous. The stable man asks if the mendicant has matches or tobacco. If he has he must give them up. Also he is told not to poke his head far out of the loft window, for if the insurance man caught him, it would be all up with the insurance. These preliminaries quickly settled the transient requests a buggy-robe to sleep in, lest he be overwhelmed with the loan of a horse-blanket. The objection to a horse-blanket is that it is a horse-blanket.

And so, if I am to believe my friend with the red neck, my good times at Warrensburg and Otterville are likely to continue.

Strange as it may seem, sleeping in a hayloft is Romance itself. The alfalfa is soft and fragrant and clean, the wind blows through the big loft door, the stars shine through the cottonwoods. If I wake in the night I hear the stable-boys bringing in the teams of men who have driven a long way and back again to get something;—to get drunk, or steal the kisses of somebody's wife or put over a political deal or get a chance to preach a sermon;—and I get scraps of detail from the stable-boys after the main actors of the drama have gone. It sounds as though all the remarks were being made in the loft instead of on the ground floor. The horses stamp and stamp and the grinding sound of their teeth is so close to me I cannot believe at first that the mangers and feed-boxes are way down below.

It is morning before I know it and the gorged birds are singing " shivaree, shivaree, Rachel Jane, Rachel Jane " in the mulberry trees, just outside the loft window. After a short walk I negotiate for breakfast, then walk on through Paradise and at the proper time negotiate for dinner, walk on through Paradise again and at six negotiate for the paradisical haymow, without looking for supper, and again more sleepy than hungry. The difference between this system and the old one is that about half past four I used to begin to worry about supper and night accommodations, and generally worried till seven. Now life is one long sweet stroll, and I watch the sunset from my bed in the alfalfa with the delights of the whole day renewed in my heart.

Passing through the village of Sedalia I inquired the way out of town to the main road west. My informant was a man

named McSweeny, drunk enough to be awfully friendly. He asked all sorts of questions. He induced me to step two blocks out of my main course down a side-street to his "Restaurant." He said he was not going to let me leave town without a square meal. It was a strange eating-place, full of ditch-diggers, teamsters, red-necked politicians, and slender intellectual politicians. In the background was a scattering of the furtive daughters of pleasure, some white, some black. The whole institution was but an annex to the bar room in front. Mr. McSweeny looked over my book while I ate. After the meal he gathered a group of the politicians and commanded me to recite. I gave them my rhyme in memory of Altgeld and my rhyme in denunciation of Lorimer, and my rhyme denouncing all who coöperated in the white slave trade, including sellers of drink. Mr. McSweeny said I was the goods, and offered to pass the hat, but I would not permit. A handsome black jezebel sat as near us as she dared and listened quite seriously. I am sure she would have put something in that hat if it had gone round.

"I suppose," said Mr. McSweeny, as he stood at his door to bow adieu, "you will harvest when you get a little further west?"

That afternoon I walked miles and miles through rough country, and put up with a friendly farmer named John Humphrey. He had children like little golden doves, and a most hard-working wife. The man had harvested and travelled eight years in the west before he had settled down. He told me all about it. Until late that night he told me endless fascinating stories upon the theme of that free man's land ahead of me. If he had not had those rosy babies to anchor him, he would have picked up and gone along, and argued down my rule to travel alone.

Because he had been a man of the road there was a peculiar feeling of understanding in the air. They were people of much natural refinement. I was the more grateful for their bread when I considered that when I came upon them at sunset they were working together in the field. There was not a hand to help. How could they be so happy and seem so blest? Their day was nearer sixteen than eight hours long. I felt deathly

ashamed to eat their bread. I told them so, with emphasis. But the mother said, "We always takes in them that asks, and nobody never done us no harm yet."

That night was a turning point with me. In reply to a certain question I said: "*Yes. I am going west harvesting.*"

I asked the veteran traveller to tell me the best place to harvest. He was sitting on the floor pulling the children's toes, and having a grand time. He drew himself up into a sort of oracular knot, with his chin on his knees, and gesticulated with his pipe.

"Go straight west," he said, "to Great Bend, Barton County, Kansas, the banner wheat county of the United States. Arrive about July fifth. Walk to the public square. Walk two miles north. Look around. You will see nothing but wheat fields, and farmers standing on the edge of the road crying into big red handkerchiefs. Ask the first man for work. He will stop crying and give it to you. Wages will be two dollars and a half a day, and keep. You will have all you want to eat and a clean blanket in the hay."

I have resolved to harvest at Great Bend.

HEART OF GOD

A PRAYER IN THE JUNGLES OF HEAVEN

O great Heart of God,
Once vague and lost to me,
Why do I throb with your throb to-night,
In this land, Eternity?
O little Heart of God,
Sweet intruding stranger,
You are laughing in my human breast,
A Christ-child in a manger.
Heart, dear Heart of God,
Beside you now I kneel,
Strong Heart of Faith. O Heart not mine,
Where God has set His seal.
Wild thundering Heart of God
Out of my doubt I come,
And my foolish feet with prophets' feet,
March with the prophets' drum.

THE LONELINESS OF LIFE

MOWRY SABEN

MAN has been defined by Aristotle as a social animal, and a social animal man unquestionably is. But one cannot live for half a lifetime, if he have discerning eyes, without perceiving that a goodly percentage of mankind derive very little happiness from the society into which they were born, or have betaken themselves, and that their lack of happiness is due to a feeling of loneliness. Those whom they meet are not congenial or inspiring. There is for them no love or friendship which endures; little indeed that gives even temporary satisfaction.

We should all be surprised, I believe, if we were to listen to the weary tales of loneliness which most persons of refinement and sensitive nature could tell, and doubtless would, if a feeling of pride did not restrain their lips. Individuals are not well-adjusted to one another. There is little sympathy between them in the deeper matters of their lives. It is easy to sympathize with the hungry and homeless stranger; but to sympathize with the intellectual, ethical, and æsthetic needs of our fellows is very difficult, and to a majority of persons, as yet, all but impossible. The daily press reports the cases of men and women who have starved for lack of bread, but nobody has ever thought of reporting the far more numerous cases of those who have starved for lack of poetry, of philosophy, of friendship, or some other necessity of the soul. To how few can one reveal frankly, and without timidity, all the thoughts and feelings that have been born out of one's experience! Man is still afraid of man; quite as afraid of him, indeed, as he is of a wild beast. It is a dear price which we pay for our individuality.

There are persons who regard self-sufficiency as the highest human ideal. But we live in a world in which no individual is, or can be, self-sufficient, and the course of evolution, instead of endowing us with an ever greater degree of self-sufficiency, is stripping us of the little which the individual formerly pos-

sessed. There are few wants which one can supply for himself, and most of our time is spent in supplying the wants of others. It is only the artist who finds a pure satisfaction in his daily task, and even an artist would starve, intellectually and æsthetically, if he were completely dependent upon himself for inspiration. It is one of the paradoxes of life that every individual is unique, and yet it is this uniqueness of others which we truly prize (as well as hate), rather than those qualities which are common to human nature. It is not the likeness of another to oneself which makes him interesting, but his difference, and yet in that difference all our difficulties in the way of *rapprochement* are found. The difference attracts us, as the light attracts the moth, and not infrequently with the same fatal result.

One might suppose that the great man would possess a greater degree of self-sufficiency than his lesser brother, but the precise opposite is the fact. It is the genius who suffers most from the loneliness of life. Those who are destitute of genius or talent often find life very much to their satisfaction, upon the whole. They make no heavy demands upon their companions, and their companions make no heavy demands upon them. The small amount of give and take required is given and taken. They indulge in their innocent pleasures, or their dissipations not so innocent, but both are comparatively simple, and yield a sufficient degree of satisfaction to enable the time to pass pleasantly. Sorrow comes to them, of course, as it comes to the more gifted, but it seldom brings heartbreak with the tears. The measure of their days is passed with none of those violent convulsions of spirit, moods of utter despair, austere questionings of the universe, and the long black stretches of loneliness, which make life seem a veritable nightmare to many a child of genius. When the widow of the poet Shelley said that she intended to send her son to a school, not where he would learn to think for himself, but where he would learn to think like other people, she expressed the tragedy of genius, as she had seen it exemplified in her husband's career. The genius cannot think like other people, he cannot feel like other people; but we slay him because he cannot. The expansive mind and

heart alike have sorrows that the syncopated organs of thought and feeling know little or nothing of.

The secret of happiness lies in the possession of power to realize oneself. But self-realization does not mean the same thing to all persons. Perhaps the pugilist, or athlete, who becomes a champion in his sphere, possesses a degree of self-realization vouchsafed to very few, but to one who cares nothing for pugilism or athletic sport such success will seem no realization of the self at all. A majority are fairly well-satisfied if they obtain enough material reward from their toil to support themselves and their families in a moderate degree of comfort. To be able to eat three substantial meals a day, to be able to provide for one's beer-thirst and tobacco-craving, and a pillow for the weary head at night, is quite enough to fill thousands with a spirit of sweet content. But it is not with these that I am concerned in this paper.

I am concerned here only with those individuals whose demands upon life are so great that they fail to find the happiness which all crave; the individuals who know only too well that they possess fancies, feelings and ideals to which no human satisfaction is ever likely to be vouchsafed; the individuals who know the loneliness that turns the world for them into a desert; the poet with his song, the painter with his picture, the composer with his symphony, the philosopher with his treatise, the dreamer still struggling with the attempt to give his vision embodiment, the youth swept in a maëlstrom of conflicting emotions, to whom ideal and failure have become synonymous words in the lexicon of experience. The failures of life are really more interesting than the successful, for the successful are usually mediocre in the deep facts of experience, seeing clearly enough, and with amazing sharpness, perhaps, into some nook or corner, but blind to the larger spaces, while the failures are often those who have stood fast by the realities which give to life all its meaning and value.

There are persons, but I do not happen to be of their number, who believe that a law of compensation obtains in the world, bringing to every man who strives a reward, no matter how much he may have failed in the seeming. The great name

of Emerson is often invoked to prove the existence of this law, and by many he is supposed to have discovered it. But did Emerson really penetrate to the heart of the matter? It seems to me that he did not. His *a priori* optimism sealed his eyes to many bitter truths of existence, and thus made him, large as his merits as a great spiritual force are, an unsafe teacher at times. The evils that his friend Carlyle saw were dim to him. He could not perceive, as the great Scotsman did, that there is really anything wrong with the world. "Look at the biography of authors," says Carlyle; "except the Newgate Calendar, it is the most sickening chapter in the history of man." And so it is. But Emerson did not know that history had in its annals so much as one sickening chapter. His law of compensation, when analyzed, means no more than this: that a person after a long and wearisome search for gold, in which he has spent his health and strength fruitlessly, will find that he has obtained pretty shells and pebbles which are as good as gold, or even much better than the precious metal, if one will but think so. But the disappointed seeker is not likely to think so, and I must confess that my sympathies are all with the disappointed seeker.

Something of the failure of success Emerson indeed did see. He saw that the successful presidential candidate was likely to leave the larger part of his manhood behind him. But the poignant distress that the noblest and best are almost certain to experience was not clear to him, as it was to Carlyle. How deeply he reverenced Plato, yet the saying, "as sad as Plato," which obtained currency among the Greeks, apparently left no impress upon him. The profound dejection of Carlyle himself did not disturb his facile optimism. But it doubtless would, if he had caught the significance of his friend's reference to Shakespeare, when he wrote, in *Heroes and Hero-worship:*

"Alas, Shakespeare had to write for the Globe Playhouse; his great soul had to crush itself, as it could, into that and no other mould. It was with him, then, as it is with us all. No man works save under conditions. . . . *Disjecta membra* are all that we find of any poet, or of any man."

Truth is as hard as rock, and as pitiless.

The passage from Carlyle which I have quoted embodies

the quintessence of the loneliness of life. We all have to work under conditions, and these conditions are seldom calculated to bring out the best that is in us, or that which in the depths of our hearts we desire to bring out. All truth and beauty and goodness are strictly personal, and yet personality is the one thing which the public always refuses to pardon. The person who thinks and feels, no matter how sincere he may be, is always distasteful to most of his contemporaries. Walt Whitman said that whoever touched his *Leaves of Grass* touched a man. This explains sufficiently why Whitman was so unpopular with his fellow-countrymen. The public does not want to touch a man when it reads a book.

We shall never witness the greatest literature, or the finest art, or the noblest living, until we shall have come to appreciate the uniqueness of every person. Great as Shakespeare was, his work would doubtless have been much greater if the exigencies of the Globe Playhouse had not disturbed his genius. How many of his contemporaries were capable of appreciating the best that he had to give? How many, indeed, are capable of appreciating the best that any of us have to give? The lack of respect for personal uniqueness, the prevailing notion that all ought to think and feel alike, is responsible for most of our mediocrity. Some relation with his kind everyone must have, but whether the relation is to be a true or a false one will depend upon the conception of personality which the community entertains. To-day the relations between individuals lack substance. We know nobody as he is, and our conventions are, for the most part, tainted with hypocrisy. Genius despises the conventions. The oak will not confine itself in a flower-pot; the Niagara torrent will not accept the dimensions of a water-tank; the man or woman of force will not lie, without protest, upon any Procrustean bed of authority. Socialism, unless it leads to a larger Individualism than any which the ages have been cognizant of, will prove, if successful, the greatest tyranny that the world has known. Our socialist friends make much ado over the necessity for class-consciousness, as though it were possible for a class to have aspirations. But no class ever had aspirations, although it may have had grievances, and no class ever

will have them. The hope of the race has always lain in the aspirations of the few heroic souls, and what has been true of the past will doubtless be true for a long time to come. It is only the personal equation which has ever counted, or ever will.

It is a pitiful story, the history of this, our world, though Hegel and other philosophers have thought that they have discovered a rational purpose incarnated within it, as perhaps they have. But to many whose vision is not so keen as the vision of these philosophers, the loneliness of existence comes as an appalling fact. They know that the noblest persons in all ages have been stoned, crucified, burned, beheaded, hanged, thrown into dungeons, or ostracized. The record is a long one. Socrates, Anaxagoras, Jesus, Paul, Galileo, Bruno, Huss, Savonarola, Cervantes, More, Spinoza, Kant, Wagner, Darwin and Whitman are the names of heroic men who, to a greater or lesser degree, suffered the penalty for being different from their contemporaries. But all persons, to just the extent that they differ from the multitude of the so-called average men and women, are made to feel the loneliness of their position. Blessed is the man who stands upon his own instincts, if he finds one staunch friend who truly appreciates the sincerity of his purpose. There have been many who could never have defined the word *friendship* from actual personal experience.

The loneliness of life—who does not feel it, if he feel at all? Bacon said long ago, and Thoreau, in substance, repeated it after him, that there is little friendship in the world. Each of us stands upon his solitary peak of self, and few there be who come within close hailing distance of one another. Every original idea, every new impulse of feeling, but drives us deeper into our individual dungeons. A century or two hence the spirit may be free again, but the period of imprisonment is long, and its conditions inexorable. Our friends are, for the most part, of the past and future, not the present; the real self is often doomed to solitary confinement; then only our simulacrum wanders forth in the day, or in the night, clasping hands, and indulging in what we are pleased to term human intercourse. One may indeed make the best of the situation, and observe a noble stoicism, but let no one who values the integrity of his

mind or heart accept make-believe as reality. Pretty our make-believe may be in the seeming, but there are hours when pretence, even our own, fails to win us, and we see things as they are, in all their bald, colossal ugliness. Society, in the truest sense is, as yet, only a dream, and it will doubtless be many millenniums before the dream comes true.

What would we have? Edmund Spenser, a poet's poet, has tried to answer the question for us, in his *Muiopotmos,* when he says:

> "What more felicity can fall to creature
> Than to enjoy delight with liberty,
> And to be lord of all the works of nature?
> To reign in the air from the earth to highest sky,
> To feed on flowers and weeds of glorious feature,
> To take whatever thing doth please the eye?
> Who rests not pleased with such happiness,
> Well worthy he to taste of wretchedness."

But is this enough? No, it is not. We may be sure that it would never have been enough for the poet himself. Man is more than nature, and one human heart, which truly responds to our own, is worth more than all the fairness of earth and sea and sky. All the beauty and sublimity and wonder of nature will not assuage the pain that the isolated soul feels, even when nature is seen at her sweetest and best. The charm that the great world-out-of-doors has for us is only a charm that the poet has instilled within our minds. The singing robes of nature are all woven of human texture. The wilderness is paradise enough when shared with a friend; it is inferno when one dwells therein as a solitary monarch. There is no hope or joy for the individual save in Humanity. If no human heart beats against our own, then is the loneliness of life present with us as a bitter and appalling thing. To make for a better understanding of men, to value the uniqueness of every person—this is pure and undefiled religion. Conflict there must necessarily be, but we shall never be truly civilized until we shall have learned to respect, and even to admire, our honest foes. It is not conflict between man and man, but the Loneliness of Life, that eats, like an acid, into our hearts.

OLD-WORLD DEMOCRACY

CARL S. HANSEN

THE more one comes in contact with Old World institutions, the more one is convinced that they reveal a democracy that similar institutions of the New World may well envy. A sense of the importance of individuality is never forgotten, by anyone, at any time, in the British Islands, and least of all when strong men gather. There is a candor, a willingness to criticise and to be criticised, an ability to rise to personality, on occasion, rather than to sink to impersonality, for an occasion, that surprises one who has thought the Old World poky and formal.

Take a single instance, in university life. It is in the longish dining room of Trinity College, Dublin. Gowned students are attending a meeting of the Philosophical Society. The platform is filled with bigwigs. A real lord is presiding, a pink chap who parts his hair in the middle and smiles over a white tie. His lordship is a jewel, in more than the social sense, for he is really what the programme tells you, a chairman; that is, one who sits in his chair while others talk.

His lordship rises and pulls down his white vest quickly. "I am to give out some medals," he says; "Mr. So-and-so, gold medal." He takes the honor man's hand, gives it two shakes, like a pump-handle, and calls the next man. "Mr. So-and-so, for oratory, silver medal." Same cordial grip, without abatement of the two-pump standard, for the man who gets the second prize. Two or three others get bronze medals, I think, but am not sure. It doesn't matter. What matters is, that his lordship has the rare sense and tact not to formulate the obvious (which everybody knows), that the honor men deserve the medals. The presentation takes forty seconds. An American university couldn't beat that, in a hundred years.

Then his lordship speaks again. "We will now listen to the paper of the evening." He doesn't fumble dramatically for his glasses, to read the title of the paper from the programme. With a penetration which is marvellous, in a chairman, he infers

that you have probably read it yourself, on your own programme. As a matter of fact, you've done nothing else for half an hour. The chairman's stock soars in your estimation. A man who is willing to say so little can probably say much. He is new and virile.

Then the meeting is opened by a student president, a keen chap with a good profile. He reads a paper on international arbitration that is worthy of a place in THE FORUM. It is a good, brainy paper, pleading for the fulfilment of old ideals by new methods—a business-like peace.

The paper finished, the chairman rises, again pulls down his vest, and in ten seconds has introduced Mr. Birrell, lawyer, writer, politician and Chief Secretary for Ireland, who, according to ancient custom, is to move a vote of thanks for the president's address and that it be printed at the expense of the society.

Right here appears the breeziness of Old World ways. In America, under such a resolution—if such an one were possible—soft-soap would be spread around so thickly that everybody would slip and break his shins. All would be as painfully polished as the waxed floor of a skating rink, and everybody would be made happy with felicitation and delirious with inconsequence. The proposer of such a resolution would so overdo it as to make you glad that philosophical meetings, like Christmas, come but once a year. But that isn't the Old World university way. Birrell told his audience, in essence, that the paper was good—for a boy; he was a good boy, and so he wasn't to be blamed too much.

Birrell is a cleaner-looking Thackeray than Beerbohm's bust of Thackeray, and has much of that master's gentle satire. The paper came in for honest appreciation and honest dissent, and the latter is always more interesting. It is the custom, in the British Isles, for anyone who gets even a word on the platform to define his own views on the question at issue. Birrell, moving a vote of thanks for a paper on peace, showed that peace is what we want but will not stand for. Citizens, not statesmen, make war. Perhaps that isn't true, but no matter; what matters is, that Birrell, being called upon to say one sort of thing, said

another thing that he pleased to say, and so pleased mightily.

Then his lordship bobbed up again and introduced the next speaker, in nine seconds. Broke his own record.

A square-shouldered man, with a big, smooth face, somewhat like a good-natured ward politician, with an unmanageable black lock trailing down his forehead, addressed the gathering, holding a lead pencil. Once in a while his tongue slipped out, slyly and drolly. Hilaire Belloc, Frenchman, naturalized Englishman, ultra-Catholic, M. P., soldier and essayist, admitted that his audience had him and he his audience.

" My lords and gentlemen," he said, " I have been asked to speak about something of which I know nothing. That is as it should be. Once I had a dream. In my dream I went to a publisher and asked him to print a new work. ' What is it about? ' asked the publisher. ' It is to be called,' said I, ' the Encyclopædia of Things *Not* Known.' ' Will it sell? ' he asked. ' No,' said I. ' Then it isn't a good business proposition,' said he. ' True,' said I; ' but it would be a delightful change in literature.' Here, my lords and gentlemen, is something for my encyclopædia of things not known. I have been foolishly asked to propose, ' That this Philosophical Society is worthy of the support of the Student Body.' I give it up! *I* don't know whether it is! "

That was Hilaire Belloc's way of meeting the traditional motion. (Parenthetically, this quaint resolution probably originated in old tavern days, when students thought good beer better than bad philosophy. But let's get back to Hilaire.) He ignored the resolution and proceeded to take a fall out of the student who had read so fine a paper on peace. He stuck his lower lip over his upper and looked most villainous, for the moment, for a Christian, and said he believed in war. War didn't hurt much. It was his experience that it hurt people less to lose blood than to lose money.

Then a bishop, one of the Lords Spiritual, got up to second Birrell's quaint resolution, thanking the president for his fine paper on international arbitration; and here, if anywhere, the platitudes should have been visible to the naked eye and musical to the ear. But the sturdy bishop, who wore a sort of smok-

ing jacket, an apron like a machinist's, knickers and stockings, wasn't of that sort. He let it be known in the first breath that he was an Irishman, and so was privileged to dissent from everybody. He said the boy had done fine, but that war was simply great—or words to that effect.

When they were all done, some one moved a vote of thanks to the speakers, assenters and dissenters; and he, bless you! had to disagree with all of them. And when he had done, some one else had to move thanks to the chairman; and this resoluter, too, had to air *his* opinions, like a candidate for office. Of course, some one had to second *him;* but the second refused to speak, for three reasons: everybody was tired of speakers, nothing new could possibly be said, and if it could no one wanted to listen.

Then his lordship, the chairman, had to give thanks for receiving thanks; which, translated into Old World procedure, meant for him to define *his* position, too. He was for war, in this philosophical peace meeting; and he said it always refreshed him to get to a seat of learning where he could hear such good theories. Theories were nice things, but it was late. He had only six words to say: Good cheer, good luck, good night!

And then the thing was over.

In America, it would have been over an hour earlier; but in America almost everybody would have agreed, and it would have been so academically orthodox, you would have needed a strong grip to withstand the strain of enthusiasm for unanimity. And, if there had been a bit of gentle dissent, it would have been pitched so high, philosophically, that no one except the dissenter would have known it was dissent, and he perhaps only vaguely. How often one hangs over a balcony, in a philosophical union, gasping for understanding; with now and then a human suspicion that if the speaker could only read his speech six months later, when it was cold, like Horace Greeley confronted with his own handwriting, he might wonder what the devil it was all about!

But in the Old World, strangely enough, every man makes it plain what he means; and if he doesn't mean much, or if he means wrong, you handclap him anyway, for he certainly isn't dull.

OFF VIAREGGIO

1822

Chester Allyn Reed

WHAT were the moments of that fatal hour
When from Livorno's port with farewell shout
Borne like a sea-bird on the tempest's power
Or glancing light to note the storm-cloud's pace
The *Don Juan* stood out?

Was Williams at the helm? And Shelley's face,
Where was it turned—to book or shore or sea,
Which quickened on their lee,
And made against the boat a stealthy race
For distant Lerici?

The vast and marble-crested Apennine
Was on their right that sultry summer's day,
Old battlemented keeps the shore define,
The watchers of the bay.

With swift impatient sail they fled afar—
The moon, the evening wind, the terrace white,
Jane with her artless music and guitar
Return again to-night.

O baneful vision dulling their concern
For skilful seamanship! The mutter low
Of thunder did but welcome their return
With friendly voice they know.

Out of the south it spoke, and their reply
Was the rash topsail spread upon the blue!
Across the century one sends a sigh
For this unpractised crew.

His eager gaze was to the last alive
To Nature's meaning and unchanging love,
He watched the waves in sparkling legions drive
Or smiled on heaven above.

Or saw in visions of enchantment dressed
The thronging spirits of the deep and sky
Inviting him to leave his hopeless quest
And join their company.

The Spirit of the Hour came in his car,
A youth of ardent eyes and headlong speed
Approaching like some day-arisen star
Whose course we do not heed.

And like the hues of morning were the wings
Of those who ministered about his flight,
And at his hand the joyful lightning springs
From crags of chrysolite.

Out of the caverns of impatient sea,
From halls where orange tangle shuts the day
The beings of the deep delightedly
Rise to the Spezzian Bay.

Tumultuous they would the master claim,
The spiritual parent and the child
Shall rush together like wind-driven flame
Or lovers reconciled.

Alas, it was more cruel—the attack
Of forces inaccessible to ruth—
Yet they have kept this lovely figure back
In everlasting youth.

Still shines upon us from his lofty page
Something of morning freshness bright and free,
Which had departed in maturer age
Or failed increasingly.

Perhaps with pall of pity crept the storm
On careless watchers bent upon their home.
The sea was still, the air oppressive, warm,
The sky a leaden dome.

Then fell the tempest and the warring shock
Of whirlwind and of wave, the blinding strife—
Who perished first? Did Shelley seek to block
The closing gates of life?

Or did he as he said in days before
Feel that his life was valueless to man,
And that the future held for him in store
But oft-defeated plan?

For none would read his word nor hear his voice,
And dimmer grew his confidence to slay
Established wrong, and he could not rejoice
In vacant holiday.

He lived for those Realities unknown
To men of a less spiritual sense,
And felt himself more humanly alone
On each new eminence.

And in this solitude most skilled he grew
To grace abstractions with celestial love,
Not golden Plato more divinely knew
Their verity to prove.

Freedom of mind was of his glorious lore,
The unforced love of others and the might
Of Beauty as her rainbow pinions soar
Across the realms of night.

And he was drowned! And not a voice will tell
The secret of that stealthy fog-bank dim!
Heroic lessons in such moments dwell,
The end of one like him.

Of this be certain—he who evermore
Asked of the Silence for its deepest word
Veiled not his face when on the Umbrian shore
The voice of death was heard.

I think in calmness, with a hope perchance
Of all his place should thro' the ages be—
A standard-bearer proud in Truth's advance—
He drank the bitter sea.

Unselfish and unworldly to the heart
What tho' his words were immature and wild,
His view of life instructive but in part,
Obscure, unreconciled?

These are for those who love him, who have felt
His presence deep within their fondest thought,
As when across a desert's burning belt
The song of birds is brought.

Or when one breathes for days in some small space
And feels the preciousness of light and air,
And then is led where the blue waters race
Upon a sea-beach bare.

THE ROLLING STONE

FRANK CHESTER PEASE

MRS. WINTERS finished washing the supper dishes and dried her hands on the long roller towel behind the stove. Gathering up the big red table cloth she went to the porch and gave it a vigorous shaking. A few chickens ran up and scrambled for the crumbs. They had delayed going to roost for just this. Though it was past sundown, and most of their fellows were already roosting in the big apple tree whose wide branches spread over the berry patch behind the woodshed, a few of them ostentatiously hung about the steps awaiting the appearance of the big red table cloth.

The action of the chickens reflected the methodical habits of Mrs. Winters. They had learned to expect her at just this time. They knew also that there would be only enough crumbs for a few of them. Mrs. Winters never had many "leave overs." "Leave overs" were wasteful and were not methodical. If Mrs. Winters was anything she was methodical.

She was a small woman, sixty-five and gray. Her cleanly precision had established itself in a thousand little ways about her eleven-acre farm. The little red barn, the neat out-buildings and the white gable-roofed house all bore the imprint of her methodical attention. Everywhere about the place was inscribed the craftsmanship of one who did her work well. The rose bushes bordering the gravel walk which led to the house from the white-picketed gate were trimmed neatly. The row of pails and pans on the back porch had a brightness almost new. Inside the house each thing was in its place, and there was one place and no other for each one of them.

Throughout the village of Canaan Mrs. Winters' neighbors had long ceased to wonder at her methodical thrift. In fact her name had become a sort of household synonym for efficiency. It was a name to conjure with. Mothers used it to evoke a similar efficiency in reluctant daughters. Fathers tried to shame sons more intent upon hunting and fishing than farm work into

modelling themselves upon the lines of Mrs. Winters' indefatigable industry.

She was visibly though unobtrusively successful. Some ten years before her husband had died. They were forced to take out a mortgage of five hundred dollars during his sickness. But since his death she had disposed of the debt with the same energetic activity which dominated all her expressions. She loathed the very thought of indebtedness.

While Mrs. Winters was ostensibly a success in so many ways, there was something in her life which caused her endless heartaches. It was a something which, disguise it from her neighbors as she always tried to do, gave her nevertheless an abiding sense of shame. A year before her husband died, John, their son, ran away from home.

Mrs. Winters had never understood John. When he ran away she did not understand that either. Her husband, an irritably quiet man, never vouchsafed an explanation of their son's disappearance. Even when he lay in the " spare room " upstairs, dying, and she pleaded with him for some word about their boy, he met her tearful appeals with a more tight-lipped silence than his suffering occasioned. Even in his suffering he was silent. It was the way of the man.

Only at the very last had he spoken of the boy. Then it was but to mention his name on the intake of a breath already clogged with approaching death. Mrs. Winters never knew whether he had cursed or blessed their son. The doubt of it all clung in the memory of his last word and gave her an added bitterness. This bitterness was always there in the silent places of her life and was another thing which added to her secret sense of shame. But, thank God, she had always felt, none of the neighbors had been there to hear it. Only a deaf and aged aunt was in the room when her husband died.

Though her boy was absent, Mrs. Winters loved him with all her heart. He was her only child. She prayed for him every night before going to bed. Ofttimes, in the midst of her work, she would stop and tip-toe to the front room and spend a long time looking at his picture which hung over the parlor organ. She always removed her checkered blue apron before she did

this. And as she passed through the sitting-room, she would stop before the old mahogany-cased clock which had a little faded mirror set in it and adjust her thin gray hair. Though her visits to the front room were almost unnumbered during these long years since he ran away, they had never lost their ceremonial character.

The front room had never been used since the funeral. It was a sort of sanctuary to Mrs. Winters, far too sacred for the intrusion of her neighbors. It was a large high-walled chilly room. Pallid blue wall paper with patterns of uncouth impossible flowers matched the pallor of the cold marble fireplace. The room contained a number of round-backed horse-hair bottomed chairs which had never known the pressure of human kind since that crowded day of her husband's burial. These chairs were in quite the same spot she had placed them in on her return from the funeral, when she had immediately engaged in a furious outburst of house-cleaning. No one had ever come to disturb them and they stood against the wall in glossy pride, stiff and very forbidding. Upon the pallid blue walls, limned in oval walnut frames, the pictures of stern-faced New England ancestors frowned over the room. In the centre of a marble-topped table a mammoth "family" Bible rested in state. It was hardly ever opened now except to record the birth or death of a relative.

The fireplace was more like a shrine than a thing of use. Between it and the high-backed parlor organ there seemed a silent rivalry for dominion over the room. In the late autumn the grate was filled with a mass of golden rod, "bone-set" and wormwood, whose pleasantly pungent aromas lasted the whole winter long. Sometimes Mrs. Winters took them out and built a fire in their place. It was an event in her methodical life whenever this happened, which was not often. It too had the semblance of devotional formality.

There was something about this, to Mrs. Winters, almost sacred fire, which left her strangely perturbed. For days thereafter she would go about her work in a dreamy fashion, companioned by the vaguest unrest, possessed by an imagery quite foreign to her simple methodical living. She could not have

described it; indeed she never tried to. She was always alone, a quiet, tenderly brooding little old woman, who, though she lived in the thoughts of many people in Canaan, seldom sought their company, and so never had anyone with whom she could discuss this incomprehensible unrest. Besides, it was a matter which eluded all analysis. Whenever she tried to understand it the whole thing somehow ran off into vague attenuations which left her distraught and unwell. Always, as from some unknown and unthinkable distance, there seemed to be some one or something calling to her. She could not have told whence it came nor how; she only knew that it was, and that it followed her visits to the sanctuary.

Over the shrine-like fireplace a piece of white mosquito netting partially obscured a gorgeous gilt-framed picture. This netting was removed whenever she built the fire. Then, when the fire was well a-blaze, Mrs. Winters would spend a whole hour looking at this picture or at the picture of her son.

The picture in the gorgeous gilt frame was an old-fashioned daguerreotype of a dashing black-haired man with curling moustaches who looked out at her with an expression of healthy bravado. The photographer had given the picture a set of fiery cheeks and added an extra curl to the curling moustaches. It was a picture of the deceased Mr. Winters' brother. Rumor had it that Mrs. Winters had once loved this cavalier-looking man, and had even promised to marry him. Rumor also said that she had married his brother instead through the insistence of her family. Her family had never liked the elder John Winters, whose picture now crowned her fireplace. This elder John was undoubtedly a rover then, even as he had proved to be later, and doubtless would always be.

Whenever any of Mrs. Winters' family came to visit, which was not often, they never failed to remind her of the excellence of their choice. At long intervals the news would somehow percolate through Canaan that the elder John Winters had been heard of in some outlandish part of the world, China or Africa or the South Seas. It seemed almost criminal to the people of Canaan that such a man should be related to Henry, Mrs. Winters' husband, who was such a hard-working respectable

man, content to spend his days in Canaan. Yes, Lucy was to be congratulated on having a good man.

Mrs. Winters never replied when they said these things to her; she would lose herself in some work or other, rattling and bustling about among her pots and pans with added fervor. When they had gone, however, she would go to the front room and have a long silent cry all to herself. A thing which made her heart the more heavy these later years was that her boy was not there. She wanted him to be there that she might lavish upon him the labors of love which her lonely loveless life demanded.

As a little boy, John, her son, had always been afraid of the front room. The silence, the stern faces in their oval frames, always ready, it seemed, to leap out upon him should he do any forbidden thing, the cold marble fireplace reminding him somehow of the village cemetery, and the ponderous Bible lying there in such implacable dignity, combined their forces of silence and gave him a weird indescribable fear.

On Sunday afternoons with the splendid freshness of out-of-doors calling for him, when bees were buzzing among the flowers beneath the window, when swallows were tumbling about through the sunlight, when the swimming hole with the big knotted log across it beckoned as it never did on week-days, it was his duty to spend the time with his mother in this same front room. There, amidst laborious smudgy-fingered spelling of strange foreign-sounding words in the big Bible, his thoughts would wander out beyond the biblical lore which Mrs. Winters strove to induct in quite the same methodical fashion in which she did all other things.

Perhaps it would be the picture of a ground hog sunning himself before his hole on the distant hillside which got all mixed up with stories of the Flood or some other biblical cataclysm. Once he had been punished for asking if any ground hogs "came over in the Ark." And he had had another punishment when he asked if there were any hunting or fishing in heaven. Irreverence was a quality not to be tolerated in John's home, even as many other things met speedy disapproval there.

John never got on well with his father. Perhaps the latter

somehow figured out that the mother of John had never really given him her heart. Their first and only child was named after his roving brother; a matter which always rankled, and which was Lucy's doing. He would have named the lad Henry; Henry had been a family name for generations. It had been his father's name, and his father's father's and on back until one lost count. Sometimes too, even darker thoughts had clouded the silent man's otherwise unthinking life. A year before John's birth, the rover had returned, and spent a careless, workless six months with them.

As the boy grew up beneath the shadow of his father's sufferance, the darkness of it all had crept into his soul until it had forced him into the outer world. For eleven years he had neither been spoken to nor seen by the people of Canaan.

Mrs. Winters returned from the porch with the red tablecloth. Spreading it carefully over the big extension table she walked about smoothing out the tiniest wrinkles, just as she always smoothed them out after the unnumbered meals so methodically prepared and methodically eaten. This done, her feet led her over to the corner, where she drew a little wooden box from beneath another table, placed it carefully before a high shelf, mounted it, and took down a highly polished lamp. This she lit and placed in the precise centre of the red tablecloth.

The plush covering on the little wooden box was quite worn, as was also a rectangular spot in the woven rag carpet in front of the shelf, for it had been used in this same way a great many times. She returned the box to its place, and going to her sewing machine, took out a small workbasket filled with spools of thread, bright yarn and needles. Before beginning to sew she polished her silvered-bowed glasses and read aloud to herself from a soft-covered Bible placed beside the lamp.

" The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want," she read. " Oh, how true that is," she continued aloud. " He has been so good to me. Now if He would only bring back my boy I would trust Him forever."

She sighed deeply and after a pause continued talking aloud:

" Oh, if John would only come back how happy I would be.

I can't believe he's dead, I just can't. Le's see, how long's he been gone? Father's been dead sence nineteen two. That's ten year come this fall, an' John left a year 'fore that. Can it be possible! Oh, how I have missed you—both on you," she added hastily. "But the Lord giveth an' the Lord taketh away. Thank God I'm blessed like I be. But oh, if John would only come back!"

She set aside the sewing which she had begun during her soliloquy and went to the door, where she stood for some time peering into the gathering darkness. Returning to her chair, she began to sew again. Occasionally she made little dabs with her white apron at the tears which kept dropping on her sewing and on her red and wrinkled hands. The mahogany-cased clock ticked steadily.

Suddenly, she heard a sound from the road. Then the gate clicked. It sounded as though some one were coming up the little gravel walk.

"Mercy me, who can that be!" she said, starting up in alarm.

Evening visitors were not frequent with Mrs. Winters. She was too punctual in her retirement, which was always at half past eight.

"Who's that?" she called, as a rap sounded on the screen door.

A voice from the porch answered:

"It's me, ma, John."

"No! It can't be," said Mrs. Winters fearfully.

"Yes, 'tis, ma. Lemme in."

Trembling violently, Mrs. Winters hastened to the door and unhooked it. A broad-shouldered, fair-sized young man entered. He had dark hair and large blue eyes that seemed very alert and to take in a great deal at a glance. His nose was rather sharp, like Mrs. Winters', and he had a chin like hers, pointed and rather weak. He wore a dark suit of some common material, and a navy blue flannel shirt with turn down collar, from which hung a bright blue tie. Mrs. Winters, who had withdrawn a few steps as he entered, rushed to him and threw her arms about his neck.

"Oh! 'tis, it's my boy!" she cried joyously.

"Hullo, ma," replied the visitor, allowing her to kiss him, after which he tried to disengage her arms from about his shoulders.

"Oh, my boy! the Lord has answered my prayers," said Mrs. Winters, dropping to her knees and laying her head on the table. John, who had crossed the room, turned sharply at her words and said apparently to himself:

"Yep, I thought so. Same old dope."

Mrs. Winters rose and stood unsteadily beside the table, a great fondness showing in her eyes.

"Oh, John, where you been all these years? Mother has missed you so. Why, John, you look just like your Uncle John —bless me! if the boy ain't the livin' image of his uncle," she added as if to herself.

"How you have growed, dear," she said, a little note of pride in her voice. "Where have you been, John? Do tell me."

"Oh, knockin' round; China, 'Urope, 'Laska."

"What, you been to all them places? I can't believe it! Oh, John, how could you?"

"How could I what?"

"Go to 'Urope and Chiney?"

"Why, that's easy 'nuff if you knows how," he replied, looking at her amusedly.

"My, my," she replied, awestruck. "My little John has been to Chiney. It don't seem possible. Did you see your Uncle John over there? He was there last we heard tell on him. How you have growed, dear. Are you——" she hesitated as if at loss for a word.

"Are I what?"

"Never mind, dearie," she answered, adding softly, "father's gone, you know. Been dead this ten year."

"Yep, I know," said John, "a guy told me comin' up."

"Well, well—but don't let's talk about that now, dearie. Oh, John, how glad I be to see you again. But bless me, how I be runnin' on. Mebbe the boy ain't had nothin' to eat. Have you had supper, dear?" she questioned, rising from her chair.

"Nope."

"Mercy me, the boy must be half starved," said Mrs. Winters, hastening to the kitchen. A sound of rattling dishes came through the kitchen door. John sat down cautiously on an old horse-hair chair and looked about the room with a curious though bored expression. Finally he rose and warily approaching the door to the front room opened it a little. An exhalation of mingled herbs, damp walls and that lethal mustiness of unused rooms and churches swept out to him. Startled, he drew back and closed the door very quickly. Then he went to the porch and brought in a leather suit case which he placed beside the table. Mrs. Winters bustled in, bringing dishes and food. She stumbled against the suit case and exclaimed:

"Mercy, what was that?"

John, who had turned quickly at the sound, replied:

"Oh, that's my grip. I glommed that off'n a farmer in Buff'lo."

"You what, dear?"

"I bought if off'n a farmer in Buff'lo."

"Oh."

John rose and walked about the room, hands in his pockets, watching his mother, who was opening a jar of fruit. The cover did not loosen readily. He saw her struggling with it, but made no attempt to assist her.

"Things ready, ma?"

"Yes, dearie. Set right down here," she replied, pulling a chair to the table for him. She then sat down and watched him as he began eating hungrily.

"Le's see, how long's the old man been dead?"

"Oh, John, I wish you wouldn' speak so 'bout father like that."

"Hey? Like what?" said John, between mouthfuls.

"Father's been dead ten year. He asked for you right up to the last," she added hurriedly.

"Tell me," he questioned, "did he ever say anythin' to you?"

"'Bout what, dear?" asked Mrs. Winters, beginning to cry.

"Aw, cut out the soft stuff, ma. I mean 'bout things—anythin'?"

" 'Bout what, John? He asked for you as I was say——"

" Oh, never mind," said John.

He stopped eating for a moment. Then, looking furtively across at her, he questioned:

" Whatever become of Kather—I mean that Johnson girl? "

" I wish you wouldn't talk 'bout her," said his mother.

" What d' you mean? "

" I don't want to talk 'bout her. Le's talk 'bout somethin' else."

" But tell me," he continued insistently, "where is she? "

" I don't know. They say she's in a bad house in New York."

" Went to the bad, hey? " said John to himself.

" Yes," said Mrs. Winters, overhearing him. " Ain't it awful what things are comin' to, John? She got to stayin' out late nights, an' carryin' on somethin' awful. Her folks turned her out, an' then got her sent down to a home for girls—what they called it. When she come back they wouldn't nobody hire her. She stayed round a spell with all the men in town runnin' after her, 'ntil it got so bad that the women just threatened to tar 'n feather her, an' then she up an' left. They don't nobody seem to know nothin' 'bout her no more."

Mrs. Winters, who had rattled through her remarks about the Johnson girl in great haste, paused a moment to spit upon the end of a thread before threading a needle. Then she continued: " I always said she would come to no good, what with her carryin' on an' drinkin' so. I hope you've never touched a drop of likker, John. Oh, I know you wouldn't. Your father was such a strict tem'prance man, I know you wouldn't touch likker no mor'n he would, would you, John? "

"No? "

" What say, dear? "

" I said no," John replied without looking up.

"Oh, I'm so glad. The Lord be praised for that. I always knew my boy would grow up into a good honest man. I prayed an' prayed that you wouldn't never touch no likker, John. Oh, I'm so glad you come back, dear."

"Did Kath—I mean that Johnson girl have a baby?" he asked in apparent indifference.

"Oh, John, don't ask your mother such terrible things. I don't know—though they do say they was some strange goin's on 'fore she got sent away. What you been doin' all this time?" she added, hastily striving to turn the conversation into other channels.

"Oh, everythin', mostly people. I wonder what become of the baby?"

"What say, dear? What you been doin'?"

"Everythin', sailorin', soldierin', minin'."

"What! You been a soldier? Oh, John, I would'a been so scared," she said, looking at him as if in fright that very moment.

"Scared? What about?"

"Why to think of you way off there, chargin' them Filly-peenose, an' mebbe gettin' killed."

"They wasn't no chargin'," said John; "at least I never seen none. Soldiers don't never charge no more, they lays down an' shoots from behind somethin'."

Mrs. Winters was silent for a moment. Apparently she did not understand. Then she questioned slowly, in a voice that was almost a whisper: "Did you ever kill any on 'em, John?"

"Naw. I let the rookies do that, I stayed on sick report when they was anythin' doin'."

"What, was you sick, dear? Oh, I'm so sorry. You poor boy, how you must 'a suffered way off there with nobody to take care of you. Dear me."

"I didn't say I was really—— Oh, I pulled through all right, all right," said John complacently.

"You say you don't know where Katherine is? She used to be an awful pretty girl, didn't she?" he went on.

"Yes, I must say she was an awful pretty girl," said Mrs. Winters reluctantly; "too pretty for that kind of a life, I'd say."

"Mebbe that 'counts for it," said John quickly. "Takes pretty ones for to make a livin' at it, I reckon."

"What say? Why, how funny you do talk, John. I was always so glad I didn't let you bring her up here that time,"

said Mrs. Winters, speaking as if unmindful of his ten years' absence.

A flash of anger showed in John's face.

"Think so!" he said sharply; "mebbe things would'a been diff'rent if you had."

"Your father would never 'low it, dear. He said he seen her with that no-count Jacobson that time, an'—besides, what would folks 'a said?"

"But that was when she was goin' out to work for 'em, time their kid was borned," said John stubbornly.

A short silence followed. They were both thinking very hard. Finally, Mrs. Winters said:

"Your father was a awful strict man, John."

"Yes, an' a lot of good it done him too! He chased me away from home, what with his bein' so strict, an' not 'llowin' me to keep company with—— Oh, hell! what's the use!" he added exasperatedly.

Mrs. Winters began to cry.

"Oh, John, don't speak so 'bout the dead. Mebbe he's right here now, where he can hear us."

"What! you still believe that old dope!" exclaimed John, at the same time glancing fearfully about the room.

"Yes, John. The Bible says——"

"Aw, ferget it, ma."

Mrs. Winters did not reply. She rose and went about clearing away the dishes. The rest of the evening most of the talking was done by her. John answered shortly or not at all. She felt that something strange had come over the boy during his absence. It was something beyond her ken. She felt it, but could not have told just what it was. He seemed indifferent to the things she talked about,—things concerned with the comings and goings of life in and about Canaan, the things she was interested in. He had laughed when she told him that Doctor Smithers owned an automobile now, and said with some meaning she could not fathom: "No wonder, the old grafter!"

Yes, the boy was changed. He looked healthy enough too, except there was that about his eyes which she had never known in the plump-cheeked, dreamy-eyed boy who used to come to

her with his bee-stings and injured toes, and sometimes his injured feelings too when his father had rebuffed him with his impenetrable silence. She wondered what the change could be. At last, struggling with a peculiar reticence, she decided she would ask him what she had often wondered about, and what she had been wanting to ask him all the evening.

"Tell me, John, dear," she began hesitatingly, "are you——"

"Are I what, rich?" he asked in return. "Naw, I spends mine soon's ever I gets it. That's what it's made for, ain't it?"

"Oh, no, John, that doesn't matter with mother. We've got 'nough to live on—both on us. No, I mean, have you ever —married?"

"Nope—least not the way you mean."

"What say? Well, I'm glad you ain't," and then she added, looking across at him shyly, "mother knows some awful nice girls down to church what would make her boy an awful good wife."

"Wife!" exclaimed John, startled; "I don't want no wife. I got troubles of my own."

"Oh, yes, you do; they all say that," she replied, smiling to herself.

She followed him to the porch where he was rolling a cigarette. "Where you goin', dear?"

"Oh, just takin' a pike around."

"Why John, you ain't smokin', be you? Your father never used tobacco, dear."

"No?" said John. "They was a lot of things he didn't do, I guess."

Mrs. Winters hastened back to the sitting room, threw up a window, and fanned vigorously at a puff of smoke which had entered.

"Oh dear, ain't it terrible what things are comin' to!" she said.

When John had finished his cigarette he returned to the sitting room, stretched his arms, yawned, and said:

"Time to flop, I guess."

"What say, dear?" his mother questioned.

"Guess I'll pound my ear. Nothin' stirrin' in this burg."

"What say? Oh, you want to go to bed. Course you do. I clean forgot. The boy must be tired out from ridin' them trains. I know time I went down to your Aunt Mary's in Salem I was clean tuckered out. Took us near three hours to get there. Kinder wanted my boy to stay up to-night too, an' tell mother all 'bout things. I got so much to talk 'bout, what with father dyin' an' everythin'."

"What things?"

"Oh, 'bout everythin', Chiney an' 'Urope an' everythin'."

"Oh, they ain't much to tell, they're all the same," said John, yawning again.

"All right, dear. Mother understands her little boy is tired. Here, wait till mother gets you a light, John." As he started to go out through the kitchen door, she added, "No, this way, dear. Mercy me, if the boy ain't forgot the way to his own room!"

For a week Mrs. Winters went about her work filled with a great happiness. Another's presence made a break in the methodical life she had led for so long alone. It manifested itself in a hundred little details about the house, which, had they been occasioned by any other thing than so important an event as her son's return, would have caused her endless worry.

But she was quite content in the mere fact of his return, though he was seldom about the house except at meal times. He spent his days roaming the woods with an old muzzle-loading shot-gun which had been his father's. He never brought anything back from his trips, but Mrs. Winters did not question this. She was too preoccupied in building plans in which he was always the central figure.

She had decided that John needed a wife. She felt that she could be sure of him if once he were married and "settled down." She was even planning to sell a small triangular piece of her farm which jutted into a neighbor's property, and which he had long wanted to buy. She would sell this, she thought, for a good figure. Along with some money she had on deposit at the Canaan National Bank, she would make a first payment on "The Old Allen Place," a short distance down the road. It would make a good home for John; an excellent start toward his set-

tling down, and toward his marriage,—a matter upon which her heart was set.

She was so proud of him. Now, she could hold her head as high as any of Canaan's mothers who had sons they were proud of, and who, she always felt, had looked upon her childlessness with a sort of pity.

Susie Harding, who had been to the Teacher's Training School in Boston, and was counted a "right smart girl" about Canaan, would make a splendid wife for John, she decided. If he didn't "get set" on Susie, there were others; though, to be sure, Susie was the most desirable of them all. It was said that Susie had a bank account of her own which she had earned as a teacher in the county schools.

Mrs. Winters decided she would even "air out" the front room, and "fix things up," so that John could entertain some of the younger people of the village. Her hopes grew with her visionings. She went about her work with a little song upon her lips which she had not sung since her husband's death.

One morning, a week or so after John's return, they sat at a late breakfast. John had not as yet adjusted himself to her early rising, though doubtless he would as soon as he "got rested up." Mrs. Winters sat, her wrinkled hands fumbling nervously with a fork. John had a copy of *The Canaan Weekly Courier,* which he was reading with a bored expression. He paused frequently to fill his mouth with the crisp fried bacon his mother had heaped upon his plate.

"Mother must tell you, dear, 'bout some plans she has been makin'," said Mrs. Winters, with the tone of one imparting a great secret.

He made no reply, but continued eating and drinking.

"I'm a-figurin' on a nice little home for you, John."

"Home!" he exclaimed; "I don't want no home."

Mrs. Winters felt her heart sink at this strange declaration. What had come over the boy?

"Hullo," said John from behind the paper, "somethin' doin' down in Mexico again. That's me!"

"What's that, John?" said his mother, alarmed at the word "Mexico."

" Oroz—Oroz somethin' has took the field with three thousand men. Here's where I beat it."

" What, you don't mean you're goin' away, John? "

" Sure! They ain't nothin' stirrin' in this burg."

Mrs. Winters began to cry.

" Oh, John, how can you? An' here I was buildin' such plans for this winter. Oh dear, what will I do? What'll folks say? "

" Do? " said John, laying down his paper, " I don't get you. What d' you mean? "

" Oh, he don't love me no more. John, how can you go down there to that forren place? Why mebbe he'll get killed! Oh, my God, if you should get killed! Oh, what will I do? " she wailed, clasping her wrinkled hands to her head.

" Aw, ferget it, ma."

" I can't ferget it. You're all I got, John."

" Aw, stop your cryin', will you," said John, pushing back his chair impatiently. He got up and went to the porch and smoked a cigarette, after which he returned to the table. Mrs. Winters rocked back and forth in her chair, crying, though silently.

" John, dear, you ain't really goin', be you? How can you? Say you're just tryin' to fool your old mother, dear."

" Sure I'm goin'."

" Oh dear, an' here they ain't nothin' done yet a'tall. Why you ain't even met Susie yet, John."

" Don't matter," said John, " they's lots of Susies."

" Why I was even goin' to sell off——"

She stopped, confronted by so impossible a contingency that she was bereft of speech.

" Ma, you don't understand. Why I gotta go—just gotta."

Mrs. Winters rose, and going to the back of his chair put her arms about his neck.

"No you ain't, dearie. I got 'nough for both on us. We two can get 'long just fine on what I—we got. Oh, say you ain't goin', dear."

" You don't savvy, ma. You see it's this a-way," he said with painful earnestness; " the way I figger it out they's only two

kinds of people in this here world, them what stays to home, an' them what has to keep on goin.' I'm the kind what has to keep on goin.' Why I just gotta go," he repeated, talking more to himself than to her.

"Why have you, John?"

"Oh, I dunno. I just feel thataway."

"Why you ain't been no place yet, John. I was goin' to take you down to your Uncle Jim's an' to Mary's an' to lots of places. Mary's folks got a fine place, John."

"Aw, I don't want to look at their old places. I been lookin' at nothin' but farms outta side-door Pullmans, comin' all the way from 'Frisco."

"An then, mebbe you'll get sick down there 'mongst all them for'ners, an' I wouldn't know nothin' 'bout it. Don't go, John."

"Gotta, ma."

Mrs. Winters returned to her seat. She sat a long time, unmindful of the scorched milk on the kitchen range. Finally she questioned:

"What'll you be down there, you won't be no soldier, will you?"

"Not me. Oh! I'll just stick around 'n case everythin' ain't fastened. Lots of junk runnin' round loose in them there revolutions sometimes. Time I was down in Venzyweela we like to gotta 'way with——"

"You ain't told me nothin' 'bout your travellin' yet, neither," she interrupted. "Why you ain't been here hardly more'n a week, John."

"That's a week too long."

"How can you?"

"How can I what?"

"Talk like that. Why you was borned and raised here, John, just like your father an' I was. Oh, what has come over the boy sence he growed up?"

"I'll beat it over to York an' see if they's anythin' shippin' to Galveston. If they hain't, why mebbe I'll stop off an' see you if I come back this a-way to Buff'lo."

"But ain't this place all right, dear?"

"Naw. It's just the same as when I went away, same people,

same houses, eydees, same everythin'. I gotta have a change in mine. An' Kath——"

"But I thought you said places was all alike everywhere, John?"

"Did I?" said John nonplussed. "Well, I didn't mean it thataway. Guess they is some diff'rence when you come to think 'bout it."

Mrs. Winters continued to cry. Pictures of terrible things swarmed through her mind. She felt very old, very helpless, and very much alone. She had always mastered most of the things which had come into her life, but this she felt was beyond her control. It was too unaccountable, too unexpected.

"Oh, I shan't never see you no more, John," she said in a voice choked with tears.

"Aw, sure you will. I'll come back, soon's things get quiet down below."

"Just as sure's I live, somethin' tells me I shan't never see you no more."

"Aw, shucks, ma, ferget it."

"No, I know I ain't goin' to see you again—never," she added with a sigh. "What makes you go, John?"

"I dunno. I feel somethin' inside me tellin' me to go, ma, that's all."

He went to the door, where he stood for a long time, looking out across the hills of Canaan to where the outer world called to him. Somehow, there was so much out there, so very, very much, and it beckoned him in a panorama of movement and excitement and chance. He turned and looked at his mother, a strange quizzical expression in his glance, a note in his voice as though profoundly stirred, as he said half to himself:

"She don't understand me. I don't believe wimmin understands men nohow."

Mrs. Winters laid her head on the table, moving her hands about the grotesque patterns of the big red table cloth on which her tears were falling as they trickled off her red and wrinkled fingers.

"I don't believe he understands me," she said. "I don't believe men understands wimmin anyhow."

THE POTTERY OF MUMMIES

MILLICENT TODD

NEARLY everybody makes collections in Lima. In the ancient house of a marquis with its court fountain, bougainvillea, and tall Norfolk Island pine, were benches of ebony with lower rounds worn into hollows by the feet of nuns; embroidered muslin stoles; queer manuscripts; tortoise-shell combs tall enough to be filled in with flowers; silver porringers; and a point lace parasol with a carved ivory handle—all relics of vice-regal days.

One room was musty as seventeen mummies could make it. Fifteen *soles,* they told us, was the price of a mummy. There were ancient inlaid chests filled with cases of butterflies from beyond the mountains, huge snake-skins, overgrown orioles' nests, necklaces of mummies' teeth, and carved cases of *huacos* dug from Yunca grave-mounds—the pottery of mummies. Partly filled with water and rocked back and forth, the quaint things gave forth the same little half-whistle, half-sigh which notified their owners a thousand years ago that the precious water was being stolen. A soft bubbling, somewhere within the clay form, was supposed to imitate the voice of the animal painted on the outside. The liquids were meant to refresh a thirsty mummy on his death journey. He still holds his aching head. But the varnished lips were never parted, and the gurgling liquid of smoky flavor has never been sipped.

These jars were the ephemeral tablets on which a whole people chose to leave records of itself. The work of their hands can be held in ours. We can look into the staring Indian faces or upon the weird animals which pleased them, shining under a glaze which is the forgotten accomplishment of those remote tribes.

There are finely drawn portraits of the dead man's friends whom he may have wished as fellow pilgrims, heads of men and women singing or smiling, some distorted with pain: the human face twisted to the same lines then as now.

Wonderful fish glide among aquatic plants, the fox enam-

ored of the moon languishes along her thin crescent. "The sneaking cat, the sleepy pelican, the supercilious, impudent parrot," in softest yellow, white, red-brown or black, glance all the iris shades under a purple glaze.

It was not enough to paint the manners and customs of the people, the fauna and flora of their country; they chose also to represent what they thought and believed as well as the adjustment of their sandals. We can peer into their monstrous, often loathsome, mythology and into their intangible land of fancy. Cats fight with griffins. A lizard with the face of an owl wears a jacket and bracelets. A chieftain in full regalia has a girdle ending in a fringe of almond-eyed, many-footed scorpions, each with a different number of feet. With snakes' heads as earrings, a warrior with canine teeth smaller than the snail with forked tongue beside him is fishing for an octopus with a snake-line, whose head as bait has caught a man. Crab-hands grasp from ears at a fleeing figure with a snake-like body, numerous feet intermingled with a human leg, two arms with nippers and a fantastic head with waving antennæ. A cactus forms the background.

The sun looks forth from the heart of a star-fish. A fanciful eye, all alone, with unknown appendages and impossible proboscis, glitters under its dark, lustrous sheen. A ghastly face with wings presides at a dance of stags. And here is a vessel completely covered by a pair of elaborated nippers! In it are placed some passion flowers, a whirl of purple and black.

Every uncanny suggestion in an animal is worked out to complete development. We may do the Yuncas the honor to call it allegorical. It recalls the Mexican legend that "the present order of things will be swept away, perhaps by hideous beings with the faces of serpents, who walk with one foot, whose heads are in their breasts, whose huge hands serve as sunshades, and who can fold themselves in their immense ears."

It is primarily this portrait pottery which proves the great antiquity of races in Peru. And the deeper one digs the finer the designs.

Sitting on the ebony bench with the skin of a jaguar across its back, we ate *dulces* made of eggs, and drank tea out of an-

cient porcelain against a background of embroidered Spanish shawls. A yellow bird, a *cheireoque,* who knows everything, sat upon a perch, but did not sing.

IN THE MATERNITY WARD

FLORENCE EARLE COATES

IS this the place? So still!—as with the hush
That follows storm.
Each on her narrow bed, they quiet lie—
They who, so young, have been so near to die—
Seeming of life but effigy and form.

How fair these girlish faces with closed eyes!
Passion and strife
Seem far from them; are these beyond their reach?
Nay, see!—high-cradled at the foot of each,
A tender new-born miracle of life.

On slippered feet the nurses to and fro
Move noiselessly.
A feeble cry!—a sigh half breathed in sleep!
But who is this that vigil here doth keep—
What presence of august benignity?

O strangely moving vision! I behold
The Mighty Mother!—
She who, wandering friendless and forlorn,
Sought far and near the child herself had borne,
Finding nor help nor comfort in another.

Over the weakness here so proven strength,
She, heavenly,
Bends down; and, lo! the room becomes a shrine
And hallowed altar for a love divine,—
Pure as her love for lost Persephone!

THE BOHEMIAN CLUB GROVE PLAY

HERBERT E. CORY

IT is pleasant to fancy how the mighty men of Elizabeth's day, who found the life of deeds and the life of dreams by no means incompatible, would have gazed down the long avenue of the future at the life of that New World which so fired the imaginations of their explorers and poets. What if they could have seen the great, gaunt buildings rise and could have heard the thunder of commerce? And what if they could have dreamed of a band of toilers in the farthest West of this western World turning from " snorting steam and piston stroke " to seek purification and peace for a time in a consecrated forest? What if they could have seen this band of toilers making spectacles as gorgeous as those with which they themselves had bespelled queen and court? What if they could have seen the toilers watching Care, whose lives are innumerable, slain yearly in the magic twilights of a forest theatre and watching through the baleful glow of his funeral pyre, the straight, proud redwoods pierce the sky? Would their lips have curled at an implication, so characteristic of our age, that poetry is an escape from life? Would they with an energy akin to Walt Whitman's have bidden men flout Care, turn back, find their poetry in the tumultuous streets of their city and in a faith in the spirit of the age? Such might have been their hasty judgment.

But if they could have known the real temper of these men of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco they would never have branded them with Alexandrianism. For so sturdy is this faith of Bohemia that in 1906, when the wrath of earthquake and fire had driven many of the Bohemians far from the black ruins of their city club-house, an undaunted remnant sought the forest to rear high the funeral pyre for the grim corpse of Care. These men had seen Care, visioned as a ghastly skeleton who threatened the Indian inhabitants of the woods, vanish before the calm gaze of a white hero.* And though they had seen Care return

* *The Man in the Forest, A Legend of the Tribe.* By Charles K. Field. Music by Joseph D. Redding.

as Meledon, yet Apollo, even through the grace of the "pale Galilean," had felled the monster with an arrow from his golden bow.* With all this, now at last Care had come in no bugbear stage habiliments, had devastated their city, and had slain many of their brothers. Truly these Bohemians were cursed by no world-weary spirit when they went reverently as before to their forest. They might have said within their hearts, "We cannot lay the apparition of Care." But they went in procession, singing, to bear the corpse to the pyre as of old.†

To write in praise of such men (whether they be men of genius or not), will hardly incur the laughter aroused by the unfortunate enthusiast who prepared a huge tome on the poets and poetry of Buffalo. The grove-spirit alone, apart from the quality of its expression in art, cannot be lightly passed by as a matter of merely local import. From entertainments in the city club-house and from simple forest-festivals here has grown a most elaborate music-drama and ritual. To the conservative and imaginative New Englander the term "High Jinks" might well connote a forest orgy in which men with lowering sombreros and fierce mustachios reel about "shooting up" God's first temples. As a matter of fact, in August, the Bohemians ride quietly enough up the coast in a wheezy little train past tumbled brown hills and great green webs of vineyards till they reach the Russian River, where they plunge into the sudden shelter of the redwood forest which they bought for their annual rites. Here they camp for some days and make the wood merry with song until on Saturday night they sit down before their wonderful forest theatre to see Care slain. Let me quote from Porter Garnett's setting for *The Green Knight,* which is but a description of the theatre.

"It is just before moonrise. The place is at the foot of a wooded hillside in a forest of gigantic trees. In the foreground there is an open space or glade, around which the trees rise to a great height. Their branches, bearing heavy foliage, extend to

* *The Hamadryads, A Masque of Apollo.* By Will Irwin. Music by W. J. McCoy.

† *The Owl and Care, A Spectacle.* By Charles K. Field. Music by Humphrey J. Stuart.

a height as great again and are lost in the blackness of the night sky. The nearest trees frame the view of the glade and hillside. The latter is shrouded in impenetrable darkness. As the moon rises it may be seen that the slope at the back of the glade is an open space more or less irregularly inclosed by trees. It terminates well up the ascent at a group of three trees. Beyond, a dense growth of foliage shuts off from view the upper part of the hill. Below this point the terraces of the path are covered with ferns and vines, through which a winding path, wholly concealed by the luxuriant foliage, crosses and recrosses the hillside at different levels. It reaches the floor of the glade at the back and on the left, from which point it ranges upward and into the wood on that side."

Nothing daunts the imagination of the Bohemians. They have conjured back the cave-men from the days when the plesiosaur "linked with the giant bat in ghastly war" and the sabre-toothed tiger went ravening down to his death in those dread tar pools as awful as the grim flood flanked by wolf-crags where Beowulf found Grendel's witch-mother.* The possibilities of this unique theatre, with its natural proscenium of giant redwoods and its almost vertical rear-stage, stimulated Professor H. Morse Stephens to turn his lore to the making of a drama in the climax of which Saint Patrick awed the Irish kings and druids by conjuring up a great white cross, miraculous, in the black depths of night. At another time the armor of thronging vikings flashed in the glade. Their fierce songs of drink and war rang like steel until they were silenced by malevolent Loki, barbaric, red, with a huge serpent around his neck. The hillside glared with vivid fire at the twilight of the gods. Down the hillside crawled a fire-breathing dragon. But Baldur, the Christ of the Norsemen, appeared on a crag shining, benignant. By his silver spears the dragon was slain.†

The forest motive was made happily emphatic by George Sterling who, in his *Triumph of Bohemia,* made allegorical legend of the history of the club's grove. We behold the tree-

* *The Cave Man.* By Charles K. Field. Music by W. J. McCoy.

† *The Sons of Baldur, A Forest Music-Drama.* By Herman Scheffauer. Music by Arthur Weiss.

spirits in concourse. Abruptly the fierce Wind-Spirits enter with dire threats.

SPIRIT OF THE WEST-WIND

"My cloudy walls look down upon the sea,
And mine unresting children walk her tides.
I am the West-Wind. I shall leap the wall
The mountains rear, and smite you on the flank.
I, lord of all the sea, shall rend your limbs
Even as I strike to foam the howling wave."

SPIRIT OF THE EAST-WIND

"Behold me! I am Master of the East!
The white Sierras are my granite throne—
The pathless desert is my resting place.
The world is but my harp, and from its chords
I lift a dolorous music to the sky.
I, pitiless, shall tread you down, O Trees!"

But the tree-spirits stand firm and the North-Wind crowns his threats by the summons of Fire.

"At the highest point on the hillside, which has hitherto been shrouded in darkness, the Spirit of Fire appears in a burst of flame; . . . a jet of flames is seen to issue from his helmet; and the next instant he is bounding down the hillside. In his hand he carries a torch in the form of a scourge from which intermittent flames fly upward. Flames issue from his helmet again and again and leap from the earth along his path. . . . His costume is a mingling of orange and red tongues of flame, a gorget and short corslet of golden scale armor, golden sandals, and a helmet-like crown of polished metal fashioned in spicated rays resembling flames." *

Darkness falls and the elemental Forces wage terrible war. But gradually the moonlight brightens all and at the same time there sounds forth the victory chorus of the tree-spirits.

They know not, however, of enemies more sinister who are now approaching. Enter a band of uncouth woodmen armed with keen axes for irresistible deadly work. They are goaded

* *The Bohemian Jinks. A Treatise.* By Porter Garnett.

on by Mammon, who strikes the ground with his mace, opening a cave which reveals an alluring recess flooded with golden light whence come four gnomes bearing heavy bags. But the demon is confronted by a radiant champion, the Spirit of Bohemia, before whom the wavering foresters presently kneel. Furiously Mammon rushes down the hillside to death. Bohemia and his reverent followers mount the lower hillside and gather about the body while the gracious spirit gives his final injunctions.

> "See, betraying Death
> Hath changed that visage, and proclaimed to all
> That where high Mammon stood and shook his mace,
> There, masked in undisclosing gold, stood Care!
> But come, O friends, and hale his body hence.
> Thou, Fire, shalt have thine utmost will of him,
> Till ye, O Winds, make merry with his dust."

The idea of making a play in perfect harmony with the sequoias of Bohemia has been carried to a climax by Mr. Porter Garnett, the literary editor of *The San Francisco Call.* He is at once the most radical and the most conservative of the club's members. He is most reverently conservative in his devotion to the forest and to the purely ritualistic aspect of the grove-play which seems to have arisen and assumed formal proportions almost unconsciously. Now many of the Bohemians are tempted to essay drama that will be free from this restricting form. To be sure many of the supreme poets of the world have elected to cast their new thoughts in the exacting moulds of conventional forms. But granted that the restrictions of the form are not objectionable there are still other reasons, think many Bohemians, to justify them in relinquishing the old ideal. Why kill Care with pompous mummery on Saturday night only to go back on Monday to the hounding discord of the mart and find the monster leering at you with bloodshot eyes? Moreover why not abandon ritualistic plays for the grove alone in favor of drama with more popular elements that can be taken out of the grove to the crowded theatres of vast cities? But let us consider carefully this ritualistic conception lest we pass too lightly beyond it. I have said that it grew unconsciously, by a kind of inspiration. With the midsummer "jinks" of 1881,

when the holiday entertainment was as simple as a picnic, came the first ceremony of the Cremation of Care, a mere excuse for red fire. And from this grew *The Triumph of Bohemia* and *The Green Knight*. Here in commercial America has grown up a blithe ritual that has something of the earnestness and joy that gave perfection to Greek thought and kept it both from the desolate frowning crags of asceticism and the hectic roses and raptures of Venusberg. Suppose, now, a historian of twentieth century American literature pondering over the bewildering currents of our age of literary anarchy. He would see an age with a hundred jarring sects, the counterpart of the last decades of the seventeenth century in England when there were schools of belated Elizabethan romanticists, of decadent Marinists, of French classicists; when the supreme poet of the age (since Milton stood bitterly apart from it) was Dryden, a man of chameleonlike if sincere faiths and recantations, political, literary, religious. Suppose this sage historian should be suddenly startled by his discovery of the forest plays of Bohemia and their ritual with its joyousness so much more Greek than the melancholy neo-paganism that so often calls itself Greek nowadays. It would not matter if Bohemia had produced no poet comparable with the dreamer Yeats or the decadent Dowson. Would it not startle our commentator into delighted eloquence?

With his devotion to the ritual of the grove uppermost in his mind Mr. Garnett has endeavored to create the "'Other World of Dreams' peopled with beings of fancy whose existence is of the present as is the existence of the unsubstantial creatures that visit us in sleep." We can easily feel the inspiration of the ritual that Mr. Garnett would preserve. But it is open to question whether he is justified in formulating certain other rules as binding which he considers to have been sanctified by the development of the grove-play.

"The setting should have no relation to geography. With the opportunity that the writers of grove plays have to get away from the artificial conditions of the playhouse it seems unwise for them to demand an adjustment that is not only psychologically impossible but unnecessary. For this reason I maintain that the scene of a grove play should be as it has been in most of

them, simply 'a forest.' . . . For similar reasons, the time should be indeterminate."

In consequence Mr. Garnett has made his setting the Bohemian Club Grove in the twentieth century. Through the wizardry of a charming prologue he would transport us to the "Other-World of Dreams." Nothing could be more alluring and successful. But when we arrive in the dim Other-World we are confronted by knights in full armor, by people who make Latin prayers, and by a champion who hints that he is of those who guard the Holy Grail. In the language of prose we are asked to imagine ourselves asleep and dreaming of an action that occurs some time in the age of chivalry. So insinuating, so unique is the influence of the grove-theatre upon its audience that such a method carries conviction with it. Yet after all Mr. Garnett has only succeeded in asking his audience to make what is perhaps a somewhat less exacting use of their dramatic credulity than the author of *Saint Patrick at Tara* demanded, and he has rejected that more potent means of dramatic appeal that arises from the association of an action with a great and actual event from the splendid pages of history or from legends perfected by the subtle hands of the centuries and by the cumulative treatment of many poets. From such shapings came the Homeric poems that were as real to the Greeks as scripture and the Arthurian saga that fired the political ambitions and independence of the new and cosmopolitan English races who sought grounds for union and common national pride after the Conquest. What Mr. Garnett has considered to be the necessities of his stage has induced him to adopt for this particular purpose that ultra-romantic worship of illusion for illusion's sake which is a vain attempt to cure the scepticism of modernity with another sublimated form of scepticism. This misguided worship of illusion is peculiar to modern romanticism; it has widened, since the beginning of the nineteenth century, an unnecessary chasm between the artist and the public; and it comes from the misinterpretation of a certain aspect of mediæval romance which came largely from the Celts and which received its most popular and most perfect treatment in the Arthurian saga. But the Celt did not torture himself by talking of illusions. For the Celt

Arthur's journey to Avalon was not illusion but conviction. We have the testimony of certain monks of Laon who made an expedition to Cornwall in 1113 that a Cornish cripple was ready to fight in a holy sanctuary for his belief that Arthur still lived. Of such quality, though tinged with the note of the tragic, is Oisin's superb defiance of the doctrines of Saint Patrick. And the greatest treatments of the Arthurian story, from Nennius to Richard Hovey, have been those that have come the nearest to restating in terms of conviction the simple faith of that old fire-eating Cornishman. It is the militant distrust of the public by the poets far more than the caprice of the public itself which is responsible for the situation in latter-day poetry which Mr. Garnett himself symbolizes in his character of the Green Knight as "the ultimate loneliness of the artist."

Yet, after the last shaft of adverse criticism has been launched, Mr. Garnett's censor must see the lure in his method. We sit down in darkness before the hillside and gaze at the stately dark cohorts of sequoias. The silence endures; the suspense is a new kind of insinuating suspense that does not excite but lull. Faintly from the darkness comes the arpeggio of a harp that does not startle but lures our minds dreamily into the mysterious glade beyond. A dim light appears between two trees and grows slowly into a golden glow. From the thicket between the two trees there steps forth Neotios, a naked young god, sweeping his harp dreamily. Wonderingly he speaks, invokes the forest, and lures us to slumber with his gentle words and music. Slowly he leaves the glade and the rippling chords of his cithara form the introduction to the prelude which begins with an interpretation of the mysteries of the forest and the night. Certain motives, especially those of the Green Knight and the Black Knight, foreshadow episodes of the vision.

The adroitness with which the music is here used to heighten the visionary mood of the spectator is only one of the many examples of the delicacy with which poetic and musical values have been adjusted in *The Green Knight.* Herein Mr. Garnett is the most radical of Bohemians. Aria, recitative, and chorus, the passionate declamation of Wagner and the subtler musical dialogue of Debussy have been alike rejected for a new and most

striking adjustment of poetry and music. The voice may speak alone (it never sings), or it may speak accompanied by the orchestra, or the orchestra may carry on the action without words. For this delicate adjustment of music and poetry Mr. Garnett has been singularly fortunate in his musician, Mr. Edward G. Stricklen.

In the first episode of the play proper music and poetry combine in an exquisite and an absolutely new kind of unison. As the prelude closes a new motive enters and the lithe figure of the Elf-King approaches as his motive is developed until the rays of the rising moon fall upon him.

"Over a green hose he wears a short, close-fitting tunic of overlapping green leaves, touched with red and gold. His high sandals are of gold; he wears a head-dress of gold and jewels, fashioned in the form of an owl. He carries a golden wand tipped with jewels."

The Elf-King apostrophizes the night:

"At last
Thy shadowy cloak is cast
Upon the woodland's floor.
What mysteries outpour
From forest chambers vast,
From agèd trees and hoar,
Proud heritors of lore,
Rich coffers of the past!
What golden music sifts
Among the boughs, and lifts
Its melody on high
Where like a flower drifts
The moon across the sky!"

Those delicate spoken words are arranged in such a rhythmical pattern that they fall in exact unison with the notes of the accompanying music. With a kind of subdued ecstasy the Elf-King summons the graceful moonbeams who now appear high on the path. As the moonbeams descend and sink momentarily to the ground with their filmy draperies around them, a beautiful and persistent motive in the orchestra changes in rhythm to a slow, swaying dance and mounts upward in a series of curious exquisite modulations. The moonbeams rise and glide about,

moving rhythmically their flowing draperies. Now from the hillside the Elf-King summons goblins and elves and with a crackling of twigs a host of parti-colored, tiny creatures pour from their hiding-places in the shrubbery and scamper down the hill to the glade where they dance in gay confusion.

But during these innocent happy rites the Care theme enters under the sprightly dance melody, low, sinister, and suddenly leaps up the scale in a fierce abrupt rhythm. The forest folk disappear stealthily as the Black Knight appears on the lower hillside dragging a boy prince after him to the middle of the glade, where he hurls him violently to the ground. The speech of the Elf-King is, as we have seen, in dainty trimeters. The Black Knight speaks appropriately in solemn pentameter verse. In the employment of different metres to assist definitely and consistently in the delineation of character, as " a kind of poetic leit-motif," Mr. Garnett carries to a happy precision that variation of rhythms in lyrical drama which has been familiar to European readers from the days of Æschylus to those of Swinburne.

To heighten the prince's misery Care summons his henchman, Madalor, a hideous, misshapen dwarf, to herd in his wretched prisoners. Madalor hears and shambles off, growling forth his relish of the business in foul language. With his return, followed by the captives, we behold a most impressive scene. The orchestra heralds their approach with a sinister stalking theme derived from the Care motive. As Madalor shouts with brutal exultation, the first of the captives straggle in. Slowly they come, in dejected small groups or singly, walking with bowed heads. As they slowly fill the glade, the music parallels the effect with a gradual crescendo which reaches a ferocious and truly appalling climax. Vainly, in agony, the prince tries to light the fire of remembrance in the dull eyes of many old comrades. Finally he succeeds with aged Archolon who enters last. The Black Knight gloats over their common grief, not yet crushed to lifeless despair, and redoubles his threats. He leaves the glade followed shortly by Madalor, who drives off the captives with the human thigh-bone which he wields and turns to enforce his master's words with his own grovelling ribaldry.

The prince flings himself on the ground. A harp plays a series of arpeggios that merges into a melody which expresses musically the despair of the prince. After the music has been thus heard for some time, the Elf-King enters with elves and goblins. The brisk dance begins once more and the Elf-King comforts the prince. While he speaks sounds of approaching steps are suggested by the subdued resonance of the *tympani* in an almost hesitant rhythm. The forest folk disappear drawing the prince into the shrubbery. Mystical strains sketch vaguely the theme of the deliverer. Gradually this music shapes itself definitely into the most brilliant and individual creation of Mr. Stricklen, the Green Knight motive, a heroic dazzling phrase. There follows a scene that to one weary of the tinsel of the modern theatre brings a rare exaltation with its perfect, unassuming splendor. High on the topmost path of the wooded hillside appears the mounted figure of the Green Knight in full armor. As he rides slowly down the hillside it becomes apparent that his visor is lowered but that his shield bears the device of a redwood tree, and as he approaches glittering on the winding path the orchestra sounds his motive over and over again exultantly in a royal, polonaise-like rhythm.

The Black Knight enters mounted and hurls savage defiance. Together they ride forth to deadly conflict. The prince ventures forth and Archolon and the captives reappear from the other side. As the clash of combat rises they kneel in fervent prayer. Their supplications are expressed in simple prose invocations and by the orchestra in an austere chorale which varies antiphonally with the wild, barbarous phrases of the Conflict music. Through it all now thunders the motive of Care, now rings forth the bright trumpet tones of the Green Knight phrase. The new methods of the music-drama are here most happily apparent in the deliberate rejection of a singing chorus and their artistic fitness is triumphantly proved by the simple, dignified realism of the scene.

The Green Knight rides in victorious with the swart head of Care. In the distance a horn sounds and is heard again and again, nearer and nearer. While Archolon addresses grateful words to the silent champion, the prince recognizes the horns of

his father's company and sends some of the liberated captives with torches to meet him. At last the Green Knight makes as though to break his long silence. With an august gesture he raises his visor, and miraculous light floods his countenance. The horn calls become a fanfare which merges in a stirring march. Over the crest of the hill come the mounted knights of the king in flashing armor. The king turns to give the bright stranger courtly thanks. Courteously the Green Knight makes answer. The poet has happily chosen as the champion's distinguishing form of utterance a long, swinging, trochaic measure, the unusual cadences of which enhance the stateliness of the mysterious stranger. As the company departs the knight bequeathes his sword to the prince. He remains alone while the area of moonlight is gradually reduced—as if clouds were passing across the face of the moon—until only the lower hillside where he stands is illumined. The Green Knight keeps silence for a time; then he speaks solemnly the old but forever impressive praise of the benignant divinity of Beauty. The trochaic line given him in his other speeches is here slightly varied to the rarely used, beautiful hendecasyllabic to lend distinction to the last, hymn-like utterance. Meanwhile the music begins the announcement of the theme of Beauty, a serene and clear phrase, severely simple, in C-major. Solemnly the stranger invokes Jesu, Son of God. Then as a glorious light bursts forth above the hillside, the knight ascends the slope, pausing many times with gestures of exalted adoration. His ascent is accompanied by music which closes with the culminating expression of the theme of Beauty.

The close is interesting not only for its beauty but for its exemplification of the peculiar technique of the forest theatre. Its perfect artistry reveals the fallacy of applying here the ordinary technique of the modern city stage. And after all a real artist generally makes his own rules, as Mr. Arthur Symons has pointed out in his delightful *On Crossing Stage to Right.* A striking tableau would be obviously as inappropriate in this curtainless theatre as on the old Elizabethan stage which extended into the pit. In the slow ascent of the Green Knight Mr. Garnett has at once shown his excellent appreciation of the

exigencies of his unique stage and he has expressed with singular charm his winning if fallacious conception of the "ultimate loneliness of the artist."

To conceive his drama, as Mr. Garnett has done, with so much conservatism closely allied with so much radicalism is to invite misapprehension and much adverse criticism. But Mr. Garnett has had the courage and the sincerity to face the issue. I have already quarrelled with Mr. Garnett's conception of "the ultimate loneliness of the artist." Let me close with what will seem inconsistent to the casual reader only—an avowal of admiration for the consistency, courage, and absolute sincerity which has shown his comrades the true path which their beautiful ritual should follow.

THE POET OF THE SLUMS

FRANK E. HILL

I

The thousands billow past him as he stands
In rags not even purple; eyes alight
On some far patch of heaven, his idle hands
Fumbling before him; Greek and Pole and Jew
Are mildly merry at the curious sight
Of one that will not hurry, hurry on
When the swift day leaps upward from the dawn
And there is much to do.

II

And yet no less than they he has a task,
For in the east where tenuous globes of steam
And daybreak blend, he sees the hateful mask
That hides the inner beauty of the world
Fall, and the lights and shadows of a dream
Move thro' the sky! The scoffers cannot see;
For him the essence of eternity
And wonder lies unfurled.

JAMES STEPHENS AND THE POETRY OF THE DAY

ROBERT SHAFER

IT is now many years since Mr. George Moore first told us that he was so remarkable in spite of his being an Irishman, and by no means on account of it. At the time we all believed him, believed that in this case he was no less the conscientious narrator of the truth than in that of poor, unlovable Esther Waters. But even Mr. Moore cannot be infallible. Times will change, and with them our opinions also; and nowadays the terrible fact is being borne in upon us that all good Celts are remarkable. From the Aran Isles to sophisticated Dublin they are all prodigies, and there are hosts of them who are daily engaged in doing little but the proving of this fact. As I ponder over the startling change, almost literally dozens of names come to mind in confirmation of my thought, names famous for the achievements in literature that they denote, names known, as one says, wherever the English language is spoken.

How proper, then, and how natural it is that at least one of these Celts should be among that little group of four men who, though probably not the best known, certainly seem to be about the most significant figures in present day English literature. This distinction I would claim, with sufficient reason as I hope to show, for Mr. James Stephens, a young man who is, I believe, so prosaic a thing as a solicitor's clerk in a Dublin office.

It was about a month after the death of Swinburne, that is, in May, 1909, that a very small volume of strange verse appeared in Dublin—*Insurrections,* by Mr. James Stephens—and this book made several of my friends and myself feel that here were the beginnings of a fresh and novel movement in English poetry. We might have " discovered " the signs of this movement somewhat earlier, it is true, if we had chanced to see any of the slender volumes of Mr. William H. Davies, that man who, with the sanction of *The English Review,* once upon a time " grunted to feel its charm." For his work is instinct to a certain degree with the same fundamental qualities which make so significant the poetry of Mr. John Masefield, Mr. Wilfrid Wil-

son Gibson, and Mr. Stephens. But it seems to me that it was peculiarly appropriate that we should have made our " discovery " just when we did.

At this time the hearts of all the critics were overburdened with grief. This was praiseworthy in them, of course, though a few of us may have felt some relief at knowing that the last of the great Victorian poets was dead. The most of us, however, had a sense of personal loss, as it were. To know, after a century packed almost too full of great poets, that there was no longer a single one alive gave us a feeling of insecurity. We were sure that something serious must have gone wrong with the world, that we should be left without a single great poet to receive our insults, and our abuse, and our lack of patronage. It was this feeling rather than one of real sorrow that seemed dominant in the breasts of the reviewers and the critics. Some even went so far as to say that the age of great poetry had passed, that since it was no longer being written it never would be, and that in the future we would find more adequate means of expression in vector analyses, ugly iron bridges, model roads, and other wildly impossible things. All this was creditable enough, and it succeeded in filling a certain amount of space which had to be filled in some periodicals. Besides this, it was even interesting at times, for it spoke eloquently for that superficiality of mind which has become notorious in the critical profession.

Superficiality of mind, I said. It is a distasteful expression to have to use, but surely anyone who is acquainted at all with the nature of life and of poetry must realize that the culmination of the one will never be reached until that of the other is also. And besides this there has been all the while the growing evidence of a new development in the progress of English poetry right under the noses, so to speak, of these gentlemen, without their so much as perceiving it.

The verse in *Insurrections* varies in quality, as the earliest work of most young men does, and it contains echoes, more or less unmistakable, of Mr. Stephens' reading. His second volume of verse, *The Hill of Vision,* published early in 1912, shows every sign of progress toward more complete mastery, and

toward characteristic and individualized expression, though unevenness, as is perhaps to be expected, has by no means been entirely obviated. The most evident quality of this poetry is its artlessness—I use the word in its primary significance;—it is literally uncouth at times, and it is as far removed as possible from that polish and finish, that mastery of technique, which was so characteristic of the poetry of the nineties. Academics who are able to see nothing in verse beyond the quality of its technique and the "influences" which are to be ferreted out in it have been rather contemptuous of this new work. Of course it does have most of the defects they claim for it, if in the final sense of the word they are defects; but assuredly even we, who are sometimes so bold as to distrust academic judgments, would not be finding our youngest poets worthy of praise if we did not perceive in them a new *spirit* which transcends all questions of mere form.

Along with the artlessness of Mr. Stephens' poetry, however, there goes a great love of crudeness, of broad colors thickly laid on, of unlovely words and startling comparisons, a love of elemental things and of more primitive people. At first sight it appears to be a return to earlier, more elemental conditions; but the better we comprehend it the more clearly we see that this it is not, that it is rather one of the manifestations of a new spirit which is animating all European life and thought. We see the same thing in the work of Mr. Davies, Mr. Masefield, and Mr. Gibson. We see the same thing in some contemporary French poetry. We see it too in the productions of our post-impressionist and "futurist" painters. Fundamentally it all points in two directions, and above all it points forward—it is a repudiation of that false development which leads to the merely "precious" in art and literature and manners, and at the same time it is the first real poetry of socialism, it is instinct through and through with a feeling for humanity in the whole. Before going on to speak of the peculiarly personal qualities of Mr. Stephens' verse, let me quote a few lines from *Insurrections* which show well enough—as well, that is, as can be done in such a limited space—the characteristics we have just been glancing at:

"My enemy came nigh,
And I
Stared fiercely in his face.
My lips went writhing back into a grimace,
And stern I watched him with a narrow eye.
Then, as I turned away, my enemy,
That bitter heart and savage, said to me:
'Some day, when this is past,
When all the arrows that we have are cast,
We may ask one another why we hate,
And fail to find a story to relate.
It may seem to us then a mystery
That we could hate each other.'
Thus said he,
And did not turn away
Waiting to hear what I might have to say,
But I fled quickly, fearing if I stayed
I might have kissed him as I would a maid."

The poetry of Mr. Stephens is, of course, much less obviously socialist than is, for example, Mr. Gibson's; but none the less it is animated by the same fundamental note, that of love for the whole of humanity. In Mr. Stephens, however, this love becomes increasingly a joyful affair. It extends itself generously until it covers the whole world with its brightness, including the birds and the beasts of the fields:

"No more of woeful Misery I sing!
Let her go moping down the pavèd way;
While to the sunny fields, and everything
That laughs, and to the little birds that sing,
I pass along and tune my happy lay:
O sunny sky!
O meadows that the happy clouds are drifting by!"

This note of joyfulness, so unmistakably from the heart that it thrills me even when merely thinking of it, runs all through *The Hill of Vision,* only broken here and there by a few pictures of that blank, hopeless misery of the poor, the perception of which has had such a powerful effect on Mr. Gibson and Mr. Masefield. Indeed, I think that this perception of the ultimate, elemental joy which lies at the heart of nature and of man is one of the best things about Mr. Stephens.

But along with this there go other things, equally significant

of the power and reach of his genius. Other people may have just as vivid a realization of the spirit of youth as Mr. Stephens has, but if they do they appear not to be able to give expression to it. In *Said the Young-Young Man to the Old-Old Man* I seem to perceive not so much the voice of Mr. Stephens as that of youth itself incarnate. Certainly the quality of insight there displayed is something more than merely unusual; and we become aware of the same quality in a much more limited field if we turn to *Peador Óg Goes Courting,* the picture of a young Irish peasant's mind as he goes through the fields, on his way to put a very serious question to the father of his sweetheart. In *The Sootherer,* again, Mr. Stephens shows us in a wholly delightful way his comprehension of childhood. Things one would have sworn one had completely forgotten come trooping back over the avenue of years as if at a magic call—and indeed there have been moments when I have fancied that there must be something of magic in Mr. Stephens' method. He seems to have penetrated to the very springs of human character, and he has come back from his mysterious journey with a power at once kindly and comprehending—surely a wonderful and exceptional thing! Mr. Stephens is usually, though not invariably, at his worst when dealing with age. What he says of old age seems at times to be so untrue as to be really comforting, at other times he appears to evade the question, and once or twice he becomes merely funny, as in *Nothing at All.* In his understanding of woman, however, he is again more than exceptional, even though when he is writing of Eve he does make her out to have been a surprisingly ontological person. And after all, the most consistent note of these poems is that of a fundamental, almost inarticulate joy, inherent in the nature of man.

> "O peacefulness that never has been told!
> O far away!
> Over the pine trees and the mountain top,
> Never to stop
> Lifting wide wings, to fly and fly and fly
> Into the sky."

Mr. Stephens is not only a poet, however, he is a novelist as well. His first novel appeared serially in *The Irish Review,*

and was published in America, with the title *Mary, Mary,* in the fall of 1912. In England the book was published under the title of *The Charwoman's Daughter.* Mr. Stephens' second novel, *The Crock of Gold,* was published in January of the present year. I can easily understand why these novels—if indeed *The Crock of Gold* can really be called a novel—have been accorded a readier appreciation than Mr. Stephens' verse. His verse is significant, surely, but it is significant largely by way of promise, it is more in the nature of prophecy than fulfilment. It is as a guiding hand raised up in a desert, pointing the way toward a strange and new development. But in his novels there is more of visible fulfilment. They can be judged for what they are, I think, even by the timid and mysterious " general public," rather than for that toward which they point.

The first novel is the story of Mary Makebelieve, and how she grew from childhood to womanhood, under the care of her mother, the resourceful and imaginative charwoman. And when Mary Makebelieve has travelled a fair distance along that path which leads to marriage, a husband's friendly kicks and blows, and a family, her story is very sensibly left to continue itself in the fancies of its readers. This does not sound exciting, and yet exciting it is at certain points. Certainly Mary's existence is anything but calm and untroubled as long as the astoundingly big and wise policeman is hovering over her, nor are her mother's experiences with her employers always of the quietest. " Mrs. Makebelieve's clients were always new. She could not remain for any length of time in people's employment without being troubled by the fact that these folk had houses of their own and were actually employing her in a menial capacity. She sometimes looked at their black silk aprons in a way which they never failed to observe with anger, and on their attempting (as they always termed it) to put her in her proper place, she would discuss their appearance and morals with such power that they at once dismissed her from their employment and incited their husbands to assault her."

Any attempt to describe the delights of this book is doomed to absolute failure. I have tried to tell my friends about it, and have failed ignominiously every time, and in the end I have had

to be content with an ecstatic smile, and with simply begging them to read it. I really know of nothing just like it in the English language, save *The Crock of Gold,* and for the most part that is even better. Perhaps Mr. Stephens has learned something from Mr. H. G. Wells' *History of Mr. Polly,* but if he has he has made it entirely his own, and in any event his debt could not be great. The book is simply overflowing from beginning to end with a naïve humor of the most delightful and individual kind, and with this there goes at times a real pathos that can never be mistaken for sentimentalism. Beyond that there is the pleasant fact that in it we have to do with real and indubitable human beings. I do not mean real in the sense that Mr. George Moore would—for these people are anything but stupid and mean and ugly. But at the same time they are infused with a spirit which is instinct with vital life, and their lives were conceived in a mind which has in it the rich fruitage of a loving and close observation of human character.

Of *The Crock of Gold* I scarcely dare trust myself to speak, and yet I have arrived at those years of discretion which come only with the reading of many novels. In the first place the book is a novel by scarcely any known standard. It is a delightful fantasy rather, an Irish fairy tale. What I say may seem to be contradictory, for Irish fairy tales sometimes have a way of being stupid that is all their own. This book, however, is anything rather than stupid, it is literally packed with the most charming kind of humor, humor of a quality that has scarcely ever been equalled, I am sure. In sadness I must admit, though, that there are some people who will not like it. I know of one woman who has conscientiously made herself into a machine for the cataloguing of books and the manufacturing of bibliographies, who said of *The Crock of Gold* that it, as she termed it, "bored her to extinction." One's faith in humanity is kept green by the reflection that librarians must, in the nature of things, be rather exceptional people.

After many arguments on the subject I remain convinced that *The Crock of Gold* is a true story. For there are real fairies in it, and two philosophers who are not so wise as they seem, and their wives, the Grey Woman and the Thin Woman,

who "were not in the least softened by maternity—they said that they had not bargained for it, that the children were gotten under false pretences, that they were respectable married women, and that, as a protest against their wrongs, they would not cook any more food for the Philosophers." Such things must actually have been, they never could have been imagined. And besides, the great god Pan is in this story, and while he is just as nice as any god could be, yet, even so, Irish patriotism triumphs in the production of Angus Óg, a home-made Irish god, who, in spite of his name, proves to be even nicer than Pan. Therein lies a problem for metaphysicians to unravel; and in the meanwhile I ask, who, in the face of all this, can dare to assert that the story is untrue? If there are any who will rise to this challenge I would desire above all things to treat them fairly; so I will hasten to acknowledge that that part of the story in which the philosopher listens to the ill-timed sermons of his fellow inmates of the county jail must of course be the purest fiction. For in real life this wise philosopher would certainly have prevented them from doing what in them lay toward spoiling such an otherwise wholly delightful tale as *The Crock of Gold.* And besides, this action of the prisoners is in its essence supererogatory, for the story itself drives home so much more forcefully than they can the very lesson which they wish to convey.

Very often the words of Mr. Stephens, both in prose and verse, seem to have a meaning for me that is not to be connected directly with anything on the printed page; a spirit of which he is conscious and yet which cannot be defined in specific words seems to be speaking through him. More than a hint of what I mean by this will be found by turning to the work of a man whom nowadays we are proud to despise, judging him by our knowledge of his self-styled followers and by our ignorance of his own work. Walter Pater once wrote: "Mind and soul:—hard to ascertain philosophically, the distinction is real enough practically, for they often interfere, are sometimes in conflict, with each other. . . . As a quality of style, at all events, soul is a fact, in certain writers—the way they have of absorbing language, of attracting it into the peculiar spirit they are of,

with a subtlety which makes the actual result seem like some inexplicable inspiration." It is this quality of soul which Mr. Stephens has; it is a quality which makes it seem as if the primary voice of our age were speaking through him, rather than as if he were speaking about that primary voice.

I may appear to be drawn into some exaggeration, but do not mistake me. I know well enough that the actual performance, in poetry at all events, of Mr. Stephens and Mr. Davies, Mr. Masefield and Mr. Gibson, is unsatisfactory from many points of view. I am aware that, for all we yet know, these men are indubitably among those whom we "damn in a lump as minor poets." I know that their technical methods, or non-technical methods, are very hard things to defend from the attacks of the conventional. But despite all this I cannot help regarding these men as the most significant figures in contemporary English poetry, both because they are alone in exhibiting an interpretation of life that is in the fullest accord with the spirit of our age, and because they point distinctly forward to what I confidently believe will be the next development in the progress of English poetry, that is, the poetry of socialism. All these men are instinct with this spirit, a thing which we must call, for the lack of a better name and in the absence of the verdict of posterity, the Spirit of To-day. The expression of each of them is individualized, and is sharply differentiated from that of the others, but underneath all differences we can detect unmistakably a fundamental similarity of tone—it is the note of humanity in the whole that is being struck.

It is but natural that older men should be slower to perceive this spirit, and so we find that those in authority have been for the most part rather contemptuous of the new poetry. They have been blind to its merits, while exhibiting an almost unseemly eagerness to point out its obvious defects. To men younger and so more receptive to what is novel and fresh this is bound to be irritating. And to some, to those who have not realized that in this world of constant change older men always have been and always will be more in sympathy with what is past than with what is yet to come, to those, I say, the attitude of the older men will be more or less disquieting. But these

young men should remember that by their very perception of a new spirit, of a fresh step forward, they are proclaiming themselves to be among the more fortunate in our age, to be among that small band of the elect who are now bearing the brunt of that constant, never-ending fight which makes for constant, never-ending progress. And so these young men should hail with renewed courage and confidence that breath of vital, organic life which is now stirring in a few brave hearts, and which points unmistakably forward to a great development in the future.

> "But on the sky, a hand's-breadth in the west,
> A faint cold brightness crept and soared and spread,
> Until the rustling heavens overhead,
> And the gray trees and grass were manifest:
> Then thro' the chill a golden spear was hurled,
> And the big sun tossed laughter on the world."

EDITORIAL NOTES

Comic Opera in New York

THE comic opera situation in New York State is still amusing a small section of the public: but to the majority of the onlookers, and all of the actors, it has ceased to be entertaining. For the information of those whose memory is imperfect, the plot of the piece may be restated. Mr. Sulzer, an excellent Tammany henchman, was picked up by the machine and deposited in the Capitol at Albany. But while Mr. Charles F. Murphy, the perpetual *de facto* ruler of New York State, was waiting for the usual recognition of his benignancy in selecting a nominal substitute, the substitute, confused by his surroundings, was dreaming of a wider sphere of influence, of presidential glories and a capacious niche in the national temple of fame. Unfortunately, Mr. Sulzer did not realize that only big men can do big things with ease and impunity. He failed, like so many who for a moment loom importantly in the public eye, to recognize his own limitations. He rebelled against his benefactors. But Tammany does not appreciate rebels. It resolved to discipline its errant son, assuming, with the confidence of long experience, that the public would not notice that the blackest of all black pots was attributing the proverbial sombreness to the kettle. Nor did Mr. Sulzer quite realize that the *tu quoque* argument does not whiten the kettle.

Well, whatever the immediate outcome, Mr. Sulzer is happily restored to his natural environment of mediocrity, and another Tammany administration for the State has been made impossible for a long time to come, if the public has the slightest regard for decency and common sense. But, in the meantime, since Mr. Sulzer has refused to obey the orders of his master and pay the tribute demanded, Mr. Murphy of Fourteenth Street has come out openly—a little too openly, even in these days of cowardly neglect of public duty by indifferent citizens—as the dictator of the commonwealth, the maker and unmaker of governors, and the arch-exponent of graft, corruption and insolence.

Comic opera of this type may be appreciated in New York

City; but the up-State voters will not conceal their opinions when the opportunity for adequate expression arrives.

The Mayoralty Muddle

THE gentlemen mainly responsible for conducting the anti-Tammany campaign have done their best to defeat themselves. Open or concealed dissensions, unwise choices and weak methods have done much to prepare the way for a Murphy triumph, even in a year when Tammany, insolently over-careless, had exposed itself to a rebuff which should have been decisive and painful.

But it is not too late to make success a certainty. John Purroy Mitchel should not have been nominated this year as the head of the ticket. He could have afforded to wait. His turn would inevitably have come later, when he would have been in a better position to do justice to the personal qualities which will eventually give him national prominence. However, he has been nominated, and he must remain. But he must show the power of leadership that he undoubtedly possesses and take personal direction of affairs. A short, aggressive campaign on the clearest of issues should suffice.

Mr. Mitchel is fortunate in his opponent, Mr. McCall. There is no doubt as to the latter's position. He carries the standard of the tiger openly, with both hands; and behind him are the thousands of hands that are waiting for the opportunity of obtruding themselves into the public treasury. It is a delightful situation for a civilized city, and Mr. Mitchel will know how to present it suitably to the public.

Food for Reflection

The Globe, of New York, is doing excellent work in its exposures of the endless frauds perpetrated by provision dealers. Last month, entirely through its initative, Sulzberger and Sons Company, the well-known packers, were convicted of selling rotten meat and were fined $500. The evidence brought out facts that were intolerably nauseating. Here is one example—a statement attributed to the provision manager of the company:

"That fellow" (referring to the man who bought the meat from the company) "is one of the bunch of grave diggers that hang around looking for rotten meat all the time. He was here yesterday begging for the stuff, and this morning I sold it to him for just what it was—rotten, stinking meat. It was stinking our icebox out. That's the kind of stuff these dogs put into pickle."

But how about the man who sold such stuff to "these dogs"? And how about the company who employed such a man? And how about the inspectors who are supposed to protect the public against such abominable knavery?

The New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad

On the day on which Mr. Howard Elliott, the new president of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company, assumed his duties, he issued a statement, intended for the employees of the company, in which the following paragraph occurred:

"The New Haven Road is a great property, and there is no reason why, with loyal support and the hearty coöperation of all, it should not be made the best and safest road in the United States."

Precisely.

Ulster

The intention of Ulster to resist Home Rule gains steadily in strength and definiteness, and arrangements have already been practically completed for the setting up of a Provisional Government at Belfast, whenever the bill receives the royal assent.

The situation is critical and deplorable; but there is a little of the irony of destiny in the fact that Ireland, which has so long insisted upon being a problem to the British Government, should now be confronted with the necessity of dealing with a similar problem within her own borders. But she will no doubt settle the question by leaving it to England—a somewhat curious and altogether regrettable solution, scarcely reconcilable with the principle of Home Rule.

Mors Omnibus Communis

ALTHOUGH death is obtrusively familiar to us, we have learnt, wisely or unwisely, so to order our lives that the inevitable end of all our brief activity is rarely taken into full consideration, as a regulating and decisive factor. And this may seem well, for we escape at least from the sense of impotence and incompleteness that would daunt the weak and throw some shadows even in the path of the strong. There are few, however fortified by creeds or comforted by faith, who take death quietly by the hand each morning, as a comrade with whom they may be sleeping, when the night comes. Yet it were better to live with a clear realization of all that living means, and to accept death, not only in the moment of dissolution, reluctantly or with resignation, but, without fear or resentment, when we are indeed in the very midst of life. It is not necessary to be a pessimist to say, with St. Paul, "I die daily." There is no strength, except in truth; there is nothing but weakness in any evasion of the truth.

Activity is good. The living of life is good. Purpose and will are good. But it is not good that we lose ourselves in the fret and fever of life, as if the ephemeral triumphs and ephemeral failures were eternally significant. The remembrance of death is tonic. If that remembrance were more vivid, there would be less indecency both in public and in private life: not through fear, but through reason. Even a Tammany sense of humor cannot evade the irony of the Gospel according to St. Luke, chapter 12, verses 19 and 20.

Patriotism or Provincialism?

EUROPE is still a little parochial in its prejudices. Not long ago, stories of British greed and cunning helped to stir the French chauvinist to madness. Now the zeal of the German Navy League is fostered by recitals of a similar nature. One of the latest achievements in manufactured news is a statement to the effect that English machinations were responsible for the anti-German feeling lately displayed by the Chinese rebels. England is also to blame, it seems, for the recent " outburst of Nor-

wegian patriotism" that has been curiously resented by a portion of the German press. All that really appears to have happened in this connection is that, owing to some slight misunderstanding, the Kaiser was not received quite so cordially as usual by the people during his last cruise in Norwegian waters.

A Regrettable Precedent

It is not necessary to express any opinion with regard to individual culpability in the Diggs-Caminetti cases. But one thing stands out very clearly—that the Mann "white slave" law was never intended to apply to such cases, and that a dangerous precedent, capable of extraordinary developments, has been established—temporarily.

An Appreciation

Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, whose series on the New Abolition Movement is concluded in this issue, has devoted herself since 1903 to the organization and advocacy of progressive measures. Her extensive educational and ministerial work—she was ordained in 1891—gave her valuable experience, and she has brought to the service of the public a trained intellect and the inspiration of a rare personality. Her work is free from the hectic and irritant qualities associated with the uninformed and narrow-minded; she has been concerned in finding the truth, not in inventing fiction; and her contributions to the cause of womanhood will outvalue all the disingenuous efforts of the political and social cliques which depend upon misrepresentation and appeal to hysteria.

With the Immortals

The noble and pathetic in history may sometimes have its comic counterpart. We all know the Roman sentinel at Pompeii, who was on guard when the fatal eruption from Vesuvius destroyed the town, and how he stood immovably at his post till that relieving party should come which never came. And now we learn that he had a rival in fidelity where we least expected. For a wine-shop has just been unearthed at Pompeii with the

cash still in the till and the barman at his post, although the customers had gone. He, at any rate, was determined that, even in the crash of the falling sky, no thirsty soul that could pay for a draught of Massic should be foiled of its desire. Let him take rank with the Head Waiter at the Cock, and Shakespeare's Francis, and other classic wielders of the spigot.

Curfew

ALTHOUGH the custom of ringing curfew is generally regarded as a rare and curious survival, the practice still obtains, more or less irregularly, and sometimes under other names, in seventy-six towns and villages of Great Britain. The schoolboy of the past used to be taught that the curfew was due to an arbitrary and oppressive edict by William the Conqueror, designed to send his new Saxon subjects to bed at a nursery hour, and thus keep them from dangerous midnight plottings. The schoolboy of the present, if he pays any attention at all to the matter, probably understands the real significance of the *couvre-feu,* relates it in certain localities to Alfred the Great, and regards the " out-lights " signal as an excellent measure of a paternal government at a time when dwellings were almost exclusively of wood, when the methods of illumination were primitive, and our distant ancestors went peacefully to slumber at an hour when the modern man is just rising from his dinner and beginning to consider how he shall employ his evening. At that time the words " The night cometh when no man can work " were a forceful illustration, drawn from daily life.

Curfew ringing at Durham is a solemn custom, the knell being sounded on the great bell of the cathedral at nine in the evening, and continued for five minutes. It is not sounded on Sundays. At some places curfew is not rung continuously throughout the year—as at Brackley, Northants, where it rings from Michaelmas to Lady Day, the long, light evenings of summer being uninterrupted. At several places early morning bells are rung, in addition to an evening peal, thus giving some color to the view that many so-called " curfew bells " are not curfews at all, but survivals of the Angelus.

Curfew still rings at eight o'clock every night in the old city of Winchester, the ancient capital from which the edict for a general *couvre-feu* first went forth. It sounds from the picturesque belfry-turret of the old Guildhall, which, with its boldly projecting bracket-clock, is a prominent feature of the High Street. At Minster in Thanet, and other places, the bell used to ring, and probably does so still, as many times as the number of days that have elapsed during the current month. Other nightly ringings, as at Kidderminster, where a bell rings for an hour, are not of curfew origin, but are due to some such incident as the escape of a shepherd through a chance bell-ringing, and a subsequent bequest to pay for a continued commemoration.

De Profundis

In a recent number of *The British Review* there was a paper on the dispossessed, the unemployed. There are many who do not need to be reminded of the strange contrasts of "civilization"; they have difficulty in forgetting. But there are others whose feelings may properly and profitably be subjected to a little harrowing.

"I am of the depths, and out of the depths I speak. Thousands of those around me do not know the meaning of change or color in their lives; their existence is a perpetual monotonous struggle with poverty. Starved in babyhood, starved in childhood, starved in manhood, such is their life's epitome. No wonder many are degraded into miserable creatures of apathy, ignorance and suicide, doomed to a slow suicide by the community which refuses them a fulness of life. No wonder many lie and thieve and murder and prostitute their bodies; no wonder their language is filthy and their few amusements brutal and degraded.

"And over this festering mass passes, gay, triumphant, elate, the pageant of what we call civilization."

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THE FORUM
FOR NOVEMBER 1913

THE PURITAN AND THE PRODIGAL

Mrs. Havelock Ellis

THERE is a tendency in civilization both to dwarf and to exaggerate the place of the senses. These two attitudes may be described as that of the puritan and the prodigal. The puritan limits to excess and the prodigal indulges to excess. One is the miser and one the spendthrift. The prude and the prostitute are alike affronts to mother nature and slurs on human nature. A spiritual healer would diagnose their state as anæmic or apoplectic, but not normal or healthy. The evolved human being finds no virtue in repression and no joy in excess. The puritan's sense of sin and the prodigal's impulse of excess limit alike the evolution of desire and of beauty, love's chosen handmaidens.

James Hinton saw the starvation and the waste of sexual energy in these two manifestations of civilized life. As law-breaker and as law-maker, and even as seer, he wanted to destroy, to reconstruct, and to spiritualize the most primitive of human emotions. He was a man of science and therefore saw the futility of any attempt to abolish prostitution and leave everything else the same. He believed that to open the way to more beautiful expressions of passion in love would inevitably lead to the minimizing of prudery and the elimination of prostitution. As a recent anonymous American writer has said, "passion without purity is impurity, but purity without passion is impotence."

There are people who declare that prostitution will always exist because it has once existed. James Hinton was one of the few people who declared that prostitution must be driven entirely out of modern life as cannibalism has been driven out. If

it is proved that prostitution is a necessary evil the modern thinker would have it made, at least, into an honorable profession. This profession must be a free choice and not be influenced by economic considerations or by the ostracism of those who refuse to find room in their hearts or homes for those who, they declare, safeguard their virtue. To despise a protector of one's honor or to be too cowardly to take one's share in casting out the slur prostitution is on love, is to own oneself a craven and a traitor about the most important things in life. Hinton faced this bewildering subject with the outlook of a man and something of the insight of a woman, but sometimes also with the arrogance of a child and the ardor of a moral fanatic. He declared that prostitution should be swept immediately from modern life through women realizing the wider outlook. To him passion was the dynamic force making for purity and not for lust. He realized that to minimize or ostracize prostitution some one has to make a gigantic sacrifice. This sacrifice, he felt, would fall on both men and women, though in different ways. He realized that what is a recognized and open need should be faced honestly. It is the sham, the intrigue, and the cruelty which defraud love and shame sense. The "goody goody" people who will persist, out of their attenuated experiences and cowardly attitude toward life as a whole, in imagining that the physical is a hindrance, instead of realizing it as an instrument, are the officers of the devil, according to Hinton, and hinder the advance of the world. No wonder he was more terrified of good people than of bad ones. Apparently good people are not too sure of their goodness, and so often use envy, malice and all deceitfulness as weapons for guarding it. A child of nature, like Hinton, resents a prude or a hypocrite as a normal man resents fleas and mosquitoes. He saw so clearly that the puritan enters what he calls "bondage good" and the prodigal enters "bondage bad," and that restraint and license are both results of incapacity to tune body and soul to one fine harmony. The war of body against soul was to Hinton, as it is becoming to all thinking people, an absurdity. The schoolboy characteristics of lust and gluttony are left behind by those who have grown up in any real sense, but the puritan insists on keep-

ing them in evidence and the prodigal seeks new fields for their caperings.

Hinton thus foresaw some of the wonders of the inevitable wedding of purity and passion, but he often wasted time and breath in trying to convince and convert the members of the Purity Leagues he had as patients and in glorifying passion as a god in itself. Passion at white heat is purity, but purity divorced from passion and ashamed and afraid of passion is weakness. Purity stands so often outside the human dwelling-house crying plaintively to the inhabitants to come out and worship a messenger from Heaven. No wonder the door is often hastily banged in the face of what could so easily be mistaken for snow and sleet. This is one of the ways the prodigal is made, for youth and life want color and warmth. The puritan, on the other hand, is often manufactured through mistaking nature's warmth and color for hell fire or mere volcanic eruption.

Women in Hinton's lifetime were more nervous than they are now of facing the complex questions of love and desire. Though mystical in her intuitions, Woman is nearer nature, through the maternal force in her, than man. Nature has made her in all ways more passive to receive so that she can maternally give. If this fact is faced we may be nearer a solution of many vexed questions than is apparent at the moment. Physical passion, as desire, is not such an overwhelming hunger in the majority of women as in men, but desire, as a passionate maternal surrender, even toward men, is the heart-hunger in all normal women. Once a woman faces this fact she loses some of the nonsense reasons for shunning desire, an attitude in many women, even as loving wives, which helps to bring the work of the prodigal woman much more into evidence. To ravish is not to enervate and to charm is not to destroy. Woman is traditionalized about her desires, even in her eating and drinking, and man is traditionalized in another way about his. To both her lover and her child, according to Hinton, a woman cries, "Here I am. Take of me!" The response generally is from the man and the child alike, "There you are, let me gobble you up!"

The modern woman is protesting against being gobbled up beyond her own passionate desires, either as legal wife and

mother or illegal concubine. She is at last realizing the fact that her hunger for giving has induced gluttony in the receiver of her gift, and, moreover, her example as giver and man's example as receiver have made the onlooker either more puritanic or more prodigal. The timid fly to puritanism, the exotic and impetuous to prodigality. The harlot makes the prude and the prude makes the harlot. Advanced men and women are facing this situation.

Every thinker must realize that prostitution has no warrant from love and no hall mark from nature. Woman, as she evolves, realizes that to safeguard one woman at the expense of another is neither mystic nor honorable, and to flaunt petty pruderies or mock moralities in the face of great mother nature is to court nature's punishments and to pay heavier prices than one lifetime can discharge. The problem James Hinton set himself to solve was how to combine personal love needs and universal service needs as well as nature needs into a harmonious whole. The task broke him in soul and body, but in studying his theories others may profit. "I could not bear the pain of the world if I could not see it as good," he cried, and it was his opposition to the current ideas about these matters which brought on him doubt, anguish and division amongst those who tried to follow his theories. The words of Mrs. Browning's beautiful sonnet express him as it expresses many like him.

> "With stammering lips and insufficient sound
> I strive and struggle to deliver right
> The music of my nature day and night
> With dream and thought and feeling interwound,
> And only answering all the senses round
> With octaves of a mystic depth and height
> Which step out grandly to the infinite
> From the dark edges of the sensual ground."

Hinton saw that the need of woman to sacrifice herself is man's opportunity, in the near future, to direct the channel into which this innate feeling shall run. The woman of the future will surely cry to her mate, "I need thee for myself in order that I may comfort and help others," and the man will answer, "I need nothing but thy happiness so that thou canst warm others

and be thyself through me. For this end all the ravishment that the senses and thy joy and my joy can give to us are right." Hinton saw all this would mean if once men and women would grasp the two sides of this conception, though he seldom co-ordinated the methods he thought would minimize prostitution. He compared our false monogamy, which is really a sly polygamy, a legal wife combined with intrigues, to the high-bred Hindoo's horror of killing even a flea. The Hindoo has a great dislike for fleas as unclean things, but he suffers in his self-respect if he kills a flea, so he simply transfers it to a beggar and thus, he thinks, protects his virtue. According to Hinton the average man keeps his home holy and transfers his vices to Piccadilly or Broadway. The Hindoo hires a beggar to protect his morality in the shape of preserving life, and we tolerate prostitution to protect our morality in the shape of a pure home. We respect the "life" of a form of marriage which we call monogamy to salve our conscience, knowing really that it is the ugliest form of polygamy when it is mixed up with deceit, luxury, cruelty and self-pleasure. Its source or ideal being lost, it makes injury to others a right, as in the case of the Brahmin and the flea. Men's carelessness in this matter and women's callousness are hindering the true emancipation, when men and women will mutually agree to put the prude and the prostitute out of civilized modern life. The temptation which comes, says Hinton, from a "passion of goodness" in performing *outward* acts or in preserving a legal boundary, makes the sham moralist invent a "nonsense reason." The Brahmin refuses to kill the flea or to have it on him so that the form of virtue may survive. What should we say to the Brahmin were we quite unprejudiced about the matter? Should we, asks Hinton, say to him, "Rise to purity, restrain your passion, bear the flea"? No! we should say, "Do not be a fool. Kill the flea and save the beggar both torture and degradation. Why waste your energy and his by bearing flea-bites because an outward morality tells you to do it? If a real purpose is to be served by bearing the bites, bear them. If not, kill the flea as soon as possible." Prostitution was analogous in Hinton's mind to the flea. Men, he considered, are carefully preserving a form of marriage in name but with no idea of in-

conveniencing themselves and with no idea of restraint, except as with the Brahmin and the flea when no beggar is handy and the flea will bite. Hinton would say to the Brahmin, "Get rid of both flea and beggar and have a wider outlook." Restraint for a mere code of morality and not for true morality is a waste of energy and power. It is an example of a false right instead of what is serviceable, a restraint for the sake of restraint and not for true service and real freedom.

Hinton asks the question, can it be a mere accident that in the two forms of restraint, Eastern and Western, flea and beggar, moralist and prostitute, the restraint has slipped out and the form remains? "Any beauty," he declares, "purchased at another's ill, is ugliness"; and he realized ugliness in both the puritan and the prodigal because he saw them as results of one another. However mistaken some of his theories may be, they are not ignoble, if in them there is a possibility of giving joy and expansion to the puritan and robbing civilization of mock desire in either legal or illegal unions. Hinton knew, as doctor and philosopher, that it will be woman's business to keep the sexual from being sensual, by the same means the true healer keeps disease from arising, instead of spending enormous energy in curing it. This will be done in the moral world, not by increasing the vast army of repressed or abnormal women but by teaching a new view of the senses, wherein woman is the high priestess of sense and not the victim of sensuality. He makes the woman cry to the man: "Do not pervert your life or you *make* this wonderful thing sensual, this, your relation to *me,* you make it sensual and your goodness will forbid you doing good. Do not do it. I am bound if you make yourself a slave. Without your joy I cannot have joy, without your life, I die."

Hinton saw that the prodigal in man spells selfishness and the puritan in woman the same, self-pleasure and self-virtue being the false moving forces. "We see a piston," he says, "and it cannot move because of an enormous machinery connected with it; but compel its motion and for the very same reason all is moved. Woman's giving cannot be because of man's selfishness." Hinton knew that suppressed things rise as ghosts and sensual things are bogies of a past animalism. In evolved beings

the fire and fervor of the senses are used as instruments and not as tyrants. His plea for a refined polygamy was not a plea for sensuality but for an emergence for man and woman alike. The prude and the rake are counterfeits. Hinton, at any cost to our conventions, pleaded for realities. "A man," he says, "may have fifty horses though other men may starve, but he may not have two wives though women perish." Not that he attached any higher value to a mere form of bigamy than to a form of monogamy, but he protested against sacrificing human needs to any form.

Hinton saw the pitiable waste of human love shut up in walls more terrible than those of convents and he saw the same waste of counterfeit emotion squandered in brothels. He realized how much of the prudery and hot-house absorption in family life is responsible for the laxity and lasciviousness in the houses of prodigals. He tried to make women see that the real criminal is one who is content to receive and maintain her virtue at the hands of prostitutes. If nothing else, a sense of humor should save "virtuous" women from scorning and crushing the very people who, according to their own definition, are their "saviours." There are only two ways of facing this question, as in a true Brahmin's conscience there can only be two about the flea. Either to accept the prostitute as sister and saviour and make her task as bearable as possible, or to widen the gates of love and cleanse its channels, so that each man and each woman may bear their own sexual burden or joy. In other words, kill the flea and save the beggar or bear the flea as a penance for the flesh, if an effete morality about such matters attracts. In the same spirit kill prostitution and save the prostitute or honor the prostitute by bringing her into modern life as a solver of difficulties the wife refuses to meet. "Every devotion to a wider good," says Hinton, "runs a risk of being counted traitor to it."

This plea of his, which makes the puritan and the prodigal face nature needs and service needs, brought down on Hinton's head much abuse from both sides. Only a few isolated individuals have dimly begun to realize that modern love is not mainly sensual but a complexity of spiritualized sexuality and

varied intellectual and emotional needs. It is almost impossible that two people, this being the case, should be able completely to satisfy every need of each other. It does happen, but it is very rare. The wider and more beautiful the friendships and loves are, in individual lives, the less mania there is in passion and the less loss in those rare relationships which spell affinity. This statement, to the ordinary person, implies laxity and immorality, but if really studied it is the foe to these survivals of the savage and the prude. "Here is the sweetest, noblest, most entrancing thing," cries Hinton, "and it betrays the soul and gives it no chance even to suspect the snare. Man's thought is chiefly as to whether he will be virtuous or enraptured instead of woman's good. By her needs woman has rendered her chief service to man. A different relation of man to woman need not *necessarily* degrade him or her." Hinton saw that what degrades is surely the hurting others that we may enjoy, the degradation of the senses by one set of women in order that another set may live selfishly.

How perverted our ideas are about these matters is proved by a simple test. Ask several hundreds of women this question and make careful notes of the answers. "If it is true that it is necessary for men to have more than one woman, would you rather your husband *loved* another woman or merely used her for his pleasure and her further degradation?" Only once have I had any but one answer to this question, and surely that shows us where we stand as evolved human beings. The answer always is, "I should not mind my husband going to a prostitute half so much as if he loved another woman in any real sense." Can one imagine a more satanic attitude than this? For the sake of vain jealousy, a gluttonous absorption, that a woman should not mind if her husband is degraded in body and soul or that another woman is degraded in the same way, in order that one woman's self-love, self-sufficiency and emotional greediness should be satisfied! Sex union, without love, is a blasting of the life forces instead of a mingling of them. The woman who has this attitude, whether to save herself or win others, is more savage than an animal and more dangerous than the sensual, unevolved man. The law of affinity is as definite as

the law of gravitation and none of us can break it with impunity. The woman who declares that if a man must love more than one woman then let it be for love and not merely for passion, because all real love educates, strengthens and purifies, and so enriches the man and all he loves, is either not believed or looked upon as a sort of prostitute herself. And yet, in the new era of love, men and women must face the fact that it is only real love that dares to share because it dare not destroy. Lust destroys but love builds up and the evolved woman realizes that to protect her "virtue" in four narrow walls, while the price is paid by women she despises, is to court a punishment the gods alone know how to send. No wonder Hinton declared that the very virtue of the good destroys.

The same anonymous American writer I have already quoted has a poem in his little book which is in this Hintonian spirit of evolved love addressed by a wife to her husband.

"Did you think, dear Love, I could leave you because you were too loving? Because you loved too much or too many?

No, Man of my Breast, I am not so small as that. I am larger than you think me. I am larger than you ever thought a woman could be.

If you love another, love her; love her with all the beauty of your soul, love her until you call out and answer all the beauty of her soul, and I will love her with you.

If she is worthy of you, and not a person who would in any case be repellent to me, then the fact that you love her will draw me to her and not make her seem my enemy.

Mutual love of a thing found lovely should be a road, not a fence, should it not?"

Many will declare, of course, that this attitude is beyond human nature, as the other one is below it; but nevertheless modern life and love are proving that in that attitude is the security of love and the cleansing of desire. It is so in friendship as well as love. What we bind we lose, what we set free remains with us or returns to us.

Hinton challenged the good, especially the good women, to face this matter. He draws a picture of the admirable women whose lives are so splendid and to whom man's love seems so needless. They, like the prostitute, help to destroy womanhood

by keeping up in man's soul the careless indifference whether he has real love for woman or not. Prudery fills the streets with prostitutes quite as certainly as prodigality. The angry repulsion of the puritan and the leering thought of pleasure of the prodigal make evident the wrong in us within. "Why," cries Hinton, "should there not be a law of equivalence of force in these matters? Here are our human scales in the persons of the puritan and the prostitute, and what an experiment in human relationships it would be to adjust the balance of true morality and true pleasure. How will people persuade girls not to be prostitutes and make them value so highly a bodily purity, while the very women who urge them to it let their souls sink into a defilement of greedy isolation, a whoredom of the soul in which to keep the body pure! It is cause for laughter, seeing one woman swallowing a camel and begging the other not to swallow a gnat."

To sum up this intricate problem of the puritan and the prodigal is to realize that both the puritan and the prodigal alike draw lines nature does not draw, and as nature is simple and sane she wipes them out again and again. The line between wrong and right, according to nature and spirituality, is between that which injures and that which does good. "Prostitution for man, restraint for woman—they are two sides of the same thing, and both are denials of love, like luxury and asceticism. The mountains of restraint must be used to fill up the abysses of luxury."

In Lafcadio Hearn's letters to Hall Chamberlain he makes this statement. "I think that to modern philosophy vice has taken a new and terrible magnitude and virtue an awful beauty." The "awful beauty" Hearn alludes to may be the dawning recognition in puritan and prodigal alike that love and passion are not pastimes or manias, but divine driving forces, for ends out of sight as yet, but clearly legible in the great books of nature and destiny. When the puritan and the prodigal meet in understanding, knowing that the waste in restraint and in excess must be garnered up for enjoying the fruits of joy and loveliness, we shall be nearer common sense and uncommon sensibility than now when, in our terror of vice and boredom of virtue, we are not

ourselves, but scarecrows or marionettes. Hinton thought the whole new conception of love, a sexual revolution and renaissance in one, was in the hands of women. He was right. All the nonsense reasons against real love and desire must be faced by women. What women, through nature and love, learn, they silently teach to men and to one another. Though the solutions Hinton propounded may not ultimately be accepted, he was right in the main conception that women have the future of love in their hands.

When relationships widen and become purified, when domesticity develops into unlimited usefulness instead of remaining a limitation, and when sexual desire is acknowledged to be a ravishment like music and not a mere intoxication, we may be nearing the day when the puritan and the prodigal will be one as the priestess of love. The way may well be seen which leads to nature's open spaces and art's beautiful palaces. To love utterly is to be a seer, to be truly prodigal is the first prerogative of love, and to be pure in heart is to have cast out all fear in order that the essence we call love may shed its full power in us and from us.

THE PARADOX OF ART

WALTER M. CABOT

IN spite of the rapidly growing interest and activity in art in this country, considerable confusion as to its nature and uses seems to persist. It is evident that the relation of art to life cannot be beneficial so long as its meaning and purpose is misunderstood.

There are, in particular, two aspects of art whose relation to one another must be clearly realized if we are to judge art properly. It is of these two aspects that I should like to speak very briefly here.

I

Suppose that seated one morning at your window you catch sight of two men fighting. What happens? Before you know it you are out on the street either struggling to separate them, or running for a policeman. That same evening finds you at the theatre. In one of the scenes of the play a combat, seemingly more deadly than that of the morning, occurs, yet you do not stir a muscle. Why this extraordinary change of attitude on your part? In the first place, you will say, "The fight is make believe—it occurs in stage-land, not in the real world. It is mere illusion." But is this the whole story? Suppose that not the stage but the supper table is before you, and upon it a magnificent platter of your favorite fruits. Though your mouth waters, you make no movement to take one of those luscious peaches which you seized so eagerly from your plate in the morning. Why is it? Here there is no illusion. What strange spell now holds you? To answer this question is to state the principle which underlies and controls all art; it is a matter of arrangement, of form, of order. Some tasteful person piled the apples, grapes, figs and oranges on the richly wrought platter in such a manner as to suggest not only other pleasures like those of the palate, but pleasures of another kind. By arranging these varied pleasures so as to enhance one another he has given your interest unity and at the same time variety; he

has conferred upon it form and significance. Your interest has now become what is inaptly termed "disinterested," not because it has lessened, but because it has a new quality. To indulge exclusively in any one of its elements now would be to destroy the interest itself. It would be to rob it of that unity which makes it a part of your less private, more shareable "real" world. Absorbed by the beauty of the fruit you do not wish to break the spell by eating it. For not suggested taste merely, but taste and smell, shape and color, in their combined effect, constitute your present delight.

It was likewise the skilful arrangement of the incidents of the play which kept you quietly seated while the villain worked his will. Not that you were unmoved by what you saw, but realizing that to catch and contemplate a villain at the same time is impossible, you were induced to "wait and see what would happen next," to reflect rather than to act. It is through such skilful ordering of the elements of effect—the *composition,* in short—that the artist makes active impulse subservient to æsthetic interest.

But the artist takes still further liberties. He plays with the materials by which he expresses his thoughts and feelings no less than with our reactions to them. He transforms the wood of the tree into the likeness of a god. Out of the living rock he carves an Apollo. Plucking some figure from the leaves of history he places it on a stage of his own devising that it may serve as the mouthpiece of his own moods and emotions. Out of storm and ruin he creates splendor: from crime and cruelty he wins stimulating and tragic effects.

Art is thus, it would seem, a kind of dream-world born of the artist's magic juggling in which the matter of daily life may enter only as it will lend itself to æsthetic treatment.

Enough has already been said to enable us to understand how it is that art has sometimes aroused suspicion, and even hostility. For is it not evident that this checking of our normal reactions to things will tend to weaken that healthy habit of full, instinctive response to them which our practical as well as our moral life demands? Will not the attractions of comparatively complete attainment, of a perfection seldom realizable outside of

art, tend also to make the art lover out of tune with the inevitable incompleteness and chaos of daily life, if not actually rebellious against it? Seems it not likewise inevitable that he who is constantly in search for the completely and immediately satisfying result should more or less lose the faculty, so indispensable to spiritual growth, of postponing a present for a future good? In art the continual search for what will bring immediate happiness tends, as history proves, to make the artist lay undue stress on such satisfaction. As Tennyson says, "The passionate heart of the poet" is often "whirled into folly and vice." And what is true of the creative artist is likewise true of the re-creative art lover.

There would seem to be occasions, in fact, when almost any normal man must feel out of sympathy with art and the æsthetic attitude. Imagine yourself, for instance, leaving some peasant's cottage. Full of pity for the misery you find there, and of plans to relieve it, you open the door to find a man comfortably seated before an easel, palette and brush in hand, absorbed in happy contemplation of the picturesque dilapidation of the moss-grown dwelling. Would it seem more than natural that you should feel disgust for such careless absorption in pleasures side by side with such wretchedness?

It is not strange then that we practical Americans should be inclined to deprecate, if not to despise, a practice which tends to distort facts and events, to disturb our established reactions to them and to lull us into a kind of happy sleep, by a seemingly unreal and somewhat petty form of perfection. And indeed, after all is said, are the pleasant day-dreams and illusions of art so superior to those conferred by the juice of the grape or the poppy seed? May not art be, as some have maintained, a form of illusion, the apparent integrity of which makes it all the more subtly demoralizing?

II

We have so far regarded art somewhat from the outside. Let us see what answer to this question a more searching sympathetic view from the inside may suggest.

A full harmonious life involves the employment of our faculties in such wise that the unity of our world—more or less

destroyed by the processes of intellectual growth—is again completely, that is to say, emotionally as well as intellectually, realized.

Mere activity is an unseeing, unconscious process. Thought which concerns itself with mere relations is cold and unsatisfying. Machines can calculate as well as men. A pure sensation, if such a thing existed, would be something we could react to more easily than we could realize. In each of these manifestations of life the element which gives it the depth and tingling reality implied in such words as peace, joy, happiness, fulfilment, is lacking. A sense of heightened living means, whatever else, a sense of heightened feeling. Truly out of the heart are the issues of life. Now, if activity be called the instrument of feeling, thought may be called the guide which brings it to fulfilment by directing it to what will genuinely and permanently satisfy it.

We can realize life completely only when our activities work under the control of thought in the interest of that most fundamental part of us, our "affective" self. To rationalize life should mean to give it such form that our natural capacities for joy reach under the guidance of a wisely controlling idea, full and harmonious development.

Unhappily such rationalization and unification of experience can be accomplished but very imperfectly in our chaotic, everyday existence. Again and again we seem compelled to believe that the forces and materials of our world are in large part alien, incomprehensible. We long to find a key to the meaning of things, which will make us see in them a reflection of our own deeper impulses and ideals. This art, by its limitations and selections, is able to provide. Art does not give us real life, but it gives us in concentrated symbolic form that which makes life essentially significant. Through careful limitation of aim and skilful choice of materials it accomplishes that transmutation of experience which man is ever seeking to achieve.

I am in a state, for example, of intense but vague and unfulfilled joy. Half foreseeing the form of activity which will alone fulfil my happiness, I start kicking up my heels. At first my movements are as little ordered as those of a puppy;

I do not reflect, I act. Becoming more conscious of my actions as I proceed, I find that not all my chance motions are equally satisfying. This fling seems to be more expressive of delight than that; this rhythm more appropriate than that one; this combination more satisfying than some other. Thus, by a more or less swift and instinctive experimentation, I discover a form of activity expressive of this or that aspect of my feeling. The orderly limitations that I have imposed upon my movements react in turn upon my emotion in such a way as to define it more clearly. With this clarified perception of my own feelings I again seek their further embodiment until I reach the point when feeling and form, emotion and idea, seem but aspects of one indivisible experience. My emotion has now become fully articulate; it has order, structure, and as the philosophers would say, *objectivity*. It is no longer merely a private mood, but a something to be reflected upon, to be understood, to be judged: something which conveys to me not only a pleasure but a meaning; not merely happiness but an ideal. In the appreciation as well as in the creation of art one ends with a dominating sense of victory and peace, of stimulation and repose, due to the resolution of all conflicts and oppositions into one unified and spiritually satisfying experience.

Thus art means not merely living harmoniously but also thoughtfully. Art is intuition as well as joy. Since the artist through his ability to organize and isolate compels us not only to attend but to attend passionately, to love what he creates for us, we look not merely at a thing but into it. For the time being we actively live it. Art inhibits some of our normal reactions, not because it is hostile to activity as such, but because only by thus controlling activity can it be made the effective tool of that full significant realization of life which it is the business of art to suggest.

Art, as I said, gives us a vital understanding of things because it presents a subject in such form as to elicit from our organism a complete and joyful response. It furnishes therefore refreshment as well as insight,—its two greatest gifts to blind and wearied humanity.

The refreshment which art affords is genuinely recreative;

it puts us in tune with ourselves and our world by readjusting us to the fundamental laws of our being. We " find ourselves " in art because we lose for the moment our petty, accidental, chaotic self. The influence of art, when perceived as art, is always in the direction of integrity. Even when it seeks to portray the morbid, its expression is always wholesome because it is always whole. The sensual and genuinely æsthetic, since they represent opposed points of view, are incompatible. The student who enters the studio with the intention of studying art seriously, knows he must, as the saying goes, " hang up his passions with his hat."

Since art is an expression of personal feeling, it affords insight into the longings and ideals of other minds. It begets a form of human sympathy which, though in many ways less satisfying than that which springs from human intercourse, is yet, within its own limits, more complete. That aspect of personality which for the moment speaks to us through a song or a picture does so with a fulness and freedom seldom equalled outside of the fine arts.

But it is perhaps with nature that art brings us into closest touch. Under art's guidance we come to view her not as an impersonal creation, but as a sort of mother in whose face we see imaged our own fundamental desires and satisfactions.

It is art's perception of harmony which makes it a natural helpmate not only of religion but of science and philosophy as well. Since it is the business of all activity at one point of its progress to picture what does not yet exist, to lift from the field of reality certain of its elements and through experimental manipulation of them to leap to a new creation, æsthetic insight has its more or less important part to play in all creative activity.

III

We have now regarded art from two distinct and characteristic points of view. From the one, it has seemed a dangerous, if delightful delusion; from the other, a wholesome, recreative inspiration. Much of the prevalent ineffective and unhealthy use of art is due to our failure to reconcile these two seemingly contradictory points of view. Why this conflict of

attitude should have proved so troublesome is a little difficult to see. We have satisfactorily resolved many similar paradoxes.

In fact, opposed points of view must always arise where the significance of a vital force is in dispute. For such a force, in inevitable opposition as it is to other forces in life, can naturally effect evil as well as good. It is the uniqueness and individuality of such sources of power and influence that make them potentially both harmful and useful. You can help or harm me just because you differ from me. Art can help or harm our ordinary existence because it in a sense contradicts it. It is the use of art which determines whether it shall prove humanly beneficial or not. Art has at times done harm because it has been abused. The proper use of art must be determined, as in the case of any other utility, by the nature of its function. If our view of art be correct, its proper application should now be clear. It should furnish inspiration for work and recreation after work.

That subtle, instinctive, bodily and mental readjustment from which the pleasure and insight of the æsthetic experience spring, should ultimately lead, like all bodily and mental readjustments, to some new mode of activity, some more enlightened form of conduct. Æsthetic enjoyment has its rightful place after as well as before activity. For here again it has a natural function to perform in the restoration of that equilibrium which our struggle with the more or less stubborn world of men and things tends to destroy. In the words of a contemporary poet:

> "Dawn saw the toil begin,
> Dusk sees the toil fulfilled—
> Now let there be music and song
> Till the fevered blood be stilled."

Art needs *always* to be related to the activities of life. It must serve life if life is to serve it. To detach art from life is not only to starve it but to disregard its basic principle. To use art morally is but to use it æsthetically. One reason for the regret that men have felt at the decline of applied art is that in it this essential relation between art and life is inevitably respected.

Our power and desire to react in a healthy way to the incidents of existence will not be weakened by æsthetic enjoyment, provided the true relation of art and life is kept in view. To think before one acts, so long as it is for the sake of more effective action, is not a danger but a good. Æsthetic interest and insight rightly used cannot be otherwise than morally beneficial.

Evidently circumstances and the needs of the individual alone can determine in a given case the proper occasion for æsthetic enjoyment. It is quite possible that our hypothetical artist, seated before the cottage door, was obtaining just the inspiration which he needed in order to perform his work effectively. The lady who is comfortably enjoying a play may be finding not only refreshment but inspiration; not only harmless relief for unsatisfied impulses, but equipment for better social service.

The comparative facility with which we can grasp such perfection as art affords makes it easy for us to allow our enjoyment of it to degenerate into a formless intoxication. Such enjoyment, however, is no longer æsthetic because it is no longer disciplined. It lacks that essential order and harmony which alone can confer upon it the quality which makes it—in the beautiful phrase of Sir Thomas Browne—" a hieroglyphical and shadowed lesson " of divinity.

The goal of art, as I have said, is wholeness, harmony and perfection. But perfection of one kind only cannot suffice us hungry mortals. Art as well as life must seek to realize itself in ever wider and more complete forms. For life is growth and therefore change and discord, as well as harmony and poise. Existence involves a constant alternation of struggle and achievement. Balance once realized is but a stepping stone by means of which through a period of instability and disruption we attain a further moment of poise and concord.

Struggle can no more satisfy us than achievement. Either by itself loses its meaning. We need activity that tends toward self-realization, and realization that makes us eager through enriched insight for still further activity. The sense of self-realization *through* activity, through activity so permeated with the creative spirit that we can say with the poet:

"Not the Quarry, but the Chase;
Not the Laurel, but the Race;
Not the Hazard, but the Play;
Make us, Lord, enjoy alway!"

That for the humblest no less than for the most exalted constitutes a full and satisfying existence.

Now in modern life—especially in that most modern expression of it, American life,—we are made constantly aware of the active element. Busy-ness and struggle are everywhere. But it is necessary to make careful search for what we have found is no less essential to a complete life. Circumstances no doubt as well as our innate habit of mind tend to emphasize the active at the expense of the reflective aspects of existence. Certain classes, it is true, have the opportunity to meditate as well as act. But the great mass of us are, for the most part, excluded by our environment as well as by our labor from contact with the more poetic and joy-giving aspects of existence. Leading almost purely mechanical lives, we often find the only escape from the weariness that at times overtakes us in questionable or even degrading pleasures.

It will avail us little if we perfect the machinery of life but neglect to develop the life for which the machinery was made. To allow ourselves to remain imaginatively sterile while we are becoming mechanically efficient is to do just this.

Let us welcome, then, and encourage the progress of art: for of it we cannot have too much,—so long as we remember that its true end is to refresh, discipline and inspire life itself.

CIVIC PROGRESS IN AMERICA

VICTOR BRANFORD

ON the cities of America the Industrial Revolution stamped its sign manual in an all-pervading ugliness and confusion, monotony and waste. Multiply those attractive elements indefinitely and there looms up before your gaze the goal of that progress, which for long was almost the sole American civic ideal—the CITY BIG. A swift and sudden reaction in our own day has reversed, none too soon, the direction of advance and re-oriented the civic aspiration of America toward the older and opposite ideal of the "City Beautiful." In a mood of lavish adornment and with incredible rapidity the cities garlanded themselves with parks and ringed their suburbs with parkways. They dreamed of grandiose civic centres and spacious boulevards. Many cities planned ambitious reconstructions, Hausmann-like in scale and character, and a few are proceeding to carry them out.

The movement toward the "City Beautiful" is far from having exhausted itself. It is still in salutary progress as an æsthetic act of repentance. But another wave of civic emotion has surged into the focus of attention and is running high through the length and breadth of a nation which is a continent. More heavily charged with more complex and positive purposes, this new movement has for its watchword the "City Better." It expresses itself in three great lines of activity, determined by the problem which it confronts. The achievement of the City Better is taken to postulate at once a moral re-birth, a new economic coöperation, and—as a preliminary to both—a re-investigation of social conditions. These several implications of the ideal, then, have given origin and imparted direction to three distinctive currents of civic enthusiasm. One of these, guided by a succession of remarkable Mayors—veritable City Fathers—is sweeping clean the Augean stables and replacing by administrations of efficiency and economy the old reign of municipal corruption which became a burden as well as a by-word. Another main current of redemptive civic activity (bringing fresh power

to the pre-existing housing-reform and sanitary movement) is organizing a coöperation of the municipal authorities with the railways and the industries in schemes of transit reconstruction within the city area; so that, for instance, it shall no longer take three days to get a truck of wheat from a western to an eastern railway terminus in Chicago, with vile defacement of the city as an incident in the process.

As the first current in the City Better movement is primarily moral, and the second economic and hygienic, the third is fundamentally intellectual. A new social imperative, entitled "Know Your City," is gathering momentum and winning acceptance far and wide. Under its impulse and sanction there is everywhere astir a penetrative spirit of inquiry into the facts and tendencies of city life. Its productivity ranges from the comprehensive "Pittsburgh Survey," whose half-dozen impressive volumes achieved a world publicity, down to the locally exhibited map of sewers, wells and waterpipes resulting from the "sanitary survey" of some western townlet suddenly awakened to the meaning of hygiene. The growing prevalence of the "social survey" in America is attested by many events of peculiar interest. When, for instance, stockholders of a great industrial trust take to demanding from their directorate a "social survey" of labor conditions in their mills to supplement the annual balance-sheet (as was done recently in the case of the Steel Corporation), who shall deny that the day may be approaching when by the Man in the Street, even though it be Wall Street, dividends will be reckoned in life and welfare?

There we talk of remote possibilities, and there are a crowd of others much nearer than that one. The significance of the "social survey" as we find it here and now lies in the testimony it affords of a general spontaneous awakening of citizens to civic consciousness and of a consequent resolve to know and to do. The movement is not one being forced on the cities from without. It has, happily, external sources of guidance, but it is crystallizing from within. Once the "survey idea" has touched the imagination of a city, what wonderful transformations—at least in social re-groupings and liberated energies—may be wrought, let the story of Syracuse tell.

In a city of 150,000 people, within the State of New York, the clergy and the local philanthropic agencies, along with the employers (acting through the Chamber of Commerce) and the working-men (acting through the Trades Council) all come together and enter into a co-partnery for the execution of a "preliminary survey" of their city. They allocate the costs in proportion to the collective means of their respective organizations, two-fifths being borne by the Chamber of Commerce and a fifth each by the other three groups. They call to their aid men of specialized experience from other cities, and thus obtain the services of the most competent experts in housing, in child welfare, in prison reform and other fields of inquiry and betterment. Volunteers for the detailed work of investigation and organization are forthcoming, and there springs into being a little army of physicians, clergymen, lawyers, students of the local university, municipal officials, journalists and plain citizens all metamorphosed for the time being into "civic surveyors." For commander-in-chief, modestly designated the survey director, is obtained the executive head of that admirable initiative, the Department of Surveys and Exhibits of the Russell Sage Foundation in New York City. The resulting five weeks' campaign of active investigation carries the "survey" to the stage of "report." To give publicity to the finding of the provisional reports there is organized a "know your city" week. It begins on a Sunday morning with sermons from forty pulpits on the responsibilities of citizenship. On Monday the schools take up the tale, and among other juvenile contributions is the reading of the prize essays selected from over a thousand written by the pupils on "How to make Syracuse a better city." Daily there are conferences on concrete local problems in the afternoons; in the evenings, mass meetings at which the reports are read and discussed. An exhibition of maps and charts, pictures and photographs of actualities, plans of improvements, is no unessential display of the "know your city week": it is indeed the centre on which its efforts focus. For by this graphic appeal is the surveyors' vision of the city, as It Is and Might Be, most fully evoked also in the minds of others and transmitted to the general body of the citizens. The Exhibition of Civic Surveys and Re-

ports is indeed at once a representation of fact, an evocation of dream, and an impulse to action.

Such is the story of Syracuse and its "preliminary survey." In the comprehensive sweep of its beginnings, in its simultaneous mobilization of all powers and purposes, it could, of course, be matched in but few other cities as yet. Nevertheless it is indicative of a movement demonstrably in progress at a hundred other places. Its significance for the student of survivals and tendencies lies in its interpretation as one of the signs of impending transition from the abstractions of public life to its realities: i. e. from State and national politics to civic and regional politics. Contrast the difference in organization, in mode of working and in educational process between the two systems. Instead of mystic caucuses, mimetic war of faction-fight, fevered elections, partisan orations, postulation of irreconcilable rights, appeals to unverifiable abstractions, we have affirmation of definite responsibilities, citizens in coöperative activity, surveys of actualities, reports in reference to concrete problems and specific issues, plans of possible improvements, appeals to the sense of order and to vision of the City Better.

But the new social and civic politics has of course its own special perils. Among these is the risk that action proceeding from faulty and inadequate diagnosis may be as mistaken as action proceeding—as so frequently in the old or passing order —from no deliberate diagnosis at all. In face of this peril there is particular need to remind organizers of social politics that the surveys and exhibits, reports and plans of the incipient civic order will be free from the surviving *defects* of the passing political order, just in proportion as they embody the surviving *qualities* of past and passing orders. Hence in so vast a problem, so complex a task as the adjustment of the present to the future, the *historic* survey must have a primary place; and this the more needed the fewer the city's visible monuments of historic cultures. The making of a city-plan for Chicago thus demands in its preparation more rather than less insistently a preliminary historic survey than in the case of Florence or Paris. The newer the city, the more likely its inhabitants to re-invent the defects of old civilizations, unless they be protected against the virus of evil by social transmission of the heritage of good.

The social survey, so full of promise for the future of American cities, must, if it would contribute adequately and take its due place in the city-planning movement, be further developed to include and incorporate the historic survey; and this, of course, in no mere archæological sense, but in the widest culture meaning. The phrase "city-planning" already expresses, in its content, the wide range and high ambition of American civic aspiration. In the best examples of the survey deliberately prepared for city-planning, there is ample recognition of social aspects and at least an affirmation of the historical point of view. In the survey, for instance, of Jersey City, by Messrs. G. B. Ford and Gooderich, perhaps the most intensive and detailed preliminary survey yet made for city-planning anywhere, there is actual investigation into recreational and culture needs and possibilities, and there is insistence on the study of historic tendencies as a necessary prerequisite to sound city-planning.

Thus is being prepared the way for a further phase of the civic renaissance in America. The leaders of this new advance are looking even beyond the conception of the City Better. How to advance from the City Better to the City at Its Best is their preoccupation. Manifestly, something more is needed than surveying and reporting, more even than the planning and executing of material improvements. The Muses must be invoked to arouse the ideals of personality; and to guide the creative urge of personal ideals toward civic expression, old institutions must be renovated and perhaps new ones devised. In that direction go not a few movements now in fitful progress, in so far as they obviously can be given a meaning and a message (and thereby a lasting vitality) by imparting to them a civic reference and rôle. As examples of such movements may be cited the renaissance of pageantry, the revival of folk-song and dance, the return of processional festivals, the increasing vogue of the acted drama in school and college, the growth of repertory theatres in regional capitals. All these are aids to the flowering of personality and so to the enrichment of communitary life. But the problem remains, How to orient the expanding personality that it may seek expression and outlet in assisting the re-birth of the civic spirit and its maintenance. To the solution of this

problem, on the overlapping borderland of education and civics, not a few notable contributions might be cited from America, alike by practical experimentalists and by theoretical investigators. Let us take an instance which admirably combines both these aspects.

As the ostentatious misuse of leisure in America provoked the critical and analytic study of Mr. Thorstein Veblen (*The Theory of the Leisure Class*), so the many American initiatives toward the redemption and the right use of leisure have brought forth their generalization in the constructive and synthetic study of Mr. Percy MacKaye (*The Civic Theatre*). His ardent propagandism for a " civic theatre " is not to be confounded by analogy with the movement for a national theatre in England—from which it differs as civic from State politics. It differs too in essence from the Municipal Theatre of Germany, and goes far beyond the mere Repertory Theatre in constructive social aim. For the Civic Theatre, Mr. MacKaye claims no less ambitious a mission than conscious and deliberate leadership in coördinating the whole circle of the arts and the sciences in a long-overdue reorganization of leisure. With Jane Addams he sees, in horror and indignation, the scanty and hard-earned leisure of youth and maiden in the great cities diverted from instinctive quest of adventure in the House of Dreams, and entrapped by commercially organized supply of vulgar or base temptation which aims at substituting lust for joy and debauchery for gaiety. With William Morris, he sees, in shame and contrition, the dull and drab festivities of Labor habitually divorced from Beauty and left joyless in Leisure, because forsaken by Art, which neglects the comforting of Lazarus, while engrossed in the service of Dives. With Gordon Craig and Huntly Carter, he sees in hope and encouragement, dramatist and actor, artist and musician, struggling to liberate themselves from a Commercial Theatre and striving to re-make it in the name of the Muses. In all these energies, unused or misused, these potentialities unawakened or basely stirred, these strivings imperfectly directed, Mr. MacKaye sees the very stuff of civic uplift; and to the Universities and to the Cities, he appeals for aid in his mission of reconstruction.

The universities of America have built for their athletes vast

and costly stadia. Some, like Harvard, have commenced the ascent from Olympus to Parnassus by occasionally devoting them (the stadia and the athletes) to higher purposes in open-air drama. Here play and pageant have been given with splendid magnificence before immense concourses of spectators. Let the universities continue their arduous ascent of Parnassus, urges Mr. MacKaye, and in course of time and travail they will be enabled to make a worthy return to the people who grant them endowment. What, he submits, the people want from the universities are the true Masters of Arts needed for leadership in creating the repertory of the Civic Theatre, in organizing the players for performances and in training the citizens for chorus.

By plays and pageants, festivals and processions, by folk drama and culture drama, the Civic Theatre is to achieve the uplift of the people through the redemption of leisure. To the cities, its advocate utters the prophetic warning that no city-plan is adequate to future requirement which fails to find a place for the Civic Theatre, and for one designed on large and generous proportions—a spacious portico for pageant, masque and processional, a great central auditorium for historic and romantic drama (from Æschylus to Shakespeare and Rostand), and two lateral auditoriums dedicated respectively to the Intimate Theatre (from Molière to Ibsen and Brieux), and to the Educational Theatre for plays to children and by children. In the focus of the city-plan thus envisaged stands the civic theatre, and grouped around it are its ancillary institutes of popular culture: schools of art and music, library and museum, concert hall and picture-gallery—with their several activities all vitalized through the unifying art of drama. By the creator of this vision there is foreseen in the cities of America a "chain of civic theatres stretching from New York to San Francisco," each with its complement of subsidiary culture institutes, developing a "redemptive ritual of joy," uplifting the body of citizens, as for their cities did the cathedrals of old.

A CATHOLIC CHURCH

L. J. Eddy

A WRITER in contemporary pages, a decade or so since, gave an opinion on the future growth and domination of the Roman Catholic Church. He forecast its absolute supremacy.

Such eruptions as heresy-trials, papal encyclicals and forward movements have shown the dissenting or revivifying spirit on all sides, yet these instances are the extremes, and the quiet of religious circumstances seems pervasive. What place will each of the two great armies of Christ hold in the years to come? What will be the outcome of this strange competition where according to the spirit of Christ one would look for unity? And, with regard to the temper of our people, their essential ideality, and the fundamental spirit in each body of Christians, what may be a probable development?

To the critic, the outward state of the Roman Church presents the fact of a system, political and theological, which rests on the asserted authority given directly by Christ and handed down unbroken through the centuries. The Bible is held to be directly and literally inspired of God; the dogma built up is unchangeable and infallible; the Church is sole authority in spiritual affairs. Even greater indeed is the Church than the Book, for the Book must have the authority of the Church to its credibility. The Book is in entirety from God; and apart from the Christ and his sacrifice, his mediation, through the Roman Church, there can be no salvation.

This salvation, with its accretions of complex conceptions, rests on the dogma of all men's inherent sin through Adam's fall, and eternal punishment save through the Church, and through Christ who came to the world to expiate man's sin by his death. Over all is absolutely and infallibly the Roman Catholic Church. Witness St. Augustine: "I would not believe the Gospels did not the authority of the Catholic Church impel me."

These are but general outlines of some basic foundations on which this vast religious kingdom is erected, and to which, by all

that men can do, it is bound irrevocably. Around these dogmatized tenets and ideas, beginning with the "directly inspired" narratives (all written at least a generation or more after the death of the Master), continuing with the words and accounts of the Apostles, have grown up this marvellous and mysterious fabric of belief, and the forms, the organization, political and spiritual, of Roman Catholicism.

Though one and another yearn fiercely or unconsciously for the simplicity, the sweet strength uncolored with intricacies of too-human mystery and strained overlapping of world and spirit, for the utterly spiritual touch and unclothed grace, for a Christ felt and lived with in kindled perception of sense and spirit; though these needs cry out from the depths of many Catholic hearts, confused in the faith, yet must we stand in awe before this temple of temples, a human creation, yet sublimely asserting its marriage with Christ, a very symbol itself of Humanity, an actuality of mingled power and weakness, worldly ambition and humility, unutterable passion of soul and stifling of mind and the larger growth of soul, of charity, fear, superstition, courage, love, ignorance, and the enslavement of freedom. It is at once a glory of the mind and soul of man, the body of eternal religious feeling, and the tragedy of unfulfilment, antagonism to liberty and growth of mind and spirit.

Now in a Church asserting infallible authority in a body of diverse truth, ancient and modern, there is no possible way of harmonizing the self-evident contradictions arising historically or scientifically—the infallibility forces the honor of mind into conflict with honor of soul, and one's loyalty to the Church points to the only path of virtue, a path plainly dishonorable to truth. Thus the Church has not only placed its *summum bonum* before all men without possibility of rejection or of change, but it has weakened the character of men, degraded them, in order to retain them by authority spiritually, and "save" them to eternal life, as the end in view.

Within the communion of the Roman Church there are many perplexed and distressed souls, not Catholics in implicit belief, but in love and need. They are quiet and the world knows little of what may be the wide-spread doubt. Of late there are re-

ports of a new encyclical against modernism, or of a professor warned from his free and uncatholic views, and such instances are only the rare manifestations. Nearly fifteen years ago the English reviews were much concerned with the question of the effect of science on the dogmas and belief in a literally inspired Scripture. The late Dr. Mivart, Mr. Wilfred Ward, the Rev. R. F. Clarke, and other prominent Catholics took part in this discussion. The situation threw light on the probable attitude of many well-educated Catholics, and particularly perhaps on their faithful and unwelcomed love for the Church.

Modern thought and scientific investigation force doubt and trouble on believers who strive to harmonize the truths presented to their minds with the dogmas and the affirmed literal truth of the Bible. As late as 1870 all the decrees of the Church were not only re-affirmed, but the new dogmas of the Immaculate Conception and Papal Infallibility added, the more irrevocably, if possible, binding to the past and its burden of spiritual and intellectual slavery.

Let us note here several of these unchangeable dogmas of the Roman Church, for the concrete evidence and the greater emphasis on this one phase of human consciousness which is proclaimed free from error and change.

"If anyone asserts that the prevarication of Adam injured himself alone and not his posterity, and that the holiness and justice, received of God, which he lost, he lost for himself alone, and not for us also, or that he, being defiled by the sin of disobedience, has only transfused death and pains of the body into the whole human race, but not sin also, which is the death of the soul, let him be anathema."

"If anyone say that the fear of hell—whereby by grieving for our sins we flee unto the mercy of God, or refrain from sinning—is a sin or makes sinners worse, let him be anathema."

"If anyone saith that by the said sacraments grace is not conferred through the act performed, but that faith alone in the divine promise suffices for the obtaining of grace, let him be anathema."

"If anyone saith that Christ given in the Eucharist is eaten

spiritually only and not also sacramentally and really, let him be anathema."

These excerpts from the unchangeable decrees of the Councils speak for the definite beliefs, while the numberless contradictions between science and authority over the literal truth of the Bible, are to be viewed through the eyes of the Church in this council-decree of 1870: "If anyone shall assert it to be possible that sometimes, according to the progress of science, a sense is to be given to doctrine propounded by the Church different from that which the Church has understood or understands, let him be anathema."

So it is that, in a way positive and definite, the very life of the structural Roman Catholic Church rests on its unchangeableness of dogma. To confess the slightest error is to confess the whole credal fabric blown to the winds in so far as the Church organization as such is concerned.

It is all fixity, confessedly a triumph of coerced faith. The material facts since the days of Copernicus have put wonderful changes into the literal truth of the Bible, and Copernicus himself from within the precincts of the Church proclaimed that man's planet was not the centre of the universe. This was heresy. The centuries brought new truths and new problems for believers until, utterly to break with Catholic tradition and faith and her belief in Old Testament accounts of beginnings, there came almost blasphemously Darwinism.

These lovers of the truth within the Church seemingly have no real hope held out for ultimate harmony. Not only are there questions of mere authenticity. Now as always, and still more insistent from latter-day individualism, exist those questions of credibility in doctrines of the type of that fearful eternal punishment and the inheritance of original sin, and also the individual doubts concerning one or another of the orthodox fundamentals, as the Virgin Birth or the Resurrection, not to mention the fundamental domination of minds and souls.

Going back to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, we find in Wycliffe and Colet a real protesting spirit, as definite as the aggressive revolt of Luther, yet more spiritual. Not only were the abuses in the Church their basis of attack and hatred,

but their feeling was constructive; it was dominated by a love of the inner heart of the Church, by a hate of the practices and doctrines that to them were inimical to the true Church. Marsilius of Padua still earlier was even more deeply constructive in his idea of Church democracy.

Now it is to be noted that, whatever the divine inspiration within, a Church is as essentially of the life of the people, of its faults and virtues, as any other institution. That which is of moment is the temper of the people, and this temper is a reality, however strong or weak, according to the varied reactions on the common mind and heart. Such a reaction was the economic phase which developed in the Peasants' War at the time of Wycliffe's and the Lollards' activities. Political conditions gave the English race coherent interest, as has been noted, through Wycliffe, in the protesting spirit, and this was a beginning of democracy in individual freedom and significance, though economic conditions delayed the religious revolution for generations in England.

Throughout the more northern countries of Catholicism, before the sixteenth century when the Reformation started into life, the corruption of the clergy and the condition of the Church (all excrescences, not fundamentals) began to anger the laymen of thought—and many righteous clergy as well. Yet the love and the rooted beliefs in the Church were gripping the hearts of men and women. When the spirit of a Thomas More succeeded to the battle, then the desire for a Church free was, though still unrecognized, becoming militant. Out of the struggle for concrete food and bodily safety, and then for rights, comes the larger fight for social rights and for the liberty not only of body but of mind. This is the programme of centuries, yet here we see it all in a few great men. While the spread of learning from the East, from Italy, had given men the awakening to the wonder of man's possibilities, it had in spirit and method run counter to the Church, for study and new truth, new values, new freedom, bring question to authority and to the least coercion of man's intelligence.

But, whereas the Reformation did bring such wrong, infinite intolerance and persecution, it was a great uncontrolled and un-

refined Spirit of Right, of hatred of falsity and oppression. It was for liberty, yet was dogmatic and intolerant. It was a turning of the outraged upon the ecclesiastics, not upon the Church. This is the essence of the view here put down and looking forward to future religious development. It is the structural Church versus the Church of Christ.

Some of the congregations which formed among the growing Protestants in the Reformation forsook all the forms and practices of the Roman Church, together with certain of its dogmas, but with almost all it was a process of adaptation, of cutting away merely those forms and practices which had become hated or despised. Thus the Lutherans kept much the same formalism as the older order, and much of Luther's practice and advocacy was of the nature of unrestrained zeal in a destructive cause,—thus his writings on divorce. So of Calvin in his passion of fervor against Catholic justification. Notwithstanding his immense influence, it is undeniable that his protesting intellect gave forth a belief which dishonored the very freedom he stood for.

But the heart of the people in truth turned away from the accustomed forms and from the Church which asserted as from God its sole authority over men's spiritual affairs. Such a course could only be taken, especially by the many, from motives of tremendous force. Fear of hell and ingrained belief in the vast moral or spiritual powers and authority of the Church could only be overcome by hate and a disbelief as much the result of disillusion as of positive sense of personal rights and the larger freedom. The sight of an immoral priest raising the Host was enough utterly to root out that part of the sacrament. The fact is that in the most bitter of reformers who had been truly of the faith, loving and worshipful, there was the love of the Church Essential. Thus some even who protested in their souls could find no peace and no life outside the fold. It was not necessarily fear which so actuated these of the people, though assuredly fear was a great factor. It was the love of the Church. When the injustice and falsity drove out these freer spirits, it is obvious that if their faith had been at all an influence it retained a hold, and much of the renounced found its way into the accepted and needed.

In point of fact it would seem that the greater emotional and static power of spirituality, aside from mental light, lay more in those who clung to the older cherished Church which so many of the Protestants had unwillingly left. But character is the result of feeling and action, whatever the causes of that revolt or awakening; and social and individual character were needed then far more than the mystic, passive fervor of spirituality. Yet the Reformation took away from the Church just this strong, intelligent, unmystical, narrow and free element. It did not take away the wonder of ecstasy and inexpressible religious feeling. The distinction of Professor James between the Monist and the Pluralist, the tender-minded and the tough-minded, is equally well applied to the Roman Church and the Protestant Church.

In the zeal of Wycliffe, a Colet, a More, even a Cranmer, a people enslaved find the beginnings of nationality. This is closely akin to religion, and the people that are kindled to true feeling for this abstraction are never an ignoble race.

Now, when the first pungent fruit of this seed was gathered, men went their different ways and in great trouble of mind and body, and often as always in great movements knew not the times. The protesting spirit survived in a love of freedom that was to mount higher once tasted. On the other hand was the temper of those who loved the Church with a love not plumbed, those filled with a need or fear that permitted no protest. They believed,—in the Church. The temper of More, of Erasmus, of Marsilius, is the solvent to be reckoned with; realizing the limitations, the blindness, the slavery, the ignorance that mingled with unquestioning faith, emotional depth and all the essence of mystic impelling Catholicism. Not plainly did the great Pro*test*ants see their trend. They battled for the present.

The temper and intensity of truth with religious fervor that must have no falsity, must have a true Church of Christ, and that Church, perhaps logically, the Roman Church purged, is with us to-day, and in the light of history and with no lack of reverence wills to make a truer Church.

The Church, to the Vatican and to the hierarchy, is now and forever the same. How can change come to a Church unchangeable, a Church that has maintained itself in this faith and is

founded on this tenet, that keeps its millions of believers very greatly by their faith in this infallibility, in authority eternal, this never-changing rock of reality in an ever-developing world of trouble and error?

Here is a situation of such import that it is difficult to grasp its entire meaning, without realizing the paradoxical element—a Church if changing forced to deny its very corner-stone of influence and authority, compelled to confess its centuries-old dogma of infallibility an error. Is it not a problem of well-nigh supreme magnitude for the Pontiff or for anyone, whether of the Church Infallible, the Moderns of whatever shade, or the world outside? If millions of believers have been educated for centuries in forced doctrines and forms of a sort that would leave them adrift in a purged Church, what of their welfare during a generation of new ideals or a transition from a condition of partial education and old forms and superstitions to—what? These questions would call for great leaders and noble minds whatever the new insight, and no such educational ideal has ever reached the sources of authority.

So out of all the struggles between the two great divisions of the Church founded by Christ, there appear two vivid factors of utmost importance in the future of Christ's Church—one great element in each side. It is to this human factor that each Church must ascribe its vital hold on its members, if such it has.

It is well to glance here at a few of the recent tendencies, marked and yet easily obscured in the torrents of conflicting and coördinating interests and ideas. If the inception of the reform movement had its seed in the oppression of the people and the growing sense of the inconsistency of the practices and promulgations of the Church and clergy, it was of deeper significance in the essential unchristlike spirit and unfreedom and error of the Church.

To-day we are reading, and for the last few years it has been growing, if less in the public eye than some months ago, of the discord in the Catholic communion. The Index, the censoring bureau at the Vatican, finds constant work in placing under the ban new books of acknowledged communicants; and these works are by authors who frankly condemn the policy of the Vatican,

the policy of centuries, in brave integrity or in pure hope of forcing a new policy. The criticism of the tenets and spirit of the Church is frequent, yet cautious in the main, so far as communicants and clergy are concerned. But it is worthy of note that it is among the clergy in Italy itself that the unrest is most evident to those who know the conditions. This cautiousness is understandable, and not to be put aside as cowardice or weakness, for it is from the communicants themselves that the hope may become fruition, as ever we have learned in the world's reforms. If reform is necessary, those within the fold can often best lead out the discontented masses to the old true faith or the newer vision; and they are wisest and best who strive to keep the faith within the greater body, up to the last hope—then, in truth, and for the faith, may it be imperative to fight under another banner for the truth that the older body disdains, the truth that cannot live longer in chains. The Pontiff has condemned the unrest in unequivocal language.

This perhaps shows best the fixity of the Roman Catholic Church, comparing the decrees of Trent and later, affirmed and reaffirmed since, absolutely dominated in matters of belief by the Vatican and the great council of Cardinals past and present; the clergy educated and held to loyalty or silence and equivocation. Yet are spirits active like Mivart. So Loisy, Murri and Tyrrell, lovers of the Catholic Church, yet truth-seekers and God-seekers. But error is not confessed possible in that Church, past, present or future, and by the affirmed and re-affirmed promulgations.

Here then is the strange case, and we have rarely seen it made clear in the American journals in its paradoxical and unalterable situation—that changing situation—that Roman Catholicism as its hierarchs to-day and for centuries have proclaimed by their assumption of infallibility for the Church, now, as ever, cannot advance with the truth of the years, and cannot advance because of its own unalterable dogmas or pronouncements that such dogmas and pronouncements are of themselves unchangeable. The points never carry beyond themselves. It is only by becoming the Church Not of Rome that she can advance. Priests and professors who attempt the impossible task of forwarding truth as they see it in the spirit of Christ and the spirit of a

Church unarrogant and of the people, seeking truth and the growth of character, find by the very thought of change and criticism they are automatically placed outside the fold, or else they are everywhere practising evasion and equivocation toward the masses. This situation obtained when an Austrian savant only some three years since was so enjoined. It was ordered by Rome that further similar utterances from his pen should by the act excommunicate him. His retirement by the Austrian Government was forced.

The Roman Catholic Church rests by all that man can do eternally on fixed dogmas or beliefs worded in unchangeable fashion. Its progress then from accepted facts that humanity comes to find errant, and from a condition of enslavement and control of man's relation with his God, cannot be realized so long as it is this Church of To-day. Progress must confess, as every breath, change; and free-seeking minds cannot accept explanations of immobility, as the apologist in England has put forth. Ward states his faith, harmonizing thus: "there is no change in the meaning of dogma. It was not divine revelation that changed. It was man with his equipment for its explication or expression who changed." Yet the Church made dogma, asserting its emanation from God, and we can find Christ and his simple spirit in the Book. We to-day can but be aware of the concrete fact that vital beliefs are taught and affirmed of the *literal* truth of all Scriptures; we know the twistings and evasions in promulgations and in the Confessional, with the stamp of infallibility on all dogma and utterances of the Pope *ex cathedra*. There is unequivocal reiteration of proven error as truth, aside from the questions of the individual versus the Church.

In the Protestant Church, taken at large as it must be and is in the sense of spirit, it is evident that freedom has been, with the significance of the individual mind and heart in its direct relation and responsibility to God, the underlying, often perverted, basis of distinction. The early reformers had no desire to separate from the beloved Church. They were of it—traditionally and spiritually. But they hated its abuses and its falsities in the hands of fallen clergy or an arrogant hierarchy. The mass of those who fell away saw the luxury and vice of their clergy.

These were definite human interests, but not easily was the loyalty voided. They were habituated to the One Church which still claims itself the one way to salvation, a salvation meaning Heaven attained only as Holy Church provides. Thus the Lutheran Church was closely Roman save in the casting out of what was deemed idolatry and abuse.

The Protestants were equally intolerant with the Roman Catholics, and often equally savage in persecution. Their excuse was the excuse of the frenzy of the half-awakened, and of human characteristics not at all held in check in such cases by any clearer understanding of Christianity. For a revolt is rarely constructive. And humanity easily becomes apathetic after intensity. However, the seeds planted by Wycliffe (and how many others it is difficult to know) were finding some growth, and under intolerance and the abuses of iconoclasm, under all the confusion, freedom of a sort, with personal religion however chaotic and poor, was struggling to grow. In essence the protest was practical. In significance it was democratic perhaps. Here was at once the new spirit, and here we find the other extreme from the religion of personal negativeness in a responsible mind, and of eternal dogma. Democracy is practical, too. It is the commonplace of personal revolt raised to idealism in terms of the mass. The Roman Church is practical in polity, in ambition, in the paradox of a union of spirituality and shrewdness in dealing with human character or characteristics, guiding to a God, awful yet mild. It knows the power of an unquestioning faith in Authority of Belief for the masses who in ignorance and human weakness and constant falling into sin, crave to throw their sorrows and sins on other shoulders, a Christ with power of spirit to touch erring man with comfort and adoration, and indeed with forgetfulness. Ignorance is at the foundation of this slavery—ignorance never assuaged by the Church and as surely, consciously or not, kept through the decades. Great and vast and inspiring the Roman Church is—a product of ambition, individual humility, mysticism, love, and of power, arrogant power. Great, noble and sweet, and infinitely beyond the vision of our present day imaginations save in those souls who are of the Church Eternal, is the Catholic Church within

this great *Human structure;* so seems this spirit to the critic perhaps as to Mivart and the devoted priests here and there, silent or characteristically sounding the note of progress. It may be that the spirit inheres and is to bear full fruit, spite of the awful power and domination of the Church.

Protestantism is practical in different wise; it has stood for the individual, for democracy. Truth of fact has loomed too large, but the love of sincerity and actuality, while lending a certain vexatious squint to the inner eye, has assuredly for compensation given strength and conviction. Individual courage of mind and forthrightness have been the birth-gifts to a race who thus have come to slight some of the softer, gentler traits of heart. Spite of many individuals such as Brooks and Rauschenbusch and laymen in large numbers, gentleness of heart was and is generally confused with weakness of arm and will. Protestants as a body have achieved strength in the loss of mysteries—and mysteries are become abomination. Mysteries are indeed of the heart, not the senses. Intolerance and a new selfishness rise. But withal the Protestant spirit was actual and compelling in the larger freedom and stretching out of the boundaries of a man's mind and of a community's rights and then —*Duties.* Too sober and unjoyous were the characters of these evolved protesters, in the years that passed, and has not the essential spirit in the congregations lacked the subtle kindling poetry and fire of religious consciousness that is the truth of God? Has it found that content of mingled fervor of unselfishness and emotional belief with tempered human understanding of man, not the shallow, sensuous emotionality—not the mere hope of eternal reward? Has it found the deeper significance and the eternal verities along with freedom and growth of ideals to hold up to its God?

The errors, and absurdities, the lost opportunities and semi-atrophied condition, the almost educated ignorance, the degradation of responsibility lost in Confession among the peasants and ignorant, the emotional, passive attitude toward a Christ of a death emphasized for the sake of the sinner's adoration, instead of a life of divine significance, the loss of spirituality in symbols,—yes, it is easy even for the kindly critic outside the

Church of Rome to call harshly to account this venerable living vital institution; but it is for the critic and every thinking man to study in this time of awakening interest and perplexity the phenomena of this deep-lying power and sweetness and hold of a Church that boldly has proclaimed itself for hundreds of years the sole regent of God, and Spouse of Christ on earth.

Out of the almost inhuman thing we call the Catholic Church, there is far down an emanating spirit that it seems no other Church in the world knows in power, certainly not in its mingled strength of hold, and pervasive religious mystical and poetical quality. But this is not the Church Structural—it is the Church of the Spirit of Christ, the Church Universal.

There is less of the rapt visioning and tender appeal to the lonely, weak human being or aspiring God-seeker in the Protestant idea—it has lacked no great leadership and minds with hearts attuned to God, but it may seem to the student that this prophetic and humble greatness of soul in many a Protestant was of the essence of the truest Catholicism, not Methodism or Episcopalianism or what not. This is not new, but it strikes at the roots of the matter, for the spirit that is religious may be utterly Catholic in the deeper sense, yet not Roman, while the method may be Protestant; and here the thought leads to the gradual elimination of Protestant denomination as such, with its method taken over to a universal Mother Church, in which does perhaps of a truth reside the deeper and actual religious consciousness; but waiting the touch of freedom, the stripping away of authority, ambition and degradation; and the Protestant method, its individualism, its harder qualities all to be assuredly softened and beautified while creating new force and light and personal responsibility in the chalice of Christ's Church.

Protestantism has awakened men to opportunity and insight where hearts were becoming softened to sentimentalism, giving force and human setting to the oldest needs—the yearnings it never could satisfy of itself. The Roman Church has stood and does stand for domination, in guise of Christ's and God's only Regent on earth,—this do or die. Spiritual forces were in Protestantism; its religious consciousness was and is a reality.

Yet there is the sense of lack, whether in the abandon of passionate devotion and communion with God within one's soul, or whether in the intellectual supremacy and the unpoised union of reason and heart.

Protestantism has shown the need of the method, the quality of truth-seeking, the dignity of man, and his personal hold on God, needing no mediation. And one can find his mind far from the time of à Kempis, but can the glory and sweetness and hold on God fail to impress with thrilling integrity and wonder, in this saintly communicant of the Catholic Church?

The Mother Church cannot by its tenets then remain the Roman organization of to-day and yesterday a thousand years, if it change. Changing, it confesses error. The Church Universal, if it ever is to be an actuality, must come through some enlarging of the inner spirit of present Roman Catholicism, with negation of the present Church and in the method of Protestantism. What is to be the form and reality of the eventuation? Shall the Roman Church go down through the centuries as she has come down the last hundreds, in the spirit of to-day and of the past, or shall the Body take on new life and the Mind throw off its vapors, while the Christlike and eternal Heart of a glory unquenchable leads to unglimpsed heights?

MORAL AND SOCIAL ASPECTS OF ILLEGITIMACY IN HUNGARY

C. Townley-Fullam

I

FOR a truer understanding of the phenomena which distinguish Hungary, recourse should always be had to one or other of the two main principles which together form the keystone of her social fabric:—the maintenance externally of State independence; the maintenance, internally, of Magyar hegemony.

Rich as Hungary undoubtedly is in her special formulæ of public law and historic associations, she is yet the exact counterpart of England. Her jurisprudence has a tincture of that of Rome, but is mainly independent of it. Her State-conceptions remain aspirations simply because of a certain incompatibility between the Turanian Dominant and the federal tendencies of Aryanism. Her institutions, originally purely Saxon, early took the impress of semi-feudalism and ecclesiasticism. Half of the land is still divided between the Church and the oligarchy. And of this half the bulk, the greater estates, are *fidei commissa.*

Politically, Hungary counts for nothing outside the Dualism. This remarkable structure, which violates the first principles of federalism, is absolutely *sui generis.* Its effect is to free her in great measure from the onus of international responsibility and leave her at liberty to concentrate upon internal development. Profoundly distrustful of her own native genius, she has accustomed herself to look for inspiration to the West, an indiscretion which, though it has resulted in the acclimatization of many useless institutions, has nevertheless served to direct her attention to a field of labor which she is steadily making her own. The student and the expert are now fairly agreed that in all those questions which properly belong to the science of sociology:—hygiene, pure food, care of children and correction of the *status* of Illegitimacy—Hungary leads the world.

II

The Hungarian child belongs to the State. For all practical purposes this far-sighted organism acknowledges to the full its paramount duty to the nation of to-morrow. This semi-control, which extends to almost all conceivable departments, lasts, in general, until the child attains its legal majority, that is to say the age of 24. If, even then, he shows any disposition to permanent extravagance, he may, at the request of his natural or other guardian, he placed under supervision of the Court of Wards. In this regard men of 30 may be still minors at law.

There is something in the sturdy Magyar character that cries out against demonstrable injustice to the helpless. The State is not inclined to grandmotherly legislation. It never seeks to help those who can help themselves; but it never fails to enforce its care upon those unable to sustain physical or economic competition.

III

Illegitimacy may be said to represent in general the margin of victory of natural proclivity plus economic impulse, over the deterrent and restraining influence of public opinion; public opinion itself being the outcome of the combined forces of social custom, dogma, culture and primal necessity.

This victory is represented in Hungary by one-tenth of the total births; in Budapest by anything between one-third and one-quarter.

It is obvious that sheer bestial immorality, as we understand the term, is powerless to account for such colossal proportions. Indeed, as the result of long inquiry and patient comparison of statistical data, I am forced to the conclusions (1) that a combination of historic, political and economic causes has operated to produce a state of public opinion not rigorously censorious in this regard; (2) that this public opinion finds expression in certain legislative correctives to the general consequences of a breach of one of the most stable amongst the canons of a shifting morality.

The natural effect of such quasi-condonation is to remove the phenomenon from the plane of morality and place it in the cate-

gory of social irregularities. To this encouragement must be added one of the strongest factors in the shaping of human conduct—the force of example.

Men, except Bernard Shaw, hate to appear singular. The fear of acting contrary to the received standard kept thousands of Englishmen under the Commonwealth in paths totally at variance with their natural temperament. Within one year of the Restoration the dread of being labelled Puritanical forced thousands into debaucheries and incontinence equally foreign to their personal tastes.

Before analyzing this phase of public opinion, it may be proper to inquire into the historic and political causes which produced it.

Amongst the many expedients of rulers for the resettlement of depopulated lands, the one most in request amongst Hungarian sovereigns was wholesale colonization from foreign, neighboring countries. These colonists were guaranteed a certain form of autonomy, religious tolerance—as long as it lasted—and material privileges to which even the natural-born Magyar could not aspire. Thus, there grew up within the State a series of corporations answering as nearly as possible to the Hansa conception. It was analogous to the settlement of Brazil by the German, but without the guarantee of a Monroe Doctrine. Though the immediate purpose was served, its legacy was the challenge to Magyar hegemony which lies at the root of the nationality question of to-day.

There came a time, however, when the perennial need of the perpetually wasted land for citizens could no longer be satisfied by these primitive means. Hun, Suabian, Saxon and Serb had followed one another in rapid succession as the waves of Tartar and Turkish hordes receded. The supply was exhausted. Europe herself, as the result of the kindly ministrations of Tilly and the good offices of the Inquisition, lay devastated and depopulated. Yet had there been any surplus population in any quarter it would have been colossal folly to imperil the racial incidence of the land by further complicating, if that were possible, the chaos of nations and creeds. In one quarter there was, indeed, promise. But any addition to the Slav element was

barred by a three-fold objection. He would disturb the actual balance; he would react unfavorably upon the German, between whom and himself there is, was and is to be strife immemorial, and eternal; he was, at best, an undesirable immigrant, if only for the reason that his introduction meant not a cutting off from his racial stem, but a mere geographical extension of his frontier.

Such was the state of affairs in the time of Maria Theresa. The Apostolic Queen, having tried her hand at colonization, determined to recruit her faithful Hungarians from Hungary. From motives of high policy, dictated by absolute necessity, she provided a solution which broke the canon and saved the State. Whenever it was reported that the demands of the army in any particular district had exhausted its manhood, a regiment of Hussars was quartered on the territory. The moralist shook his head; the statesman nodded approval; the population increased.

This policy was followed by her son Joseph II, with the same result.

The second great danger which threatened the Magyar was the rising prosperity of America. Wholesale emigration began to produce a steady drain upon her manhood. The proportion of sex was thus violently disturbed and the disturbance increased in geometrical ratio. What Buckle said of Europe, "The Crusades, by diminishing the proportion of men to women in Europe increased licentiousness," may be said of Hungary. So serious became the problem that a law was passed making it a penal offence for any person connected with a shipping, emigration or the like agency, to induce people to leave the land.

The third danger was the appearance amongst the Germans in the Dunántúl and the South-east of a now widespread movement, known as the "*Egyke,*" to restrict the family to one child.

The accumulated force of these dangers rendered it almost certain that public opinion should not discriminate too nicely. The example of the Government had almost stamped illegitimacy with royal approval, not *per se,* but as contributing to the wealth of the State. Was it for the ordinary man in the street to begin tub-thumping or, like the Jones Lycurgus B. of Bret Harte, "draw the weapon of Bowie to prove the marriage sanctity?"

There have been other solvents quite as powerful to weaken this idea of sanctity: as the abolition for all purposes of state of the religious marriage and the facility of divorce. On the side of necessity there is the provision that no one liable to military service may marry until he has discharged that duty. Suppose then a conscript of a village who has already made his choice. He debates in the light of his own parochial wits whether he shall leave this maiden to be for three years the spoil of others and the sport of chance, and comes to a natural but uncanonical decision. When he is free he will marry his love: in the meantime she carries his legacy, which is often a *more sacred assurance than a priest could extract at the altar.* Yet that child is illegitimate *according to the statistics.* The soldier returns to the plough and marries the girl. See if you can penetrate that bucolic crust with legal distinctions and the maze of social usage. I have tried it; have been met with a fat laugh, a stare and hospitable *force majeure* towards last year's vintage. Such a man might say with Marcus Aurelius, "I do what my nature wills me to do."

There are yet other phases. There are, not only in the capital, but all over the country, as in Paris, thousands of men and women who gravitate together in an irregular but perfectly orderly and honorable union. These are openly sought by advertisement in the public journals. In the majority of cases the unions last for the term of natural life. The man did not choose to pay the registrar: his children are consequently illegitimate. But that he can repair at any moment. What—to him—is the difference? The result of any marked incompatibility is separation without the fees of the divorce court. But such incompatibility usually becomes apparent before any serious harm is done; for men who have fairly large families are content to bear with certain inconveniences for the sake of common ties sanctified, at least, by usage. "I have three children," said one of these women to me, "and I have to behave myself." At any moment the man may go to the civil authorities and acknowledge the paternity of a child. There is a marriage and father: the law is satisfied and the child becomes legitimate. Or a man may go through the form of adopting his own or any

other child: thenceforth it is legitimate. Or, again, a partner to one of these irregular unions may be called to the colors and sent out to be shot by the " children of nature " in Bosnia. If the woman can show ever so faintly any intention on the man's part to regularize this union, the children may be legitimatized by the grace of the Sovereign, though the man lies dead miles away in the mountains.

Illegitimate children are in most civilized countries cut off from natural inheritance, that is, the succession to a share or all of a property not disposable by will. Not so in Hungary. If a woman have an illegitimate child, and afterwards, in the regular course of nature, bear three more children in wedlock, the first child, even though the husband refuse to assist in its legitimatization, must succeed to its share in the property of the mother. So far the law acknowledges its *natural* rights.

In another direction the law goes further. It provides lying-in institutions for everybody and asks no questions. And, lest the possession of the child should prove so inconvenient to the mother that she might be tempted to leave it promiscuously about, or even carelessly and without intention endanger its life, institutions are provided which relieve her of all responsibility. Often that little life is of more potential value to the State than actual value to the mother. And the State runs no risks.

The timid shrinking mother—for these mothers are no more brazen moral lepers than was that noble lady of *The Scarlet Letter,*—need not publish her trouble, nor can she be subjected to the callous inquisition of bureaucrats. In a little, sheltered corner of these institutions, there is a place in which she may deposit the infant, and then go her way. There is not a dog to intrude upon the agony of farewell, not a sparrow to carry a whisper of her shame. The State is richer by a little soul and the sum of human misery has been lightened by a great renunciation.

In after years the mother, whose circumstances have improved, may seek to reclaim her child. She turns to a kindly and sympathetic official, but finds, perhaps, that he does not so easily give up the claims of the State. He earnestly urges upon her that the child is happy, well-fed, well-clothed and well-

attended and asks if the mother can do better. He is open to conviction but will not readily expose the little ward to dangers from which it has once been rescued. No petty considerations of "a charge upon the country" are allowed to stand in his way. For the State of Hungary does whatever its hands find to do very thoroughly indeed.

It may happen that a mother-to-be, with fear deep and real at her heart-strings, adventures out to make a furtive reconnaissance of the future home of her child yet unborn. Now although the primary object of this home is the care of children; although every hospital is wide open; although there are lying-in institutions by the score; the home looks with acquisitive eyes even upon this chance visitor. It does not like to let her go. It would rather she took up her quarters there, were delivered and nursed under the eye of its own staff, and that the little life should be assured *ab initio*. Poverty is not at all a *sine quâ non*. The child of an immoral woman, the child brought up in bad surroundings, may be "confiscated" by the State, though the mother be a Crœsus in her own right.

The strongest testimony to the real need of the State lying-in institutions is furnished by the general birth statistics. Of every two hundred illegitimate children brought into the world, 99 are born in institutions and 101 at home. Of the same number of children born in wedlock, 14 are born in institutions and 186 at home.

Undoubtedly the State has made itself a party to the extension of the normal disturbance of ethical values, by its choice of methods for recruiting the population in the old days, for combatting the disturbance of sex incidence produced by emigration, and lastly for restoring a balance which is threatened by the extension of the one-child system. To a certain extent it has educated public opinion, a process which to Western peoples must appear as something in the nature of a political phenomenon. Through its legislative acts, dictated though these have been by considerations of policy, it is as much responsible for the increase of illegitimacy from 7.20 per cent. in 1876 to 10 per cent. of recent years as are economic causes, the weakening of Church influence and the incalculable incidence of the many and complex

factors which sway human action. Through its administrative acts, it has reduced the practice of child-murder to manageable proportions.

Although criminal justice knows no set-off, Civil Law is generally subject to the corrective of Equity. In this case international public opinion, in weighing the services of Hungarian institutions to the common cause of mankind, will add to its verdict the rider, "but the country was not responsible for her actions."

Reverting for a moment to child-murder, I ought first to qualify the term. It is here employed not only in the sense of the indictable offence of wilfully doing away with human life, but in the broader aspect which includes carelessness, abortion, and the result of pure ignorance.

As to the first phase, no safeguard will avail against criminal intention; yet the proportion of murders has been sensibly reduced through the operation of the asylum system which, by providing a kind of loop-hole, weakens an intention rooted in economic necessity.

Simple carelessness is beyond the powers of gods and men.

Abortion, collusion between poorly-paid midwives and women anxious to escape consequences, tends to diminish rapidly. The only stable factor is the existence of a class of women who repudiate altogether the status of motherhood. For the others, State institutions provide a means of escape.

Murders arising from pure ignorance, constructive murders, might be illustrated by reference to certain economic usages common to most agricultural communities of the continent. The most salient of these is woman-labor. In the cities of Hungary, Slovak women are largely employed in the building trade as day-laborers: in Transylvania everybody works. In the provinces where the land is not rich and the yield small, it is imperative that men and women should share the work. At harvest an idle day would spell calamity. What then must be the effect of a confinement upon the family budget? And when the woman is able to stand alone what is to be done with the encumbrance? The woman goes out to work at three or four in the morning and remains in the fields as long as she can see. If left to itself

without food or at an age when, given food, the child would still lack the instinct to conserve the store, it would starve, choke or cry its life away. To prevent this it used to be the custom to deaden its consciousness by making it drunk on spirits or comatose with poppy. The child which could survive a course of treatment such as this would cease to be a child: it would be a miracle.

To cover this danger a new series of State institutions was devised, where children could be "left till called for." Here, again, there is no one to make nice inquiries as to compliance with the canon. All the long summer day the children, habited in strange and picturesque garb, roll happily amongst mud and sand, under the watchful eye of their good genius, the State. At night they sleep the deep, untroubled sleep of the tired well-fed. This is, indeed, accomplishment.

One important result of State activity should not be overlooked. The cumulative effect of humane laws, humane institutions and tolerant public opinion is that the statistics furnish, in the main, a true index to the existing state of affairs. It is not so ordinarily, and thus Hungary has made a great relative advance, and at the same time has established a newer standard.

This question of a standard has always troubled moralists. The Anglo-Saxon races have always tended to estimate the specific gravity of the morality of any given people comparatively to the norm of the Christian dispensation. On this showing, Hungary with a percentage of 9.7 of illegitimate births should be twice as depraved as England, where the percentage is 4.2. It is nothing of the sort. Until all contributory factors are weighed and assessed, until a common standard is admitted, until the unborn, the potential lives annually sacrificed to the Moloch of public opinion, can be numbered with the born, all idea of instituting comparisons upon moral bases is rigorously excluded.

The question had better be left as it is. He would indeed be a hardened peddler of statistics who should attempt to tabulate the abortive conceptions, the number of the infecund and the surreptitious removals which vitiate all attempts at accuracy.

The figures quoted offer half a truth. From half truths it is neither safe nor wise to draw conclusions.

The most striking commentaries upon this purely arbitrary value of birth statistics as an index, not particularly of morality, but of anything at all, are furnished by the conflict between civil and canon law, and the incongruous results of independent conceptions.*

The Jews constitute one-fourth of the population of the capital. The percentage of illegitimate births for the whole of the city is 27; for the Jews of Budapest 11. The noble tribute of Archbishop Temple in *Essays and Reviews*—" In chastity the Hebrew stood alone "—would thus be sufficiently vindicated even if the figures did not, as they do, malign Israel.

The Orthodox Jews of Hungary regard the civil law with a certain amount of veiled disrespect. Where it conflicts with the Mishnah and the Law of Moses they ignore it altogether. The civil law provides that a marriage may not be celebrated by a priest, pastor, what-not of any sect until it shall have been performed by the official designated by Parliament. The Law of Moses provides that the giving of a ring and the repetition of a simple formula in the presence of witnesses constitutes a marriage valid in Israel. Observe there is no contravention of the law, the presence of the Rabbi being unessential. Indeed the Rabbi is an official, not a priest. The Jew marries according to the Older Law. The State maintains that this is no marriage. The Jew does not care what the State maintains. The State says his children are illegitimate. The Mishnah says nothing. On this negative justification the Jew promptly legitimatizes his children as fast as they appear and there the matter ends. But for all statistical purposes, all such children *are born out of wedlock,* whilst children born 15 years ago, in exactly the same circumstances but *before* the introduction of the civil marriage, are held to be legitimate! They are saved by the fact that the law is not retrospective.

The foregoing is a fairly accurate representation of affairs

* As to fecundity in general, the birth-rate in Hungary, until the appearance of the Egyke, or one-child system, was far in excess of that of any other progressive country. It is still, in a modified degree. From 1874 to 1898 it was 43 per thousand at home. In America, according to H. G. Wells' *Future of America,* the birth-rate amongst the Hungarian emigrants was 46 per thousand, the highest of any civilized people in the world.

as they now stand. But the student, with a sensitive digit upon the pulse of public opinion, detects a still more liberal tendency in the direction of ameliorating the condition of infants handicapped at birth. For a long time Hungarian jurists have been engaged upon the colossal work of codifying the civil law. The draft of 1902 was a mere *ballon d'essai,* but well served its purpose. Few dispositions excited more interest than that which touched upon illegitimacy. The amended section suggested that the subsequent marriage of the parents of illegitimate children should *ipso facto* constitute these latter legitimate. But opinion, since 1902, has advanced, is advancing. Many publicists are now in favor of the total abolition of the status of illegitimacy. They shrink from perpetuating a horrible injustice. They hold that the maxim "the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children," should not apply until it is definitely established that failure to register before a civil authority is a breach of any commandment other than the commandment of the State: and they may be right.

IV

Having dealt at large with the general aspect of this question, I append a brief sketch of the metropolitan incidence.

The percentage for the whole country oscillates between 9.5 and 10; that for Budapest remains fairly constant at 27. It is obvious, then, that this marked increase can be accounted for only through the operation of special causes. Of these the majority are common to all large capitals, but there are others local and peculiar to Budapest. The large permanent garrison; the difficulties of housing; the almost total absence of pastoral supervision which is such a feature of village life; high rents and charges; merciless taxation; the high proportion of the wastrel class which gravitates to every great city; general conditions of labor; a certain Bohemian improvidence,—these, apart altogether from certain proclivities inherent in mankind, are all instrumental in producing the phenomena disclosed in the abstracts appended.

TABLE I

BUDAPEST

ANALYSIS OF ILLEGITIMATE BIRTHS ACCORDING TO RELIGIOUS BELIEF OF PARENTS

Denomination	Percentage of total births, exclusive of still-born				
	1901	1902	1904	1906	National predominance
Roman Catholic	31.2	31.3	31.3	30.2	Magyar and German
Greek Catholic	44.4	46.1	48.8	48.1	Magyar
Greek Oriental Church	19.2	25.4	24.7	29.5	Servian
Augsburg Confession	33.	32.1	31.6	30.8	Magyar, German and Slovak
Evangelical Reformed	30.5	30.4	30.7	29.9	Overwhelmingly Magyar
Unitarian	40.	56.2	48.6	40.4	" "
Jewish	12.7	12.5	12.1	11.7	" "
General percentage of total births (excluding still-born)	27.5	27.5	27.5	26.8	

TABLE II

ANALYSIS OF ILLEGITIMATE BIRTHS ACCORDING TO NATIONALITY (1906)

Nationality	Legitimate	Illegitimate	Total	Per cent. of illegitimate
Magyar	14874	5339	20213	26.41
German	617	166	783	21.20
Slovak	313	171	484	35.33
Roumanian	7	6	13	46.15
Croat	4	11	15	73.33
Serb	12	2	14	14.29
Bohemian	60	13	73	17.81
Polish*	167	182	349	52.15
Various	36	14	50	28.
Unknown†	—	15	15	100.
Totals	16090	5919	22009	.....

* The Poles are principally Jews of the orthodox sect. It is a Polish custom to marry the young men of 16 or 17 to maidens a year or so younger. As the marriages take place according to the Law of Moses, the provisions of the Code relating to military service and compulsory State marriage do not apply. It is conceivable that out of a total of 182 illegitimate births, not one is really so according to the Jewish law. And prior to the introduction of the Civil Marriage Law in 1895, all would have been considered legitimate.

† Obviously. If known they would have been classified.

TABLE III

MORE DETAILED ANALYSIS

Class of Parent	Total births	Legitimate	Illegitimate	Percentage of Illegitimacy
Independent vocations:				
Tailors and dressmakers	371	244	127	34.23
Miscellaneous industrials	607	459	148	24.38
Butchers	130	128	2	1.54
Shoemakers	197	187	10	5.07
Assistants, etc.:				
Tailors and dressmakers	571	378	193	33.80
Miscellaneous industrials	3042	2379	663	21.79
Shoemakers	463	388	75	16.20
Domestic servants*	2925	77	2848	97.37
Farm servants	14	11	3	21.43
Agricultural workers	182	168	14	7.59
County and municipal officials	72	72	....	.....
Day laborers	1012	602	410	40.51
Postal and public servants	286	281	5	1.75

* This high percentage is no criterion. Domestic service excludes the possibility of marriage. The real importance of the figures lies in the fact that this class of workers supplies 50 per cent. of the total number of illegitimate children. Undoubtedly servants are in a sense penalized by the nature and restrictions of their employment. Very many come from Transylvania and belong to the Unitarian Church. (See analysis of religions.) A belief in "inherited depravity" is part of the Unitarian creed!

AUSTRALIA'S NEW CAPITAL

HUGH HART LUSK

TWELVE years ago the first federal Parliament of the Australian Commonwealth met in Melbourne, and after twelve years of what has been called deliberation, but has really been struggle, the foundation stones of the new federal capital have just been laid. The event is interesting in itself, as being the second step in the visible building up of a young nation, but it has an additional interest in its bearing on the peculiar circumstances and conditions of the continent of the South Pacific.

Fourteen years ago it seemed very doubtful whether it would be possible to secure a federation of the six colonies that had divided, though, of course, in no sense occupied, the three million square miles of territory contained in the continent. There were three main causes of the difficulty. The first of these, and the most difficult to overcome, was found in the fact that the six colonies had grown up separately, had adopted their own policies and managed their own affairs so entirely without interference from the mother country or from one another that they could hardly bring themselves to give up any of the powers that appeared to have worked so well. The second difficulty was more indefinite, but perhaps no less influential. The first objection was not, of course, a new one. It had been felt keenly in the case of the American colonies at the end of the revolutionary war: it has probably been felt in the initial stages of every attempt to federate States that have enjoyed separate government of a popular kind in every part of the world. The second difficulty in Australia was really a negative one—it was the absence of a really strong reason in support of a change. The experience of the American States had convinced their people of the necessity of combination as the guarantee of safety: there was nothing to suggest its need for this purpose to the Australian people. It is not, perhaps, remarkable that it took several years and a great deal of argument to convince

the majority of the people that they would obtain value for the powers of self-government they were asked to give up.

The difficulty was at last overcome by the judicious and persistent use of an argument that appeals to most communities, and specially to those possessed of an extent of territory that naturally suggests the future greatness and influence of the nation that occupies it, if only it can present a united front to the rest of the world. This was the argument made use of by the advocates of federation in the various Australian colonies, and it was this that induced a sufficient majority in each of the States gradually to give their assent to the proposal. The last State to come in was New South Wales, and indeed it was not till one appeal to the people of the Mother State of Australia by way of referendum had failed that the difficulty was overcome.

The secret of the difficulty lay in the fact that New South Wales was the oldest, and also the most populous, of the colonies, and its people had a feeling which, however sentimental it might be, was yet strongly felt, that the new federal constitution should in some way recognize these facts. The colonists of Victoria had been prominent in their advocacy of federation, and they had made no secret of their intention of having Melbourne declared the capital city of the commonwealth. They had in their favor the fact that their own chief city was more nearly central than Sydney, taking the settlement of Australia as it stood at the close of the century, and there could be little doubt of their success in case the question should be left to the decision of the first Parliament of the new federation. The defeat of the proposal to join the federation when it was first submitted to the vote of the people of New South Wales was practically due to this fact. And it was only when it became apparent that the carrying out of the scheme of a federated Australia depended entirely for its success on the acceptance of the proposal by the people of New South Wales, that the leaders of the movement in the other colonies agreed to a compromise. The old jealousy that had existed between Sydney and Melbourne from the time, in the days of the early gold discoveries, which had threatened to place the younger city in the position of the metropolis of the continent, would not allow Victoria to agree that Sydney

should be declared the capital, while the same jealousy forbade the people of Sydney agreeing to join a federation if the question of the capital were left in such a position that it might possibly end in Melbourne securing the prize.

In the end a compromise was arrived at, that while neither Melbourne nor Sydney should be the federal capital the seat of the commonwealth Government should be established at some place within the State of New South Wales, to be fixed by the federal Parliament, at a distance not less than one hundred miles from the city of Sydney. There is something which looks curiously childish about the terms of the compromise, it must be admitted, and it will probably remain in the records of the Australian people as an almost unique illustration of the limit that can be reached by local rivalries in shaping the destinies of a nation that may one day become great. The compromise was accepted after some hesitation, and a sufficient majority of the people of New South Wales agreed to accept the amended constitution, and even to agree to the seat of the federal Government being temporarily fixed at Melbourne, until a permanent site could be agreed on, and the necessary steps taken to erect buildings to accommodate the various departments of the federal administration.

The people of Victoria had very reluctantly paid the price demanded by Eastern Australia as the sole condition on which they would join the new commonwealth, but it soon became evident that they meant to make the most possible of the concession which secured to their own capital city whatever there might be of dignity or of profit in what they had secured. To be recognized as the capital, even for a time, of the new commonwealth could hardly fail to give Melbourne, and the State of which it was the centre, greater consideration in the eyes of the rest of Australia, and of the world, and this under skilful management might serve to restore the superiority which they had possessed twenty-five years before and which had been gradually slipping from them since then. In the sixties and early seventies, while the effect of the great gold discoveries was still keenly felt in the influx of new population, it would have been an unpardonable heresy for any Victorian settler to doubt that Melbourne was

destined to be Australia's metropolitan city, and for many years the values of city and suburban lands had been proportionately greater than elsewhere. The fact that the natural advantages of Sydney, with its magnificent harbor, had been asserting themselves more distinctly at every census period since then had not only aroused the jealousy of the people of Victoria, but had given rise to doubts whether after all it might not turn out that the investments of the people in city lands had been based on a false estimate of the future. This feeling had been so strong that probably a majority of the people of Victoria would have preferred a federation that only took in the four southern and western colonies of Australia to abandoning their hope of becoming the capital of the commonwealth, had it been likely that South and West Australia would have agreed to such a limited union. Of this there seemed little hope, however, and all that remained was to make the best of the concession, which gave Melbourne for a time whatever advantages might attach to the possession of the seat of federal administration.

There can be no doubt that the people of Victoria have done their best to profit by the arrangement in a variety of ways. The manifest drawback was the temporary nature of the advantage. The constitution had made it clear that one of the first duties of the federal Government and Parliament was to agree upon the site for the commonwealth capital city and adjacent territory, and to take the necessary steps to establish the capital on that site. No limit of time was fixed within which this was to be done, and the other features of the commonwealth constitution placed many obstacles in the way that might, if skilfully managed, delay the settlement of the question for a good many years.

One of the conditions on which the various colonies had agreed to enter the federation was that the public lands and their administration should remain under the control and ownership of the States, and this was embodied in the constitution. As it was necessary that the federal Government should have not only a city but a territory of its own, the first thing to be settled was not only where a suitable site could be found, but to come to some arrangement with the State Parliament which controlled it as to how much territory they would agree to hand

over, and on what terms they would do so. The situation was one that offered great opportunities for delay, and as delay was the object of the politicians of Victoria it is not surprising that it was taken full advantage of. For the first ten years after the commonwealth was established Victoria, and the more western States of the federation, were most strongly represented in each federal Government, and during those years the question was either put aside, as one that could await a more convenient time, or was treated in a way to discourage progress. Committees were appointed at each session, year after year, but they did little more than mark time. Various sites were suggested, inspected, and reported on, and matters usually stopped there. In the meantime the State Parliament and Government of New South Wales were growing impatient, as they fully comprehended the tactics that were being made use of to keep the seat of federal government in Melbourne as long as possible. On each occasion when they were referred to as to their readiness to give up a sufficient quantity of the public lands of their State to meet the demands for a federal territory they expressed their willingness to do so, even when the amount of land required was extended to an area of nine hundred square miles. At last they became convinced that nothing but strong political pressure would compel steps to be taken to give effect to the clause of the constitution that provided for the establishment of the federal capital within the State of New South Wales.

Within the last three years it has been made clear to all parties in the commonwealth Parliament that something must be done to give effect to the provision of the constitution on which the accession of their people to the commonwealth had depended. Federal Cabinets have so far been very short-lived in Australia, but at last it was made clear that no Government would retain the support of the members from New South Wales or Queensland that did not take active steps to secure a site for the federal capital and proceed with the development of the city. It was this more than anything else that proved fatal to the last Cabinet, whose Premier was a representative of Victoria, and led to the accession to power of a Government under the leadership of a Queensland Premier; for while partly a victory for the

Labor party it was at least as much due to the determination of the eastern States to remove the capital from Victoria, and establish it in the mother colony of the commonwealth. The ceremony of laying the foundation stone of Canberra, the capital of United Australia, was the direct consequence, as even the people of Melbourne awoke to the fact that the time had come to give up the struggle.

There were several real difficulties in the way of selecting a really suitable site for the federal capital, though the site eventually chosen was almost the first suggested. In the first place it was essential that it should be on the coastal belt of New South Wales, as almost any site on the inland slope—which means anywhere more than a hundred and twenty miles from the ocean —would be in danger of being in want of water in one of the long droughts that are the drawback of the Australian climate. It was, of course, necessary that it should not be within a hundred miles of Sydney, which shut out more than two hundred miles of the coast, while it was desirable that there should be easy access to some reasonably good harbor. The harbors of Australia are few, and though there are more of them on the New South Wales coast than on any other part of the southern or eastern coasts of the continent, even there they are few, and by no means first-rate in quality. It was practically necessary to select a site not far from the coast, and between Sydney and the border of Victoria, as any site to the north would be less central; and it was at last found that this could be secured in a plain more than usually well watered by two considerable, though hardly navigable rivers, about fifty miles from a well sheltered bay on the coast that could be improved into a fairly good harbor by the expenditure of a good deal of money. The result of some ten years' struggle was finally reached by the enactment of two statutes, one by the Parliament of New South Wales handing over the territory, with all the unsold lands within the area of nine hundred square miles, to the commonwealth Government, and the other by the federal Parliament, formally accepting the surrender for the purposes of a federal capital and district.

Rather more than two years have now elapsed since these statutes were passed, and no time has been lost in taking the

first steps for the selection of a site for the capital, and for obtaining plans for the city itself. Statutes have been passed for the temporary government of the federal territory, until the regular machinery can be removed from Melbourne to the new capital, and others providing for the drainage of the city area, and for a permanent water supply. Large prizes were offered for the best designs—probably the largest ever offered in such a competition in any part of the world—and as a consequence no less than 149 competitive designs were received from leading landscape and architectural designers in most of the civilized countries of the world. The inducements to compete were unusually great as three prizes were offered for the three best designs of £1,750 ($8,750), £750 ($3,750), and £250 ($1,250) respectively. In addition to this there were, of course, the honor and the business advantage that would be sure to follow success in such a competition. The designs were submitted to a commission of five experts, and their all but unanimous decision was finally in favor of the design submitted by Walter Burley Griffin, of Chicago, Illinois. An interesting proof of the wide interest aroused by the competition is supplied by the fact that the second prize was awarded to Eliel Saarinen, a well-known architect of Helsingfors in Finland, and the third to D. A. Agache, professor of architectural science at Paris. It is hardly surprising, perhaps, that the chief honors should have fallen to an American, as no other part of the world has witnessed anything like the number of new cities that have sprung up in the United States within the last fifty years.

Of the 576,000 acres that constitute the federal territory twelve square miles have been set apart as the site of the city proper, and it is proposed to reserve about a hundred thousand acres for parks, roads, a military college and grounds, and other public purposes outside the city limits. There will thus be left an area of fully three hundred and thirty thousand acres of federal territory beyond what is required for the capital and the very liberal allowance made for public purposes of nearly every kind subject to the control of the commonwealth. Of this territory about half is handed over to the federal authorities as unalienated public lands, the other half having been sold from

time to time in past years to individuals. It is understood that it is the intention of the present Government of the commonwealth to obtain legislation from the federal Parliament enabling them to secure at a valuation from time to time all lands that have been alienated within the territory, for the purpose of substituting for a freehold tenure some form of leasehold for long terms, so that eventually all lands held within the federal area shall be subject to conditions laid down by the Government. It is probable that these conditions will be to a large extent copied from the New Zealand statutes of the last twenty years, introducing the principle of beneficial occupation, and of revaluation at fixed periods for the purpose of readjusting the rents.

The federal territory of Australia, it will thus be seen, is not a very large one, indeed the watchful jealousy of the States as to any infringment of their powers was sure to prevent any large areas of land, within the climate zone capable of easy settlement, from falling into any hands but their own. It is, however, more than possible that even so small an experimental area as the nine hundred square miles surrendered by New South Wales may, if wisely administered, have great results. One thing seems certain—the Government of the commonwealth will have an unusually free hand, and every opportunity of showing what they can do, if, as is the case with the party at present in power, their ideals are what most people consider socialistic. Everything, or very nearly everything, within the federal territory will practically be in their own hands. They have taken over a district, no part of which has been greatly improved, and they are engaged in erecting on it an ideal city to accommodate twenty thousand people in the first instance, and all the departments of the commonwealth Government. They are constructing, and will own and operate, everything required to make the Australian capital an absolutely up-to-date city. The streets, the drainage, the supply of water, of gas, of electricity both for lighting and power will be theirs; they are constructing street railroads, and are already engaged in the construction of lines of railroad to connect the new capital, when built, with the other main lines of railway, which have hitherto passed the district at a distance to the north-west of fully twenty miles. Every matter of city regula-

tion will remain in Government hands, and private enterprise and private capital will have no place, except in the supply of the every-day needs of the population. It would be difficult to conceive a case in which the full meaning of Government ownership and control could be more thoroughly tested than in the new federal District and capital of the Australian Commonwealth.

The ceremony of laying the foundation stones of three of the principal buildings of the city naturally attracted great interest, and the site of the future capital was visited by a large proportion of the most prominent citizens of the commonwealth, indeed there has been no such gathering since the first Parliament was opened in 1901 by the Duke of Cornwall and York—now King George. It is difficult, if not impossible, to convey to anybody unfamiliar with Australia—the country, the climate, and the strange and almost weird vegetation—anything like a real picture of the site of the new capital. It has very little in common with any other capital site, and yet it has a charm of its own that is quite characteristic of Australia, and probably of no other country. It has not the striking qualities of the federal capital of America, for the hill that forms the central and leading feature of Washington is absent. It has little in common with Ottawa in situation, and even less in almost every other respect; but it is not a bold prophecy that within twenty years it will be admitted by strangers from other continents that the federal capital of the Commonwealth of Australia need not shrink from comparison with either of the older cities. At present it is the scene of a great industrial activity. Crowds of workers of every kind are engaged in laying the foundations of a great, and in many respects an ideal, capital city. The roads, the bridges, the thousand and one requirements of an ideal city of the twentieth century, are in course of construction by thousands of skilled workers for whom a temporary town has been built. There are huge piles of stone brought from distant quarries for its public buildings, vast stores of the representative timbers of Australia exposed for seasoning to the burning sun of an Australian summer, and huge heaps of iron work to form the skeletons of buildings not less pretentious than the great department buildings of Washington.

The people of Australia have no doubts about the future of their commonwealth, as one of the world's great nations of the future; and the occasion of forming a suitable capital, and building a city worthy of its anticipated destiny, is one that will not be overlooked. This is the age of advertising, and it is evidently the impression of the Australian people and their Government that it will pay to spend both skill and money in producing as nearly as possible a representative city of the new century to form the political centre of the nation that is destined, as they believe, to be the only one that has a continent to itself. There are, it is true, many problems to be solved and great difficulties to be overcome before the continent of the Pacific can hope to realize the ideals of its people; but the Australians of to-day have not forgotten that even now they have as large a population as America could boast when first its federal capital was designed, and they hope that before the close of the century their population may rival that of America at the close of its first century.

There is another point of view, indeed, from which the erection of such a capital as the one on which the people of Australia are expending so much thought and money may be looked at, but it is one which as yet they hardly comprehend. Up to this time the political life of Australia has been, at least comparatively speaking, a clean one: will the concentration of its politics within the bounds of an artificial capital, wholly given up to political activities, help to keep it clean? The experience of other countries may be appealed to, and the answer, it may be feared, will not be hard to read. It may be easy for federal Australia to create a capital that will represent in every material respect the most modern ideas of convenience, of beauty, and even of architectural splendor; the result will be a failure, indeed, if in doing this it should also create a federal centre for political scheming and corruption. Should such prove to be the case, as experience in other parts of the world would seem to declare only too likely, the time may come when the people both of Sydney and Melbourne will regret the small and childish jealousy that made them insist on substituting an artificial centre for a natural one in which the political life of their commonwealth would at least have had the safeguard of a great publicity.

THE HERETICAL ENGLISHMAN

CARL S. HANSEN

I WONDER if it isn't about time to have done with our stock, complacent, provincial notion that the Englishman is a clam? Perhaps there was a time when the Briton was shy, reserved, unemotional, and exhibited other qualities characteristic of the modest bivalve; but I greatly doubt it. I do not affirm that, in a soil so rich in individuals, there cannot be found ten thousand Englishmen as nearly like clams as anything in a fish-dinner broth; but the real Englishman is more correctly likened to a Suffragette.

Let me give an every-day picture of the people:

On last May Day, Mr. Pooley, a dumpy man in flowing whiskers, soft baggy clothes, and silk hat, gave his usual Sunday evening talk from his van, in Hyde Park, on the subject of the "Hunger Marchers," which is a movement for the unemployed started by him some fifteen years ago. Gathered about him was a motley crowd wearing green caps, top hats, battered hats—the washed and the unwashed. A number of hoodlums didn't agree with Pooley, and especially did a boy, *æt.* possibly eighteen, vociferously clamor to be allowed to prove Pooley a liar. If it had been in New York, where men are sensitive about the word "liar," there would have been a riot; but in London, where the constant occupation of everybody is to differ with everybody else, you use the word every day and continue talking—if you can.

The only Pooley, he of the slack clothes, the flowing beard, and the silk hat, couldn't. Half the crowd roared with the hoodlums, "Give the Boy a chance! The Boy!" while the other half vociferated individual amendments. Pooley could easily have secured order by appealing to the police, who in London are as thick as 'busses; but that isn't the English way. Pooley tried to reign supreme, and the crowd continued to call "Boy! Boy!" After twenty minutes of confusion, the unexpected—or, at least, the unexpected to any but an Englishman—happened. Pooley yielded, called the boy up on his own van, and allowed

him to abuse him to his heart's content, call him liar, thief, rogue, and ass.

The whole occurrence was purely English. Every man in the crowd had a voice and used it, either for or against the "Boy." No one kept quiet. No one does keep quiet. The Englishman is the most unquiet man in the world. Whenever he has an opinion to express—and he has them at the rate of nine a minute—he simply will be heard. No matter where he may be, or how solitary in an opposing crowd, a thousand voices to his one cannot abash his intense individualism. I have known a meeting to be run by *one* objector, despite a universal effort to shut him up! The "Boy" is Young England, Pooley is Old England, and the crowd is All England.

I said that the only Pooley wears a silk hat and loose striped clothes, through which the wind blows despite his stoutness. You may think Pooley acts the clown, but he doesn't. He wears that outfit just because he likes it; and you will find Londoners striding the Strand, every day, in garb just as picturesque as Pooley's. I'm not saying it isn't proper, but merely that the Englishman wears what he pleases, because he pleases. He is unorthodox in almost everything under the sun—unless he is a clam, an exceptional already noted. Silk hat and red tie, blue tie, no tie at all, silk hat and black clothes, ginger-brown clothes, ragged clothes, Pooley clothes, if you please, or knickerbockers if you like. The rule is suit yourself. A few professional men set a more conventional standard—and the rest of the profession violate it. You will find more varieties of man-dress in London in one day than in a whole sartorial decade in America.

And, like the Pooley crowd, every Englishman says what he pleases, and nobody troubles anybody for what he says. You may say what you please—so long as you keep moving; for where space is so limited it is a crime to stand still. Hence, when you have yelled yourself black in the face against the established order of things, you are more likely to be arrested for obstructing the streets than for your dangerous doctrine. I have heard mobs shriek "Down with the House of L-o-r-d-s!" at Parliament Square, when the Budget wasn't going to be passed, and have seen Anarchists—English Anarchists, looking like ordi-

nary Englishmen—wave their arms and shriek like fiends as the Lords themselves came out. And all the police did was to ask the crowd civilly to keep moving!

The Englishman reserved! The recent political campaign would have shaken the strongest American nerves. Occasionally a man "butts in" on a speaker in New York, Boston, or San Francisco; but if he does it a second time, the police eject him. In England the audience does half the talking. I refer you to the Pooley gathering. Anyone who pleases "heckles" the speaker, who usually likes the interruption. It gives him a chance to catch his breath, also to display his wit; for the English speaker is witty—you'll admit the conditions make it a necessity—and will spontaneously crack enough jokes at his heckler's expense, in one night, to fill an American funny column. I know it is unusual to say the Englishman has a sense of humor, and I say it in the loneliness of my conviction, for we have denied it so often that even some of the English believe us. But the Englishman really has a flashing wit, a habit of looking for the unexpected, that is gruesomely suggestive of the professional humorist. Justice Darling's court-room, for example, is as good—and as bad—at times, as a music hall. Punning, to go no further, is a national vice, and the man who makes puns is not likely to overlook a chance for better humor when it comes his way.

So I say the Englishman "heckles" everybody; and he is so intensely opinionated that I wonder he keeps quiet in church. There is at least one church where he doesn't. That is the "Adult Movement," run somewhat on the plan of the Pooley meeting, where the men are all kings and not clams. Not a single one of the scores of thousands of participants in this movement can be called a conservative, no matter how you twist the word. The movement is growing by leaps and bounds and is patronized by men of all ages and indiscretions, who never dream of going to church. It fits in nicely with the English genius for dissent and discussion; and Jews, Catholics, Unitarians, and Atheists attend and agree to differ.

It is this aspect of the Englishman, as the lively, restless, witty, serious, opinionated man, that staggers the American on better

acquaintance. For we have been fed on the scribblings of globe-trotters "doing" London in three days, globe-trotters noting mere survivals, such as Lord Mayor shows, until we have come to regard the Englishman as hopelessly conventional. And if we do not crassly call him a clam, or dub his metropolis as "a city of undertakers," as did George Ade, who lived there as long as thirty-six hours, and so of course knew, we use the euphemism "conservative" with a pitying shrug as if there were nothing more to be said.

Now, curiously enough, the Englishman *is* conservative,—from the American point of view. Material production has been so long our absorbing passion that it has become almost our national viewpoint. In the West, we build cities-while-you-wait—good cities, at that—with incandescent lights, telephones, and modern plumbing. And so, when you find scarcely a house in London (except among the very well-to-do) equipped with a telephone, and when in the "American Colony" around Russell Square you find house after house innocent alike of stationary washstand and of bath (although for the latter the Romans bequeathed to Londoners a model, centuries ago, which is still to be seen at Strand Lane), you say, "How slow!" And when the Londoner brags of his new electric service, just being introduced, your service, if you please, which all your little towns, from East to West, have had for a dozen years—and boasts of his improved "tubes"—bored and equipped by your brains and your methods of a dozen years ago—again you smile, and say, "How very slow!"

It gives one a curious expansive feeling to wander through the streets of London and see the American department stores scattered everywhere—some of them almost as big as a second-rate Philadelphia department store—and to see, in window after window, one American idea after another: American safety razors, American clocks, American typewriters, American organs, American motor cars, American phonographs, American bioscopes, and even—yes, it is true!—American styles in clothes, boldly proclaimed as such, for English wear. Then you gasp and wonder if the Englishman has any originality whatever outside his tasty tea-shops with their very pretty girl waiters.

It is incontestable; the American Invasion of England is almost complete. In business methods, in machinery, in novelties, and in devices we are steadily changing England. What is "Made in Germany" is but a trifle compared to what is "Done in America." Already there is a feeble attempt at imitating American "ices," and I predict that in five years every Englishman will know an American toothpick.

The viewpoint of the American, as I said, is always toward the thing he can do best—the thing which circumstances have forced upon his consideration—machinery, organization, speed, industry; and he judges the Englishman from the standpoint of his own passion for production. Of five American heroes, Franklin, Lincoln, Whitman, Twain, and Edison, startling as it may seem, Edison is most typically American. His wizardry of hand and mind in constructive work is our most typical contribution to civilization, so far. It is in Edison as a pioneer, the inventor, the worker, the man who does things, that we find our national genius most happily and completely expressed. It is the Edison in us all—the American urge for the breaking down of barriers, the building of cities, the harnessing of waterfalls—that gives us our note of breezy optimism. The soul of the nation has gone into the making of a good house for our occupancy until we shall have time for something better. So when we invade England with our machinery and our methods of organization, we take her our best; and it is by the critical faculty developed within us by the making of that best that we judge England to be slow and find her "lifts" archaic, her streets crooked, her buildings stunted. We attribute these things, not to the fact that it takes longer to destroy the old than to create the new, but rather to a natural, ingrained conservatism.

But we overlook a few trifles. While the British Home Office is using our American typewriters, American Senators are quoting Herbert Spencer. While we flood the English market with cheap alarm clocks, English dissent from our orthodox drama is flooding us. We teach the Englishman the luxury of a Pullman diner, and he storms us with our need of a more consistent democracy. If you have a pet opinion, dead or alive, just look up its pedigree. For the past hundred years heresies, re-

ligious and sociological, have been pouring into the United States, and the process is still going on. Even the Englishman himself does not realize how completely his specialties—heresy, individuality—have invaded us; for he is so busy formulating new doctrines, day after day, that he has no time for comparative study; and heresy is the Englishman's best.

No, the Englishman is not asleep, as you can learn for yourself if you will refrain from rushing off to Paris, and remain in his streets a week. While we were inventing the Century Limited, the Englishman invented the Suffragette. While we talked about the tariff, England discussed Socialism. While we are thinking about controlling the trusts, England has municipalized them. While we prate of democracy, England is achieving it. We invade her with dollar watches, adding machines, and cash registers, and she invades us with Kiplings, Wellses, and Chestertons. We build libraries and she fills them. We throw mighty buildings up against the sky, bold and beautiful as Egyptian obelisks, while the Englishman grimly grapples with the giant problems of poverty, social diseases, and a higher liberty. You may not like the Suffragette, but that is not the point. The product of the Englishman's brain, his national genius, is liberty and dissent.

It is only the bubbling superficiality of the hasty traveller that finds London slow. Intellectually speaking, and in the best sense of non-conformity, London is the liveliest spot in the Anglo-Saxon world. Beside her, New York is as last century. It is London that is our heterodox centre. Take from England the American contribution of invention and organization, and England would die materially; take from America the flood of fresh democratic ideas daily sent out from England, and America would become as orthodox as China.

There you have the keynote of the British character—an affirmation: one might almost add, an anarchism, for the Englishman is so stubbornly himself that he is not given to staying long with established opinion. The true contribution of the Englishman to progress, despite his established Church, is dis-establishment.

THE KALLYOPE YELL

NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY

[*Loudly and rapidly with a leader, College yell fashion*]

I

Proud men
Eternally
Go about,
Slander me,
Call me the " Calliope."
Sizz . . . . .
Fizz . . . . .

II

I am the Gutter Dream,
Tune-maker, born of steam,
Tooting joy, tooting hope.
I am the Kallyope,
Car called the Kallyope.
Willy willy willy wah HOO!
See the flags: snow-white tent,
See the bear and elephant,
See the monkey jump the rope,
Listen to the Kallyope, Kallyope, Kallyope!
Soul of the rhinoceros
And the hippopotamus
(Listen to the lion roar!)
Jaguar, cockatoot,
Loons, owls,
Hoot, Hoot.
Listen to the lion roar,
Listen to the lion roar,
Listen to the lion R-O-A-R!
Hear the leopard cry for gore,
Willy willy willy wah HOO!

Hail the bloody Indian band,
Hail, all hail the popcorn stand,
Hail to Barnum's picture there,
People's idol everywhere,
Whoop, whoop, whoop, WHOOP!
Music of the mob am I,
Circus day's tremendous cry:—
I am the Kallyope, Kallyope, Kallyope!
Hoot toot, hoot toot, hoot toot, hoot toot,
Willy willy willy wah HOO!
Sizz, fizz . . . . .

III

Born of mobs, born of steam,
Listen to my golden dream,
Listen to my golden dream,
Listen to my G-O-L-D-E-N D-R-E-A-M!
Whoop whoop whoop whoop WHOOP!
I will blow the proud folk low,
Humanize the dour and slow,
I will shake the proud folk down,
(Listen to the lion roar!)
Popcorn crowds shall rule the town—
Willy willy willy wah HOO!
Steam shall work melodiously,
Brotherhood increase.
You'll see the world and all it holds
For fifty cents apiece.
Willy willy willy wah HOO!
Every day a circus day.

What?

Well, *almost* every day.
Nevermore the sweater's den,
Nevermore the prison pen.
Gone the war on land and sea
That aforetime troubled men.
Nations all in amity,

Happy in their plumes arrayed
In the long bright street parade.
Bands a-playing every day.

What?

Well, *almost* every day.
I am the Kallyope, Kallyope, Kallyope!
Willy willy willy wah HOO!
Hoot, toot, hoot, toot,
Whoop whoop whoop whoop,
Willy willy willy wah HOO!
Sizz, fizz . . . . .

IV

Every soul
Resident
In the earth's one circus tent!
Every man a trapeze king
Then a pleased spectator there.
On the benches! In the ring!
While the neighbors gawk and stare
And the cheering rolls along.
Almost every day a race
When the merry starting gong
Rings, each chariot on the line,
Every driver fit and fine
With the steel-spring Roman grace.
Almost every day a dream,
Almost every day a dream.
Every girl,
Maid or wife,
Wild with music,
Eyes a-gleam
With that marvel called desire:
Actress, princess, fit for life,
Armed with honor like a knife,
Jumping thro' the hoops of fire.
(Listen to the lion roar!)

Making all the children shout
Clowns shall tumble all about,
Painted high and full of song
While the cheering rolls along,
Tho' they scream,
Tho' they rage,
Every beast
In his cage,
Every beast
In his den
That aforetime troubled men.

V

I am the Kallyope, Kallyope, Kallyope,
Tooting hope, tooting hope, tooting hope, tooting hope;
Shaking window-pane and door
With a crashing cosmic tune,
With the war-cry of the spheres,
Rhythm of the roar of noon,
Rhythm of Niagara's roar,
Voicing planet, star and moon,
SHRIEKING of the better years.
Prophet-singers will arise,
Prophets coming after me,
Sing my song in softer guise
With more delicate surprise;
I am but the pioneer
Voice of the Democracy;
I am the gutter-dream,
I am the golden dream,
Singing science, singing steam.
I will blow the proud folk down,
(Listen to the lion roar!)
I am the Kallyope, Kallyope, Kallyope,
Tooting hope, tooting hope, tooting hope, tooting hope,
Willy willy willy wah HOO!
Hoot, toot, hoot toot, hoot toot, hoot toot,

Whoop whoop, whoop whoop,
Whoop whoop, whoop whoop,
Willy willy willy wah HOO!
Sizz . . . . .
Fizz . . . . .

BIRTH

Two Motifs

FRANCES GREGG

I

INCHOATE, vague, unformed,
For many months a weltering horror,
Monstrous in shape,
A blind brain,
A gruesome mechanism,
This, the Child!
And the Mother?
Stretched on Life's rack,
Her body distorted,
Grotesque, horrible, and full of pain,
She waits her hour of supreme torture.
Did reason dictate this?
Was this open-eyed choice?
Why are her dreams scattered like chaff upon the wind?
This is the unspoken:
Nature has worked her will,—
Out of the Man, a seed for her vineyard,
Out of the Woman, a young vine.
The Mother's time is upon her.
Amid jagged shrieks, a thin cry,
"Ego!"
The Universe is recreated.

II

[*The Separation of the Child-Soul from that of the Mother*]

THIS thing is strange, unknown, and terror grips me.
A thin and knife-like pain is creeping thro' me,
A flame consumes me!
Ah, the racking pain!
I have been enfolded, there has been nourishment,
O Mother!
I have felt no want, my hands have only lightly groped
Against the soft, sweet gloom,
The tender darkness of my home;
Now I am bound
By the too dear encircling of your arms,
And the shadow of your hair lies dark upon me.
O Mother,
What new birth is this upon us?
My eyes are torn with light!
Will souls be born?
Yet I would strangle souls
And all clear beauty,
And take the shelter of your arms,
And your soft, dim, shadowed beauty,
For that false God, called "Pity,"
Bids me stay and languish in a sweet regret.
Ah, I am torn:
O Mother,
Do not hold me, the thing must be,
For I have seen the light, and am drawn upward:
Standing on the pinnacle, I see
World on world of flame,
And bright hosts of light and air ascending—
Again you give your life,
O Mother!

MEN OF MARK *

Alvin Langdon Coburn

IT was in the spring of 1904 that I had what was to me a very memorable interview, with Perriton Maxwell, who was then the editor of *The Metropolitan Magazine* of New York. I was an ambitious young man of twenty-one on the point of sailing for a second visit to London, and I asked Mr. Maxwell for a list of authors and artists to photograph during my visit to the greatest city in the world. He out of the kindness of his heart, or perhaps more to get rid of me than anything else, wrote me out a list of the most prominent people he could call to mind, and he has since confessed to me that he had not the slightest idea that I would ever get any of them. I had, however, inherited from both my parents a persistence and a determination to carry anything once attempted to a conclusion, also good fortune has been with me, for now I believe I have completed the list he gave me, with one or two exceptions, and I have added many illustrious names.

The first letter I wrote on coming to England that summer was to Bernard Shaw. I sent it to his London address, but he was at his country home at Welwyn, and he replied that he was hard at work on a new play and did not want to come to town if he could help it, but if I would come down I could photograph him to my heart's content. Further he wrote: " If it will save your carrying a lot of traps, I can place at your disposal some odds and ends of apparatus which are in a very incomplete condition, as I have only just moved into this house, and I have not attempted to equip it completely for photographing. But the bathroom can be used as a makeshift dark room to change plates or develop a trial exposure. I have a 10 x 8 camera that will stretch to 30" and a half plate camera that will stretch nearly to 20". I have an astigmat (Dallmeyer's Stigmatic F.6) that will cover a half plate and a Dallmeyer portrait lens that will cover the side of a house." I wrote to him, however, that I would prefer

* Mr. Coburn's complete book, with thirty-three remarkable photogravures, will be published in America and England next month.

my own camera as I was accustomed to it. Further on in his letter he continued: "The rooms here are whitewashed and fairly lighted; but I have not yet found out what exposure they will respond to." It will thus be seen that Mr. Shaw is a photographer; not a button-pressing-snap-shotter, which almost everyone is these days, but a serious photographer who uses a camera with a tripod and ground glass, and a Dallmeyer lens that covers the side of a house!

Mr. Shaw had seen some of my photographs reproduced in an American publication, so that I was not entirely unknown to him, but his friendly courtesy to a comparative stranger was a typical example of his generosity. He even gave me an almost unlimited choice of days to come and photograph him, and as I was at that time not familiar with English customs, I chose the August Bank Holiday for my journey, and there were no available conveyances as a consequence; but Mr. Shaw met me at the station armed with a long staff which we put through the handle of my camera case and each taking hold of an end we brought it to his house. Thus began a friendship which has been one of the pleasantest features of my life in London.

It was two years later that Mr. Shaw contributed his famous preface to the catalogue of my exhibition at the Royal Photographic Society, in which he described the portrait of Mr. Chesterton as "our Quinbus Flestrian, the young man mountain, a large, abounding, gigantically cherubic person who is not only large in body and mind beyond all decency, but seems to be growing larger as you look at him—'swellin' visibly' as Tony Weller puts it. Mr. Coburn has represented him as swelling off the plate in the very act of being photographed."

The portrait of Chesterton was the second of this series to be made. Almost everyone was out of town that summer, as it was hot and sultry, and the fine rich green of the English countryside was very refreshing. Chesterton was staying at Westerham in Kent, and in reply to my letter he said that if I would let him know which train I would come by, he would meet me at the station; but on my arrival I found the platform deserted except for the boy asleep in the bookstall. As far as I can remember I was the only person to alight from the train.

I strolled through the station and out into the road, but still no sign of the object of my quest. A dusty road stretched away into the distance and as I had no idea of the direction in which to proceed, I sat down on my camera in the shade of the station and waited. Presently I perceived a cloud of dust in the distance and as it approached, out of it emerged, like the genie in the *Arabian Nights,* a large man in a suit of green knickerbockers, who could be no other than the great G. K. C. himself.

As his house was far away on the top of a distant hill, and as my camera was heavy, he proposed that we should adjourn to a near-by field, which we forthwith did, and under a tree I photographed him while he wrote an article for *The Daily News* on cabbages. Chesterton has a theory that a man should be able to insert a paper-knife between the leaves of a dictionary, and write an essay on the first word his eye chances upon. He has said of his friend Mr. Shaw that the only time he knew him to be more eloquent than when he was talking on a subject with which he was perfectly familiar, was when he was talking on a subject he knew nothing about! The same might perhaps be said of Mr. Chesterton himself, for I doubt if he knew very much of cabbage culture, yet the article was so interesting that I, who carried it back to London and delivered it to *The Daily News,* and as a reward was permitted to read it, forgot to get out of the train when it came to its final stop at Charing Cross. It was written, I remember, on the backs of vivid yellow excursion announcements that we found in the station, and with my fountain pen. It is thus that literary masterpieces are created.

The next person I wrote to was Andrew Lang, from whom I received the following characteristic reply dated from St. Andrews, July 26, 1904: " Dear Sir,—I fear the telephotographic process which would enable you to photograph me has not yet been perfected. Sincerely yours, A. Lang." I wrote to him by return that as I had crossed the Atlantic with the express object of making photographs of himself and his literary and artistic contemporaries, the slight additional distance of 420 miles seemed a mere trifle to me; therefore a day was appointed. I was gone from London four days in all, one day for the journey up to St. Andrews and then the next morning, refreshed by a

night's rest, I made the photographs, and the afternoon Mr. Lang devoted to showing me the antiquities of the place. I remember he sat on a tomb in the old churchyard, while I took photographs, and I recall a tale he told me, suggested probably by the old graves, of how long ago there used to appear strange jewellery in the antique shops, for an old churchyard had been reclaimed by the sea. He also took me through a dim library full of old tomes in numberless quantities. There is always a fine aroma about aged volumes, the incense of learning, one might call it. I often wish that I might have made my portrait of Andrew Lang in this atmosphere of books, where he spent so much of his time, instead of in his garden, but there probably would not have been sufficient light. My mental portrait of him is there, however, as I last saw him, lovingly turning the pages of a favorite author, or showing me some rare manuscript.

Frank Brangwyn I photographed in his large studio in Hammersmith. In those days of horse-propelled vehicles and before the advent of the "Underground," it was an all-day journey to Hammersmith and back from Bloomsbury where I lived. I remember how I was impressed by the power and beauty of coloring of Brangwyn's original work. Up to that time I had known only reproductions and an occasional etching. I showed him some of my photographs, which he was kind enough to be interested in. The portrait of himself, holding an old Chinese cup, was made at the first sitting. It was destined, however, that I was to know Mr. Brangwyn better, for I joined his class in painting shortly after I met him, and I passed many enjoyable hours at the school and in his studio working on " still life " subjects and compositions. When the short winter afternoons would draw to a close, and it became too dark to see color, a few chosen spirits would draw up the high painting stools about the studio stove to listen to " F. B." telling stories of his wanderings. If these tales could have been taken down in shorthand, they would be as fine as his paintings and a very fitting commentary on them. I remember one of how he bought a rug from an Arab merchant, how the gentleman with a turban and a bland smile had put a preposterous price on it, and how he had called each day, and with each call the price had come down and their

friendship had become stronger, until at the end of a month, when he at last bought the rug for about a tenth of the original price, the merchant had bidden him good-bye with tears in his eyes. Gradually day would fade out of the studio window and the only light would come from the stove or the glow of a cigar. Brangwyn would go on to tell of a palace he once hired in Assisi for a studio, and how in the banqueting hall or the court-yard he was able to pose large groups of men and horses, or he might tell us legends of the Spanish Main, of the treasure ships and buccaneers he is so fond of painting, and we listened spell-bound until the fire burned low and it was time to go home out into the night of London streets that seemed to be more romantic than usual, colored as they were with the memories of the glowing tales we had been hearing.

One fine crisp autumn day the inspiration came to me to take a portfolio under my arm and a train for Box Hill, the home of George Meredith. I had been told that Meredith disliked the camera and friends had advised me not to attempt to photograph him, but I felt that future generations would wonder why so great a master was not among my gathering. So I went to Box Hill with prints under my arm, and a song in my heart. And my luck was with me, for on calling at the door of the little ivy-clad house where the great man lived, I was shown almost at once into his presence. I found out afterwards that I was mistaken for some one else whom he was expecting, though he was too courteous to let me see this, and when I showed him my portfolio he was kind enough to be really interested; but he said that he would rather not be photographed, and I did not press the point, for I had too much respect for the grand old man. Noticing, however, that he was particularly interested in a study of a mother and child that I had made, I sent it to him on my return to London and received in reply a letter in his own hand saying: "You heap live coals on my head. I must be grateful, but your beautiful and undeserved present distresses me the more on account of the disappointment caused to you. It would relieve me in some degree if I could be by chance of any service to you. Supposing that your poetically artistic work is not yet known on this side of the water an introduction to an editor of illustrated

journals might help, or you might photograph my daughter—who is unlike me in being always ready to submit a pleasing countenance to the practitioner." I therefore made an appointment to go down and photograph Mrs. Sturgis, and on arriving she informed me that she had told her father that she would not sit unless he did also, and so it was that I accomplished my purpose and made the portrait so much desired.

It was in the early days of November, 1905, that I went down to Sandgate with Bernard Shaw to photograph H. G. Wells. We travelled by the morning boat train to Folkestone and Mr. Wells was on the train too, only we did not see him until we alighted at the end of our journey. It was raining slightly and we all got into a "four wheeler,"—it was before the day of "taxis,"—and thus we came presently to the house Mr. Wells had just built himself on the edge of the sea. After luncheon I photographed him and then in the dusk we three, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Wells and myself, took a walk, and I remember how proud I was to have the opportunity of knowing two of the keenest minds in Britain, and how I listened with all my ears to their conversation. The next day Mr. Shaw and I returned to London. In the year 1910 Mr. Wells did me the great honor of writing the introduction to my series of photographs of New York.

I was an admirer of *Towards Democracy* for a number of years before I met Edward Carpenter. Then I heard him lecture and the same evening I wrote telling him of my great desire to bring my camera to him. He replied that where he lived near Sheffield was six miles from the railway station, and that it would be impossible for me to come up, make his photograph, and return to London the same day, but that he expected to come to town the following week and would then come to me for the portrait. Thus it was that the sitting actually transpired in my little rooms in Bloomsbury, where I lived and worked when I was in London periodically from 1900 to 1909. Nearly a year later, being in his part of the world accompanied by my mother, I wrote to him and received a cordial invitation to come out to see him. We took a local train from Sheffield, and then with difficulty got a carriage to take us the last part of our

journey. Black clouds came up and then we were in the midst of a downpour, and after what seemed an endless time we stopped at a little farmhouse. It was now quite dark, and the light in the window was very welcome, and still more Mr. Carpenter's greeting and the warm fire inside. Supper was spread and the cab-driver was asked to share the repast in true socialist style, and he turned out to be quite an interesting person. After supper Mr. Carpenter sat at the piano and improvised the most exquisite music, as mystic and full of dreams as his poetry; and as a memento of the visit he wrote in a copy of his *Days with Walt Whitman* and gave it to me. The impression of Edward Carpenter's living room and of that pleasant evening we spent with him is still so vivid that it is difficult to believe seven years have gone by.

One day at about this time Mr. Shaw said, "You must photograph Barker"; and presently I met him one day lunching at Adelphi Terrace, and an appointment was made for me to go to Clement's Inn, where Mr. Barker lived. I had seen him act as the poet in *Candida* and as Tanner in *Man and Superman,* always making you feel his intellect and refinement, even if he played a comparatively small part like General Burgoyne in *The Devil's Disciple,* his performance of which was really masterly. I was naturally very keen on making a portrait of him. He asked me to breakfast, and afterwards I spent the better part of the morning making negatives. As I then lived in Bloomsbury, Clement's Inn was not very far away, so I often went and breakfasted with him there. That was before he was a dramatist, before *Waste* was written and a number of years before he was the producer of Shakespeare and other dramatists at two London theatres, and one of the busiest men in England. Being a busy man myself now as well, we rarely meet, but I often think of those pleasant mornings in his little flat high above the Strand, overlooking St. Clement's Danes, and I wonder if he does the same.

It was in April, 1906, that Rodin made his remarkable bust of Bernard Shaw. Knowing that the sittings were going to take place, I told Mr. Shaw that I would very much like to make a photograph of Rodin, and shortly after he went to Paris I re-

ceived a communication from him: "Come along any time you like. Rodin, seeing that I had a camera, invited me to photograph his place if I liked. I took the opportunity to press your claims; and he said, certainly. I guaranteed you a good workman."

Naturally I went over at once and at Rodin's studio at Meudon I made a number of portraits of him and also a group of Shaw and Rodin with the bust between them in process of construction, a really historic picture. After I returned to London I received a further communication from Mr. Shaw. He wrote that Rodin the day after I left had "remarked that photographers took so long to produce their results—instead of knocking them off in twelve days like a bust—that one lost interest in the sitting. He supposed it would be months and months before you sent him anything. For your next visit tintypes are clearly indicated."

I made my first portrait of Henry James in New York on the twenty-sixth of April, 1905, but the one reproduced in my volume was made at his home in Rye, over a year later. The late Richard Watson Gilder, at that time the editor of *The Century Magazine,* gave me a letter of introduction to Mr. James which I sent to him just on the eve of his departure for California. I received a pleasant letter asking me to write to him to an address in New York which he gave me, towards the end of April, and one day I received a telegram asking me to come the next morning with my camera. Mr. James was stopping with friends in one of those dignified old "brown stone fronts" that are gradually being replaced by office buildings in that part of New York between Washington Square and the Plaza. Each year makes a change, and streets which one has known are often, after a comparatively short absence, altered beyond recognition.

I made the acquaintance of Mr. James and took a number of photographs of him, and on my mentioning that I expected to return to England before very long, he very kindly invited me to come and see him in Rye. It was over a year, however, before the opportunity came for me to accept: part of the time he was away, and I made a journey to Italy and Sicily and had a

serious illness before I went to the little town in Sussex where the grass grows up between the old-fashioned rounded paving stones of the streets. It seems to have been passed by and forgotten by the modern rush and bustle, and it was here, in the beautiful garden of the old world house, that I made the portrait of Mr. James in my volume, and also the one that is the frontispiece of the first volume of the collected edition of his works.

As I had made the photograph for the first volume it occurred to Mr. James that I might do some of the other illustrations for the edition, and so I did first one and then another until we discovered that the better part of a year had passed and that I had made the entire series of frontispieces for the twenty-four volumes! This had necessitated journeys to Paris and Italy, and innumerable delightful rambles about London in the company of the author, to Hampstead Heath, to Kensington, and also to St. John's Wood, where, getting hungry in our search for just the right picture for the second volume of *The Tragic Muse,* we stopped at a baker's shop,—the same shop, I was told by my companion, that he had known as a youth,—and went on down the street munching bath buns from a paper bag! Mr. James has immortalized our search for frontispieces in the preface of the first volume of *The Golden Bowl* in this definitive edition in such a delightful way that there is really nothing further to be said about the matter. I cannot refrain from quoting one paragraph which sums up in crystallized form, not only the essence of our pursuit of these pictures for his books, but also the production of any pictures whatsoever made by photography. He writes: " Both our limit and the very extent of our occasion however lay in the fact that, unlike wanton designers, we had not to ' create ' but simply to recognize—recognize, that is, with the last fineness." Mr. James, although he is not literally a photographer, must have, I believe, sensitive plates in his brain with which to record his impressions. He always knew exactly what he wanted, and what we did was to browse diligently until we found such a subject. It was a great pleasure to collaborate in this way, and I number the days thus spent among my choicest recollections.

It was at this time that I first met and photographed Arthur Symons. He was living at St. John's Wood and his *Studies in Seven Arts* had just appeared. I have an inscribed copy which he gave me on the day I took him his portraits. I also showed him some of my photographs of London, and gradually we came to talk of a volume to be called *London, a Book of Aspects,* which he was to write, and to which I was to contribute the pictures. This was eventually accomplished, but they did not appear together, and I very much fear they never will. The Symons' text was privately printed by my friend Mr. Edmund D. Brooks of Minneapolis, and as I read again the exquisite description of the Thames from Hungerford Bridge, I think of the night I took Mr. Symons there and rejoice that I was partly responsible for this gem of prose. We walked all the way from St. John's Wood through a thin mist which lessened as we got to the river, but which still made the distances mysterious. We leaned over the parapet of the bridge for I should say about half an hour. "The Surrey side is dark, with tall vague buildings rising out of the mud on which a little water crawls: is it the water that moves or the shadows?" is a passage that Whistler would have revelled in. "From one of the tallest chimneys a reddish smoke floats and twists like a flag" is a line that has a haunting beauty.

John S. Sargent I photographed in his studio in Chelsea. It was at the time that I was making the frontispieces for Mr. James, and knowing that they knew each other, I asked the latter for a letter of introduction. It was a very charming epistle and told that I had been laboring for him ceaselessly for months and as a recompense asked only for this letter. Needless to say it brought a favorable response, and an invitation to come with my camera on a certain morning, for who could refuse an invitation so charmingly worded as that which my good friend Mr. James wrote for me? I found Mr. Sargent most friendly and willing to help me in every way to get my result. A portrait by photography needs more elaboration between the sitter and the artist than a painted portrait, and Mr. Sargent, having had some experience in portraits himself, realized this. To make a satisfactory photograph of a person it is necessary for me to like them, to admire them, or at least to be interested in them.

It is rather curious, and difficult to explain exactly, but if I dislike a person, it is sure to come out in the resulting portrait. The camera is all recording and very sensitive to the slightest gradation of expression of the personality before it, also the impression that I make on my sitter is as important as the effect he has on me. I make friends quickly and am interested in the mental alertness of the people I meet. You can know an artist or an author, to a certain extent, from his pictures or books before you meet him in the flesh, and I always try to acquire as much of this previous information as possible before venturing in the quest of great ones.

The profile of Charles Shannon in this series was made over six years ago. I had been attracted to him through his paintings and lithographs and then one day I saw his finely chiselled profile at a reception and I asked a friend to introduce me. Later in his large studio flooded with light and filled with the choice things of art, his own and others, a Grecian torso I remember, and rare examples of oriental art, I went to see him, and it was here, amid such fitting surroundings, that I made my photograph. Some men seem to know instinctively how to construct just the right sort of background for themselves, and this is more important for an artist, perhaps, than for most people; but everyone does it to a greater or lesser extent, consciously or unconsciously.

Theodore Roosevelt I photographed in the White House when he was President of the United States. I was told that he would see me at nine o'clock, so I arrived a quarter of an hour earlier and had my camera set up in readiness. As the clock was striking the President walked into the room, and after shaking hands I asked him how long a time he could give me? He said as long as I liked, but I knew that was just a polite way of asking me to be as quick as I could. I made five negatives in fifteen minutes and he said good-bye and went through the door to the governing of the nation. Now I ask you how else would I have been able to monopolize a quarter of an hour of the time of my nation's chief citizen? My work does this for me, it brings me into touch with personalities that have made history and lasting art. I enjoyed meeting Roosevelt thor-

oughly. I had long admired him, as a man and as a President, studying him through the medium of the press, but to meet him face to face was different.

In January, 1908, I made five of the portraits in my list. William Orpen was the first, and I liked him from the moment I first was met by his smiling face when I came to his studio. He was working I could see on a splendid still life of a globe, with, I think, a piece of lace over it, but he put his brushes aside and patiently posed for me for the better part of a morning, and we talked of art and of literature and it came out that he knew Yeats and Moore and was going to Dublin at the end of the month, and if I would go with him he would see if he could get them to sit for me. It was one of the most delightfully impromptu arrangements, but then that is Orpen's way, and we decided on the spot the train we should go by and the date of our departure. In the meantime I made the picture of Max Beerbohm, and I recall in connection with it that I could not seem to get the lines of the door upright on the ground glass of my camera, and how on looking closely I found that it was because the house was an old one and the lines of the door itself converged slightly. I could not seem to express " Max " as a head, as is my usual custom. I seemed to need more of him, the pose of his figure impressed me as being so characteristic.

A few days later I met Belloc. He came dashing up in a taxi fresh from a debate in the House of Commons, with a pocket full of papers and a head full of ideas. He talked to me of many things, made pleasant comments on some of my pictures that I showed him, and then whisked away in the cab which he had kept ticking at the door. I have heard that he can dictate a three hundred page novel in a week. Altogether a most extraordinary man. When the prints were done he asked me to tea at the House, and it was a novel experience to sit on the terrace along the river, with the great stone towers and turrets rising up behind, in such a distinguished company. It was shortly after this that he wrote the introduction to my first volume of photogravures, *London.*

Then I met Orpen at the train and we went over to Dublin together. The crossing was rather a rough one and I lay on my

back in a state-room feeling rather miserable, but the next day I was quite myself again and I was so pleased when Orpen told me we were to go to George Moore's to dinner. During the meal there was much talk between Orpen and Moore, with myself listening conscientiously, for I am not a conversationalist, but after the coffee I opened my portfolio and Mr. Moore consented to be photographed on the morrow. He said that he had made a solemn resolution never to do two things: be photographed, or make a speech at a dinner, but now that he had broken his resolve upon one point he would probably on the other as well. I was very glad of his consent, for I am a great admirer of his prose, and the next morning I spent in making a number of negatives.

The same night I was invited to a dinner given by Lady Gregory to Hugh Lane in honor of the opening of his Dublin Art Gallery and at the dinner I sat directly across the table from W. B. Yeats, and thus I had an opportunity of studying him. After dinner he recited one of his own poems and it occurred to me how few people would have been able to do this. He seemed hardly conscious of the people as he spoke. What he did would have been a pose in anyone else, but with him it was quite natural. After dinner I was introduced, and the next morning was appointed for the sitting. I remembered how he had looked reciting at the dinner table, and I asked him if he would do so again while I photographed him. Without any hesitation he began on some beautiful lines, while I flared a magnesium flash-light at intervals. I always try to meet each new problem in portraiture as it comes to me, and to solve it as best I may, and this seemed the most fitting way of getting the effect of speaking into the portrait of Yeats. A motion picture would perhaps have been better. I have often thought I would experiment in this direction. How interesting it would be if I had cinematograph films of all the men in my volume! Then from such a number of negatives one or more could be selected for printing.

Upon my return to London my next sitter was William Nicholson. I met him at a fancy dress ball in a costume that had belonged to his grandfather, and it was in this Georgian

dress that he sat for the portait, which I must admit has always given me considerable satisfaction. It was a great pleasure to photograph Nicholson in his high windowed studio. An artist to his finger tips, his collaboration was perfect, and his keen intelligent interest made the making of his portrait an artistic adventure.

This same year I also made my portrait of William De Morgan. He lived at that charming bit of old Chelsea, "The Vale," leading off King's Road, now, alas, no more. It was like being in the country with grass and trees and birds, and I made the portraits in the garden. The distant rumble of traffic was all that told you that you were within many miles of a great city. It made a perfect background for the author of *Alice for Short,* and I lingered on and talked through a drowsy summer afternoon, and was shown exquisite examples of glazes, for, as most people know, De Morgan was a potter before he became quite by chance an author in the autumn of his life.

Another of my innumerable transatlantic voyages transpired at this time and in December, 1908, my friend Dr. Archibald Henderson wrote to me that he had been invited to visit "Mark Twain" at his new home in Stormfield and that I was included in the invitation. He came up to New York from the University of North Carolina, where he is Professor of Mathematics, and together we went on to Connecticut. What a peaceful place it was, with a suggestion of Italy about it that even the snow could not wholly take away. There was a legend that Mr. Clemens had not seen the house until it was entirely finished "and the cat purring on the hearthrug." The great fireplace was a delight, particularly after a tramp in the winter air, and in the afternoon there were "hearts" and billiards to be played, and it was understood that our good host, clad in white, was to be allowed to win in all of these contests, by just the narrowest possible margin! His boyish enthusiasm over his conquest was quite a joy to witness. Mr. Clemens enjoyed being photographed, and I must have made thirty or forty negatives during this visit, many of which appeared in Dr. Henderson's book. Under one of my pictures Mr. Clemens wrote: "This is the best yet, Mark Twain." I had the honor and pleasure of knowing him some

years previously when he lived on Fifth Avenue, but this visit to his home brought me in closer touch than would otherwise have been possible with one of our greatest and most typical Americans.

John Galsworthy and J. M. Barrie I photographed on the same day. It was at the time of Frohman's Repertory Theatre in London, and the plays of these two dramatists, together with those of Shaw and Barker, were the attraction of this season. Mr. William Archer was writing an article for *McClure's Magazine* and he wanted a group of these four as an illustration, but the difficulty of getting them together seemed almost impossible. At last I appealed to Mr. Shaw and he invited them all to lunch and afterwards I was able to make the historic group, and also some individual portraits.

London, always an interesting place, was particularly so this season in the theatrical world, for it was then that Herbert Trench produced Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird* at the Haymarket Theatre, one poet producing the work of another. Mr. Trench came to my studio on the river at Hammersmith where I have spent so many happy days. Being a modern poet he came to see me on a motor-cycle and as it was a rainy day there were spots of mud on his collar, and delighted by the chance of getting rid of so much whiteness, for the high starched collar is the despair of the artist-photographer, I produced a black silk scarf and made the portrait to my great satisfaction.

Back again to my native land, and in November, 1910, I photographed W. D. Howells, and it is due to his kindly suggestion that I undertook to write this introduction to my portraits, that I have spent so much of my life in making. I asked Mr. Howells' advice as to a preface to my volume, rather hoping he might be persuaded to do it himself, but he said "there is no one more fitted than you are to do it." Up to this time I had never really thought about doing it myself, but the more I turned it over in my mind, the more I was impressed that perhaps he was right, for after all it was my "life work" and why should it not be wholly mine? He further encouraged me by saying that writing was easy if you had something to write about. He was quite right! I have found not the slightest

difficulty in chatting on about my encounters and adventures with these interesting people of our time.

It was through my friendship with Max Weber and my interest in his work, that I first came in touch with that group of artists styled in England the Post-Impressionists. Weber has a freshness of viewpoint, and a sincerity, that gives his work a unique quality. He is fond of studying the art of primitive peoples, as he finds in it a kindred spirit. He would be out of place in this modern age if it were not really so sophisticated and in need of just the note of simplicity that he and his colleagues are giving it in the face of misunderstanding and even ridicule. Weber has a sense of design that never fails him, and what is quite as important, a beauty of color vision; therefore, however revolutionary his ideas may be, he cannot help producing pictures that have a permanent and lasting charm.

There is a gap of nearly two years between the portrait of Max Weber and that of Clarence H. White. Clarence White is one of the most accomplished artists that America has produced, and, as a fellow-worker in the medium of photography, it gives me great pleasure to include him in my volume. I first photographed him in 1903, but the one that I am reproducing was made quite recently. Through his teaching, and the subtlety and refinement of his art, he has gathered about him a group of enthusiasts who are making photography respected wherever their work is shown.

White has a very unselfish and lovable personality, with which he is able to imbue his work, and which makes his friendship appreciated by those who know him best.

John Masefield I had been reading in California. In Los Angeles I met that prince of booksellers, Mr. C. C. Parker, who of course had most of his books. Mr. Parker likes to tell the story of how his order for one of Masefield's books was once larger than the whole American edition! If Mr. Parker likes a book he sells it to people. You go to his shop and you get what is good for you. I had read *A Tarpaulin Muster* some years before, but I got thoroughly started reading Masefield in Los Angeles, and so the first thing I did on my return to London

was to get an introduction to him from Granville Barker, for I knew that they were friends.

I had thought of using *Men of Genius* as the title for my book, but Arnold Bennett objected seriously, saying, very modestly, that he did not consider himself a man of genius, but merely a working author, and absolutely refusing to join the throng, unless I changed the title, so I told him that if he would give me a better one I would use it. *Men of Mark* is his alternative and I want to take this occasion to thank him for this, which is but one of his kindnesses to me.

I photographed Roger Fry and Robert Bridges on the same day, and the one of the artist is the one reproduced, but the one of the poet did not satisfy me, and so I journeyed up to Oxford to make another, the profile with which I had thought to end the collection; but a journey to Paris gave me the opportunity of meeting and photographing Henri Matisse and I was glad to include the portrait of so able and interesting an artist.

It is difficult to write history while you are living it, and I am getting so close to to-day in these last five portraits that I cannot get the proper perspective to write about them, as perhaps I may be able to do in ten years' time.

I feel that I have done a very worthy work in handing down to future generations in the permanent process of photogravure the portraits of a group of eminent men of my own time. I have not attempted to do anything startling or eccentric in the way of portrayals, but I have studied my men and their works with enthusiasm, and in each instance I have tried to catch and record the illusive something that differentiates a man of talent from his fellows and makes life worth while, worth struggling with towards ever greater understanding.

FOR THOSE DEAR DEAD

ELAINE GOODALE EASTMAN

NOW those dear dead, whom we misprized,
Their meek and late revenges take;
So tenderly our bosoms ache
For sad, remembered smile of theirs;
While others sleep, full long we wake,
And in our thoughts, and in our prayers,
So sweetly are they canonized!

Who has not some lay saint, to dwell
Within a little household shrine,
Decked out with memories, as fine
As gilded Virgin in her niche,
And hung with rosaries of prayer—
Ah! he is poor where I am rich,
And doubly orphaned, I could swear!

Now life's deep cup is well-nigh quaffed,
To those who poured it, how repay
The wondrous debt? Full early they
Have put it by, and gone their way,
With yearning farewell looks, that sting
Like myrrh, or some such precious thing,
To the last drops of that rich draught.

Still to be mindful of the dust
We spring from; the mute, patient clod
Whose speech we are—whose motion—breath—
Last hold on sense, surcease from death:
To raise up buried dreams, abate
Old longings dumbly passionate—
This be our heritage and trust!

ADVENTURES WHILE PREACHING THE GOSPEL OF BEAUTY

NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY

III

Walking into Kansas

IT has been raining quite a little. The roads are so muddy I have to walk the ties. Keeping company with the railroad is almost a habit. While this shower passes I write in the station at Stillwell, Kansas.

JUNE 14, 1912. I have crossed the mystic border. I have left Earth. I have entered Wonderland. Though I am still east of the geographical centre of the United States, in every spiritual sense I am in the West. This morning I passed the stone mile-post that marks the beginning of Kansas.

I went over the border and encountered—what do you think? Wild strawberries! Lo, where the Farmer had cut the weeds between the road and the fence, the gentle fruits revealed themselves, growing in the shadow down between the still-standing weeds. They shine out in a red line that stretches on and on, and a man has to resolve to stop eating several times. Just as he thinks he has conquered desire the line gets dazzlingly red again.

The berries grow at the end of a slender stalk, clustered six in a bunch. One gathers them by the stems, in bouquets, as it were, and eats off the fruit like taffy off a stick.

I was gathering buckets of cherries for a farmer's wife yesterday. This morning after the strawberries had mitigated I encountered a bush of raspberries, and then hedges on hedges of mulberries both white and red. The white mulberries are the sweetest. If this is the wild West, give me more. There are many varieties of trees, and they are thick as in the East. The people seem to grow more cordial. I was eating mulberries outside the yard of a villager. He asked me in where the eating

was better. And then he told me the town scandal, while I had my dessert.

A day or so ago I hoed corn all morning for my dinner. This I did cheerfully, considering I had been given a good breakfast at that farm for nothing. I feel that two good meals are worth about a morning's work anyway. And then I had company. The elderly owner of the place hoed along with me. He saved the country, by preaching to me the old fashioned high tariff gospel, and I saved it by preaching to him the new fashioned Gospel of Beauty. Meanwhile the corn was hoed. Then we went in and ate the grandest of dinners. That house was notable for having on its walls really artistic pictures, not merely respectable pictures, nor yet seed-catalogue advertisements.

That night, in passing through a village, I glimpsed a man washing his dishes in the rear of a blacksmith shop. I said to myself: "Ah ha! Somebody keeping bach."

I knew I was welcome. There is no fear of the stranger in such a place, for there are no ladies to reassure or propitiate. Permission to sleep on the floor was granted as soon as asked. I spread out *The Kansas City Star,* which is a clean sheet, put my verses under my head for a pillow and was content. Next morning the sun was in my eyes. There was the odor of good fried bacon in the air.

"Git up and eat a snack, pardner," said my friend the blacksmith. And he told me the story of his life while I ate.

I had an amusing experience at the town of Belton. I had given an entertainment at the hotel on the promise of a night's lodging. I slept late. Over my transom came the breakfast-table talk. "That was a hot entertainment that young bum gave us last night," said one man. "He ought to get to work, the dirty lazy loafer," said another.

The schoolmaster spoke up in an effort not to condescend to his audience: "He is evidently a fraud. I talked to him a long time after the entertainment. The pieces he recited were certainly not his own. I have read some of them somewhere. It is too easy a way to get along, especially when the man is as able to work as this one. Of course in the old days literary men used to be obliged to do such things. But it isn't at all neces-

sary in the Twentieth Century. Real poets are highly paid." Another spoke up: "I don't mind a fake, but he is a rotten reciter, anyhow. If he had said one more I would have just walked right out. You noticed ol' Mis' Smith went home after that piece about the worms." Then came the landlord's voice: "After the show was over I came pretty near not letting him have his room. All I've got to say is he don't get any breakfast."

I dressed, opened the doorway serenely, and strolled past the table, smiling with all the ease of a minister at his own church-social. In my most ornate manner I thanked the landlord and landlady for their extreme kindness. I assumed that not one of the gentlefolk had intended to have me hear their analysis. 'Twas a grand exit. Yet, in plain language, these people "got my goat." I have struggled with myself all morning, almost on the point of ordering a marked copy of a magazine sent to that smart schoolmaster. *"Evidently a fraud!"* Indeed!

"Goin' Wes' harvesin'?"

"Yes, yes. I think I will harvest when I get to Great Bend."

JUNE 18, 1912. Approaching Emporia. I am sitting in the hot sun by the Santa Fé tracks, after two days of walking those tracks in the rain. I am near a queer little Mexican house built of old railroad ties.

I had had two sticks of candy begged from a grocer for breakfast. I was keeping warm by walking fast. Because of the muddy roads and the sheets of rain coming down it was impossible to leave the tracks. It was almost impossible to make speed since the ballast underfoot was almost all of it big rattling broken stone. I had walked that Santa Fé railroad a day and a half in the drizzle and downpour. It was a little past noon, and my scanty inner fuel was almost used up. I dared not stop a minute now, lest I catch cold. There was no station in sight ahead. When the mists lifted I saw that the tracks went on and on, straight west to the crack of doom, not even a water-tank in sight. The mists came down, then lifted once more, and, as though I were Childe Roland, I suddenly saw a shack to the right, in dimensions about seven feet each way. It was mostly

stove-pipe, and that pipe was pouring out enough smoke to make three of Aladdin's Jinns. I presume some one heard me whistling. The little door opened. Two heads popped out, "Come in, you slab-sided hobo," they yelled affectionately. "Come in and get dry." And so my heart was made suddenly light after a day and a half of hard whistling.

At the inside end of that busy smoke-stack was a roaring redhot stove about as big as a hat. It had just room enough on top for three steaming coffee cans at a time. There were four white men with their chins on their knees completely occupying the floor of one side of the mansion, and four Mexicans filled the other. Every man was hunched up to take as little room as possible. It appeared that my only chance was to move the tins and sit on the stove. But one Mexican sort of sat on another Mexican and the new white man was accommodated. These fellows were a double-section gang, for the track is double all along here.

I dried out pretty quick. The men began to pass up the coffee off the stove. It strangled and blistered me, it was so hot. The men were almost to the bottom of the food sections of their buckets and were beginning to throw perfectly good sandwiches and extra pieces of pie through the door. I said that if any man had anything to throw away would he just wait till I stepped outside so I could catch it. They handed me all I could ever imagine a man eating. It rained and rained and rained, and I ate till I could eat no more. One man gave me for dessert the last half of his cup of stewed raisins along with his own spoon. Good raisins they were, too. A Mexican urged upon me some brown paper and cigarette tobacco. I was sorry I did not smoke. The men passed up more and more hot coffee.

That coffee made me into a sort of thermos bottle. On the strength of it I walked all afternoon through sheets and cataracts. When dark came I slept in wet clothes in a damp blanket in the hay of a windy livery-stable without catching cold.

Now it is morning. The sky is reasonably clear, the weather is reasonably warm, but I am no longer a thermos bottle, no, no. I am sitting on the hottest rock I can find, letting the sun go through my bones. The coffee in me has turned at last to ice

and snow. Emporia, the Athens of America, is just ahead. Oh, for a hot bath and a clean shirt!

A mad dog tried to bite me yesterday morning, when I made a feeble attempt to leave the track. When I was once back on the ties, he seemed afraid and would not come closer. His bark was the ghastliest thing I ever heard. As for his bite, he did not get quite through my shoe-heel.

EMPORIA, KANSAS, JUNE 19, 1912.

On inquiring at the Emporia General Delivery for mail, I found your letter telling me to call upon your friend Professor Kerr. He took my sudden appearance most kindly, and pardoned my battered attire and the mud to the knees. After a day in his house I am ready to go on, dry and feasted and warm and clean. The professor's help seemed to come in just in time. I was a most weary creature.

Thinking it over this morning, the bathtub appears to be the first outstanding advantage the cultured man has over the half-civilized. Quite often the folk with swept houses and decent cooking who have given my poems discriminating attention, who have given me good things to eat, forget, even when they entertain him overnight, that the stranger would like to soak himself thoroughly. Many of the working people seem to keep fairly clean with the washpan as their principal ally. But the tub is indispensable to the mendicant in the end, unless he is walking through a land of crystal waterfalls, like North Georgia.

I am an artificial creature at last, dependent, after all, upon modern plumbing. 'Tis, perhaps, not a dignified theme, but I retired to the professor's bathroom and washed off the entire State of Missouri and the eastern counties of Kansas, and did a deal of laundry work on the sly. This last was not openly confessed to the professor, but he might have guessed, I was so cold on the front porch that night.

I shall not soon lose the memory of this the first day of emergence from the strait paths of St. Francis, this first meeting, since I left Springfield, with a person on whom I had a conventional social claim. I had forgotten what the delicacy of a cultured welcome would be like. The professor's table was a

marvel to me. I was astonished to discover there were such fine distinctions in food and linen. And for all my troubadour profession, I had almost forgotten there were such distinctions in books. I have hardly seen one magazine since I left you. The world where I have been moving reads nothing but newspapers. It is confusing to bob from one world to the other, to zig-zag across the social dead-line. I sat in the professor's library a very mixed-up person, feeling I could hardly stay a minute, yet too heavy-footed to stir an inch, and immensely grateful and relaxed.

Sooner or later I am going to step up into the rarefied civilized air once too often and stay there in spite of myself. I shall get a little too fond of the china and old silver, and forget the fields. Books and teacups and high-brow conversations are awfully insinuating things, if you give them time to be. One gets along somehow, and pleasure alternates with pain, and the sum is the joy of life, while one is below. But to quit is like coming up to earth after deep-sea diving in a heavy suit. One scarcely realizes he has been under heavier-than-air pressure, and has been fighting off great forces, till he has taken off his diving helmet, as it were. And yet there is a baffling sense of futility in the restful upper air. I remember it once, long ago, in emerging in Warren, Ohio, and once in emerging in Macon, Georgia:—the feeling that the upper world is all tissue paper, that the only choice a real man can make is to stay below with the great forces of life forever, even though he be a tramp—the feeling that, to be a little civilized, we sacrifice enormous powers and joys. For all I was so tired and so very grateful to the professor, I felt like a bull in a china shop. I should have been out in the fields, eating grass.

Sunday Morning, June 23, 1912. I am writing on the top of a pile of creosote-soaked ties between the Santa Fé tracks and the trail that runs parallel to the tracks. Florence, Kansas, is somewhere ahead.

In the East the railroads and machinery choke the land to death and it was there I made my rule against them. But the farther West I go the more the very life of the country seems

to depend upon them. I suppose, though, that some day, even out West here, the rule against the railroad will be a good rule.

Meanwhile let me say that my Ruskinian prejudices are temporarily overcome by the picturesqueness and efficiency of the Santa Fé. It is double-tracked, and every four miles is kept in order by a hand-car crew that is spinning back and forth all the time. The air seems to be full of hand-cars.

Walking in a hurry to make a certain place by nightfall I have become acquainted with these section hands, and, most delightful to relate, have ridden in their iron conveyances, putting my own back into the work. Half or three-fourths of the employees are Mexicans who are as ornamental in the actual landscape as they are in a Remington drawing. These Mexicans are tractable serfs of the Santa Fé. If there were enough miles of railroad in Mexico to keep all the inhabitants busy on section, perhaps the internal difficulties could be ended. These peons live peacefully next to the tracks in houses built by the company from old ties. The ties are placed on end, side by side, with plaster in the cracks, on a tiny oblong two-room plan. There is a little roofed court between the rooms. A farmer told me that the company tried Greek serfs for a while, but they made trouble for outsiders and murdered each other.

The road is busy as busy can be. Almost any time one can see enormous freight-trains rolling by or a mile-a-minute passenger train. Gates are provided for each farmer's right of way. I was told by an exceptional Mexican with powers of speech that the efficient dragging of the wagon-roads, especially the "New Santa Fé Trail" that follows the railroad, is owing to the missionary work of King, the split-log drag man, who was employed to go up and down this land agitating his hobby.

When the weather is good, touring automobiles whiz past. They have pennants showing they are from Kansas City, Emporia, New York or Chicago. They have camping canvas and bedding on the back seats of the car, or strapped in the rear. They are on camping tours to Colorado Springs and the like pleasure places. Some few avow they are going to the coast. About five o'clock in the evening some man making a local trip is apt to come along alone. He it is that wants the other side

of the machine weighed down. He it is that will offer me a ride and spin me along from five to twenty-five miles before supper. This delightful use that may be made of an automobile in rounding out a day's walk has had something to do with mending my prejudice against it, despite the grand airs of the tourists that whirl by at midday. I still maintain that the auto is a carnal institution, to be shunned by the truly spiritual, but there are times when I, for one, get tired of being spiritual.

Much of the country east of Emporia is hilly and well-wooded and hedged like Missouri. But now I am getting into the range region. Yesterday, after several miles of treeless land that had never known the plough, I said to myself: "Now I am really West." And my impression was reinforced when I reached a grand baronial establishment called "Clover Hill Ranch." It was flanked by the houses of the retainers. In the foreground and a little to the side was the great stone barn for the mules and horses. Back on the little hill, properly introduced by ceremonious trees, was the ranch house itself. And before it was my lord on his ranching charger. The aforesaid lord created quite an atmosphere of lordliness as he refused work in the alfalfa harvest to a battered stranger who bowed too low and begged too hard, perhaps. On the porch was my lady, feeding bread and honey to the beautiful young prince of the place.

I have not yet reached the wheat belt. Since the alfalfa harvest is on here, I shall try for that a bit.

Sunday Afternoon, June 30, 1912. In the spare room of a Mennonite Farmer, who lives just inside the wheat belt.

This is going to be a long Sunday afternoon; so make up your minds for a long letter. I did not get work in the alfalfa. Yet there is news. I have been staying a week with this Mennonite family shocking wheat for them, though I am not anywhere near Great Bend.

Before I tell you of the harvest, I must tell you of these Mennonites. They are a dear people. I have heard from their reverent lips the name of their founder, Menno Simonis, who was born about the time of Columbus and Luther and other such

worthies. They are as opposed to carnal literature as I am to tailor-made clothes, and I hold they are perfectly correct in allowing no fashion magazines in the house. Such modern books as they read deal with practical local philanthropies and great international mission movements, and their interdenominational feelings for all Christendom are strong. Yet they hold to their ancient verities, and antiquity broods over their meditations.

For instance I found in their bookcase an endless dialogue epic called *The Wandering Soul*, in which this soul, seeking mainly for information, engages in stilted conversation with Adam, Noah and Simon Cleophas. Thereby the Wandering Soul is informed as to the orthodox history and chronology of the world from the Creation to the destruction of Jerusalem. The wood-cuts are devotional. They are worth walking to Kansas to see. The book had its third translation into Pennsylvania English in 1840, but several American editions had existed in German before that, and several German editions in Germany. It was originally written in the Dutch language and was popular among the Mennonites there. But it looks as if it was printed by Adam to last forever and scare bad boys.

Let us go to meeting. All the women are on their own side of the aisle. All of them have a fairly uniform Quakerish sort of dress of no prescribed color. In front are the most pious, who wear a black scoop-bonnet. Some have taken this off, and show the inevitable "prayer-covering" underneath. It is the plainest kind of a lace-cap, awfully coquettish on a pretty head. It is intended to mortify the flesh, and I suppose it *is* unbecoming to *some* women.

All the scoop bonnets are not black. Toward the middle of the church, behold a cream-satin, a soft gray, a dull moon-gold. One young woman, moved, I fear, by the devil, turns and looks across the aisle at us. An exceedingly demure bow is tied all too sweetly under the chin, in a decorous butterfly style. Fie! fie! Is this mortifying the flesh? And I note with pain that the black bonnets grow fewer and fewer toward the rear of the meeting house.

Here come the children, with bobbing headgear of every color of the rainbow, yet the same scoop-pattern still. They have

been taking little walks and runs between Sunday-school and church, and are all flushed and panting. But I would no more criticise the color of their headgear than the color in their faces. Some of them squeeze in among the black rows in front and make piety reasonable. But we noted by the door as they entered something that both the church and the world must abhor. Seated as near to the men's side as they can get, with a mixture of shame and defiance in their faces, are certain daughters of the Mennonites who insist on dressing after the fashions that come from Paris and Kansas City and Emporia. By the time the rumors of what is proper in millinery have reached this place they are a disconcerting mixture of cherries, feathers and ferns. And somehow there are too many mussy ribbons on the dresses.

We can only guess how these rebels most suffer under the concentrated silent prayers of the godly. Poor honest souls! they take to this world's vain baggage and overdo it. Why do they not make up their minds to serve the devil sideways, like that sly puss with the butterfly bow?

On the men's side of the house the division on dress is more acute. The Holiness movement, the doctrine of the Second Blessing that has stirred many rural Methodist groups, has attacked the Mennonites also. Those who dispute for this new ism of sanctification leave off their neckties as a sign. Those that retain their neckties, satisfied with what Menno-Simonis taught, have a hard time remaining in a state of complete calm. The temptation to argue the matter is almost more than flesh can bear.

But, so far as I could discover, there was no silent prayer over the worst lapse of these people. What remains of my Franciscan soul was hurt to discover that the buggy-shed of the meeting-house was full of automobiles. And to meet a Mennonite on the road without a necktie, his wife in the blackest of bonnets, honking along in one of those glittering brazen machines, almost shakes my confidence in the Old Jerusalem Gospel.

Yet let me not indulge in disrespect. Every spiritual warfare must abound in its little ironies. They are keeping their rule against finery as well as I am keeping mine against the railroad. And they have their own way of not being corrupted

by money. Their ministry is unsalaried. Their preachers are sometimes helpers on the farms, sometimes taken care of outright, the same as I am.

As will later appear, despite some inconsistencies, the Mennonites have a piety as literal as any to be found on the earth. Since they are German there is no lack of thought in their system. I attended one of their quarterly conferences and I have never heard better discourses on the distinctions between the four gospels. The men who spoke were scholars.

The Mennonites make it a principle to ignore politics, and are non-resistants in war. I have read in the life of one of their heroes what a terrible time his people had in the Shenandoah valley in the days of Sheridan. . . . Three solemn tracts are here on my dresser. The first is against church organs, embodying a plea for simplicity and the spending of such money on local benevolences and world-wide missions. The tract aptly compares the church-organ to the Thibetan prayer-wheel, and later to praying by phonograph. A song is a prayer to them, and they sing hymns and nothing but hymns all week long.

The next tract is on non-conformity to this world, and insists our appearance should indicate our profession, and that fashions drive the poor away from the church. It condemns jewels and plaiting of the hair, etc., and says that such things stir up a wicked and worldly lust in the eyes of youth. This tract goes so far as to put worldly pictures under the ban. Then comes another, headed Bible Teaching on Dress. It goes on to show that every true Christian, especially that vain bird, the female, should wear something like the Mennonite uniform to indicate the line of separation from " the World." I have a good deal of sympathy for all this, for indeed is it not briefly comprehended in my own rule: " Carry no baggage "?

These people celebrate communion every half year, and at the same time they practise the ritual of washing the feet. Since Isadora Duncan has rediscovered the human foot æsthetically, who dares object to it in ritual? It is all a question of what we are trained to expect. Certainly these people are respecters of the human foot and not ashamed to show it. Next to the way their women have of making a dash to find their gauzy

prayer-covering, which they put on for grace at table and Bible-lesson before breakfast, their most striking habit is the way both men and women go about in very clean bare feet after supper. Next to this let me note their resolve to have no profane hour whatsoever. When not actually at work they sit and sing hymns, each Christian on his own hook as he has leisure.

My first evening among these dear strangers I was sitting alone by the front door, looking out on the wheat. I was thrilled to see the fairest member of the household enter, not without grace and dignity. Her prayer covering was on her head, her white feet were shining like those of Nicolette and her white hymn-book was in her hand. She ignored me entirely. She was rapt in trance. She sat by the window and sang through the book, looking straight at a rose in the wall-paper.

I lingered there, reading *The Wandering Soul* just as oblivious of her presence as she was of mine. Oh, no; there was no art in the selection of her songs! I remember one which was to this effect:

> "Don't let it be said:
> 'Too late, too late
> To enter that Golden Gate.'
> Be ready, for soon
> The time will come
> To enter that Golden Gate."

On the whole she had as much right to plunk down and sing hymns out of season as I have to burst in and quote poetry to peaceful and unprotected households.

I would like to insert a discourse here on the pleasure and the naturalness and the humanness of testifying to one's gospel whatever that gospel may be, barefooted or golden-slippered or iron-shod. The best we may win in return may be but a kindly smile. We may never make one convert. Still the duty of testifying remains, and is enjoined by the invisible powers and makes for the health of the soul. This Mennonite was a priestess of her view of the truth and comes of endless generations of such snow-footed apostles. I presume the sect ceased to enlarge when the Quakers ceased to thrive, but I make my guess that it does not crumble as fast as the Quakers, having more German stolidity.

Let me again go forward, testifying to my particular lonely gospel in the face of such pleasant smiles and incredulous questions as may come. I wish I could start a sturdy sect like old Menno Simonis did. They should dress as these have done, and be as stubborn and rigid in their discipline. They should farm as these have done, but on reaching the point where the Mennonite buys the automobile, that money and energy should go into the making of cross-roads palaces for the people, golden as the harvest field, and disciplined well-parked villages, good as a psalm, and cities fair as a Mennonite lady in her prayer-covering, delicate and noble as Athens the unforgotten, the divine.

The Mennonite doctrine of non-participation in war or politics leads them to confine their periodic literature to religious journals exclusively, plus *The Drover's Journal* to keep them up to date on the prices of farm-products. There is only one Mennonite political event, the coming of Christ to judge the earth. Of that no man knoweth the day or the hour. We had best be prepared and not play politics or baseball or anything. Just keep unspotted and harvest the wheat.

"Goin' Wes' harvesin'?"

I have harvested, thank you. Four days and a half I have shocked wheat in these prayer-consecrated fields that I see even now from my window. And I have good hard dollars in my pocket, which same dollars are against my rules.

I will tell you of the harvest in the next letter.

ON THE ROAD TO NOWHERE

On the road to nowhere
What wild oats did you sow
When you left your father's house
With your cheeks aglow?
Eyes so strained and eager
To see what you might see?
Were you thief or were you fool
Or most nobly free?
Were the tramp-days knightly,
True sowing of wild seed?

Did you dare to make the songs
Vanquished workmen need?
Did you waste much money
To deck a leper's feast?
Love the truth, defy the crowd,
Scandalize the priest?
On the road to nowhere
What wild oats did you sow?
Stupids find the nowhere-road
Dusty, grim and slow.
Ere their sowing's ended
They turn them on their track:
Look at the caitiff craven wights
Repentant, hurrying back!
Grown ashamed of nowhere,
Of rags endured for years,
Lust for velvet in their hearts,
Pierced with Mammon's spears.
All but a few fanatics
Give up their darling goal,
Seek to be as others are,
Stultify the soul.
Reapings now confront them,
Glut them, or destroy,
Curious seeds, grain or weeds,
Sown with awful joy.
Hurried is their harvest,
They make soft peace with men.
Pilgrims pass. They care not,
Will not tramp again.
O nowhere, golden nowhere!
Sages and fools go on
To your chaotic ocean,
To your tremendous dawn.
Far in your fair dream-haven,
Is nothing or is all . . .
They press on, singing, sowing
Wild deeds without recall!

TIME, PAST MASTER OF ILLUSION

C. L. B. SHUDDEMAGEN

CONSCIOUSNESS, individualized life, evolves and grows in content and in organization. It grows in two distinct ways: first, within a world of a certain space, or dimension, coming into greater correspondence with the objects in that world, learning to understand more of the things which have reality in that world; and second, into a world of higher dimension which is related to the lower one as a solid body is related to its surface. The first mode is an expansion, a continuous increase along familiar lines; the second is a raising to a higher power, as it were, a growth along new lines. Growth of the first kind is in a certain sense prerequisite to that of the second kind.

The feeling of growth or change in consciousness is the philosophical basis of the conception of time, which must have arisen in the awareness or recognition of continual change in the external world as perceived by the consciousness, accompanied by permanent changes and increments in its growth. There are, therefore, two different classes of time: one measures the ordinary growth of consciousness within the world in which the being is accustomed to function, and the other measures it similarly for the world of the next higher dimension. However, as a matter of fact, the time-conception has become generalized in human evolution so as to apply rather to the collective change or growth of racial consciousness than to that of any single individual. It therefore does not take note of the second kind of change, as such changes are, at this stage of the evolution of humanity, rather exceptional and abnormal. Furthermore, the time-conception was standardized with reference to external changes and measured by the external apparent motions of the sun, moon and stars. It is logical and reasonable to regard these external changes and motions in nature as being in very truth nothing more or less than internal changes of consciousness and growth of one or more mighty universal Beings, of vastly greater inclusiveness in consciousness and powers than that of

human beings. These greater Beings may be supposed to have attained to great uniformity of laws in their lower material manifestation, so that the motions of astronomical bodies give indeed a very exact means for the measurement of time in the world of three dimensions of space, the world in which humanity is evolving.

It has been argued that the processes of nature could not be described except in terms of time, that the time-element cannot be done away with in metaphysics. Now, it may be true that in the last analysis of this subject there will always remain a certain aspect which can be related to the conception of time, but it is important to recognize that this would not in the least imply that there was any fundamental reality to be attached to time. It merely means that certain groupings of phenomena in nature which are called " successive " may be conveniently regarded by conscious beings of a certain stage of development of mind as taking place in time, whereas they really take place in consciousness only. While for these beings there may be no conceivable way of regarding the groupings of changing objects except in terms of time, it is fairly easy to show that there may be a more developed state of consciousness for which a whole series of changes can be seen as a single object. In such a case evidently the time-element would completely disappear. This consciousness is one which has freed itself from the limitations of three-dimensional space, of having to see every object as existing in only three dimensions. The extension of the object in the fourth dimension is what gives rise to the idea of time in a consciousness which has not yet grown sufficiently to be able to overcome to some extent the illusion that a three-dimensional space is able to contain the facts of the universe. The consciousness of three dimensions may be thought of as moving through an object, a world of objects, in fact, in the direction of its extension in the fourth dimension; and the continuous changing of the object is thought of as occurring in time. The changes which take place are projected outward from the consciousness, and ascribed to the object; they are thought of as occurring in the object.

As a matter of fact there may be some truth in this, but it is certainly a limited view and not the one which is of the greatest

importance from the standpoint of human evolution, which has before it the work of outgrowing the limitations of the three-dimensional consciousness. The changes projected into the objects of external nature really and fundamentally take place within the conciousness which experiences, becomes aware of, them. Let it not be argued that it is the object alone which produces or causes the experiences, for the reason that many independent minds can investigate the same object and obtain similar experiences and results, changes in their consciousnesses. This fact can be more easily and satisfactorily considered as proving the fundamental Oneness of all consciousness, of all life. There are many fragments of the One Consciousness which may experience changes with regard to one object, and it is all one phenomenon and one experience at bottom. The object to which so much of reality is usually assigned might just as well be regarded as merely a projected symbol or token of the one experience which belonged to many individualized fragments of the One Consciousness.

Consider a fixed sphere or ball in a space of three dimensions, and a plane surface in which dwell beings of two-dimensional consciousness, in bodies of two dimensions. Let the plane be slowly moved at a uniform rate toward the sphere, perpendicularly to itself. It will touch the sphere and then pass through it, cutting out a circle which increases for a time, reaches a maximum, then decreases to a point and then the plane will leave the sphere entirely. The two-dimensional beings will experience the following series of changes: the appearance of a point in their field of consciousness, this growing into a circle with increasing radius, then decreasing again to nothing. The phenomenon of the sphere as perceived by their consciousness is regular and continuous and may well produce in them the illusion of time, of a real growth and decay in time of the circle they saw. As a matter of fact, to us who are three-dimensional beings, the phenomenon is a fixed sphere in a space of three dimensions, and there is neither motion nor time to be associated with it, and no possibility of measuring time exists. Consciousness, life, seems to require a constant change or motion. In other words, the law of consciousness is that it must grow.

Now the motion of the plane through the sphere symbolizes the change or growth in the consciousness of the two-dimensional being. It needs a three-dimensional consciousness to be able to perceive the sphere as a single fixed object. For the two-dimensional being this feat is not possible,—at least not until he is able to free himself of the illusion of time and recognize that the objects of his consciousness, which seem to change, grow and decay, are in reality fixed objects in a space of three dimensions. When this recognition has become for him a realization, then his consciousness has grown from the limitations of two dimensions into the lesser limitation of three dimensions.

If our humanity has ever been subjected to the limitations of a two-dimensional consciousness, as seems quite reasonable and probable, then it has by this time freed itself very nearly from such limitations. The old conception of time, which arose as though from the two-dimensional consciousness moving across a world of three-dimensional objects, has been set aside; and a new conception of time, arising as though from a movement of a three-dimensional consciousness through an external world of four dimensions, has been established. This, therefore, is the stage in evolution of consciousness which is normal for our humanity under present conditions. The most logical and reasonable explanation of the appearance, the growth, change, decay and final disappearance of three-dimensional objects is that they are really fixed objects in a four-dimensional space, and that our consciousness is only able to perceive a three-dimensional section of them as one percept; that this percept is continuously being modified in such a way as may be described or symbolized by the sweeping of the consciousness through the objects in the extension of the fourth dimension. The process is quite analogous to the case of the two-dimensional consciousness moving through the fixed sphere.

That the human race has probably passed through the limitation of consciousness to two dimensions, and has not yet gained the full powers of the use of three dimensions, is indicated by the well-known fact that beginners in the study of geometry generally find little difficulty in constructing mental pictures of geometrical figures in a plane, and in understanding their rela-

tionships, while for the proper study of solid geometry it is necessary for the teacher to spend considerable time and show much ingenuity in getting his students to become skilled in the practice of building mental images of solid geometrical figures, or of figures which occupy three-dimensional space. Most men are quite limited in thought to a space which is almost two-dimensional, coinciding with the surface of the earth, with a little extension up and down, in the third dimension. Few men feel at home in the contemplation of astronomical bodies. The mind shrinks back, as though from an impassable abyss.

There is good reason to believe that there are actually men of our own human race who have attained the power of being conscious of and in a four-dimensional world. Mathematically defined, this would mean first of all the power of thought to construct in imagination four straight lines meeting in a point, each of which is at right angles to the other three. It would undoubtedly require considerable practice and exercise to become able to see the objects of the four-dimensional universe,—the objects of which our familiar three-dimensional objects are mere cross-sections. Consciousness in four dimensions might be developed in various ways. The one which lies nearest to hand would be the mathematical study of the problems of four-dimensional space and geometrical figures. This was the method followed successfully by the late C. H. Hinton, author of several very excellent books on the subject. Another way might be termed the psychological method: study, chiefly within oneself, of the dream-consciousness, especially of the state just before awakening, when the dream-consciousness and the waking consciousness may sometimes unite without the usual blank period which so effectually separates these two states for most people. Certain hypnotic experiments have brought out facts which can most rationally be explained by assuming the reality of the four-dimensional world and the corresponding non-reality (relatively speaking) of the ordinary conception of time, but it is doubtful whether any consciousness of the higher dimension in the waking state can be developed by hypnotic means. The occurrence of cases of prophetic sight into the future is, of course, practically as good as a proof of the existence of four-dimensional objects,

—the future being simply the extension into the fourth dimension of our ordinary objects, and the so-called appearance and growth of new and unfamiliar objects occupying four-dimensional space which has not yet come under the sweep of the collective consciousness of the human race, as it moves through space in the direction of the fourth dimension.

The safest, surest, but also for most persons the most difficult and slowest, way is by self-development of spirituality, in which purity of motive is essential. This should not be confused with the many commercialized methods of pseudo-occultism and the various systems of so-called "Yoga." In this introspection it is necessary that the mind shall some time surrender itself to a higher authority, that of intuition, or knowledge by something like direct contact. For the mind is usually too strongly ingrained with the ideas and the limitations of three dimensions to be able, unassisted, to free itself.

The fact that the number of persons who are experiencing abnormal states of consciousness, many of which are easily accounted for by the assumption of the world of four dimensions, is increasing year by year, would indicate that the "four-dimensional consciousness" is just beginning to appear in a more general way in human evolution. At the same time it is worthy of note that various mathematical scientists are finding themselves obliged to call in the help of the fourth dimension in their treatment of various problems of science,—especially in the physics of electro-magnetism and the physical phenomena of the ether, or of objects in the ether.

LIZALOO, PRICE FIVE SHILLINGS

ANNESLEY KENEALY

"MAKE it six bob, dearie," came in wheedling tones through the awning of drab smoke which hung over the street-corner.

The man so addressed, one of the waste products of the East-end, narrow-chested, and of mean stature, thrust his dirty hands into his pockets to the sound of jingling coins.

"She's got her labor certificate alright, I s'pose?" he asked in the thick, hoarse voice of one who breathes beer.

"Yuss," replied Mrs. Strikes briskly. "Lizaloo's clever with her 'ead. She's wuth more'n five bob."

"Keep 'er yerself, then," he said morosely.

Familiar with the shortages of Mrs. Strikes' character, Bill was shrewdly aware that the daughter's selling-price would be decided by her mother's inability to look beyond the hour, and her immediate need of gin. For this reason he had contrived that the final bid in the barter and sale of Lizaloo should be made outside "The Rising Sun."

"Seein' as she's only twelve year old larst Sunday, you carn't marry 'er wivout I gives my consent. So you needn't 'aggle to a halfpenny wiv a poor widder wiv other kids to keep."

The casual mother of an innumerable family reached out this feminine feeler toward her companion's generosity.

But the instinct of self-preservation was uppermost in the crude, rudimentary animal. Bill was only the raw, rickety material which goes to the making of a man.

He knocked his pipe out with an air of finality and said, "Five bob. Not a farden more. Take it, or leave it. There's lots as 'ud jump at marryin' one of their darters to me."

"She's young, and used to 'ard work," her mother urged in her anxiety to run up the girl's life-value.

A pause ensued during which each watched the other, waiting for the next move in the sordid game. But Bill hung on doggedly to his bid. It is the average market price of a twelve-year-old wife in the East-end.

Outside, the broken pavements were wet and slushy: the chill damp of the October night, now creeping up in a yellowish fog, prompted Mrs. Strikes to draw her rusty shawl more closely about her shrunken frame, and to look athirst at the allurements of the sawdust-sprinkled interior of "The Rising Sun." The warmth engendered by the huddling humanity within, and the mouth-watering forgetfulness inherent in gin impelled her to conclude the bargain with a rush, as Bill had foreseen.

"'Ave it your own way, then," broke from the woman's lips.

"'Arf down now. The rest when 'er and me's spliced," he said concisely, and handed her four sixpences and half a dozen coppers.

His mother-in-law elect caught at the coins avidly, then turned toward the lost Paradise which Bill's largesse had temporarily regained for her.

But for the moment, feminine curiosity overcame her craving for drink. The yellow eyes of the street lamps gleaming through the darkness revealed the malice of the woman's face—an evil face all over lines, and seams, and patches,—as she asked with a leer:

"'Ave yer told Sal?"

"Told Sal?" he echoed peevishly. "No, I ain't. And wot's more, I ain't goin' to."

He puffed out his narrow, cockney chest with a grotesque assumption of courage. But his shifty eyes, quick and restless as a rat's, travelled fearfully up and down the dirty street.

There'd be the devil to pay when Sal knew. And he was timidly anxious to postpone the day of reckoning.

"Best say nuffin', dearie," advised Mrs. Strikes. Then the lurking Eve in her prompted her to add, viciously: "Lord! She'll go clean off her onion when you takes Lizaloo 'ome."

"Well—s'pose she does, wot then? She's can't do nuffin'."

"Only jaw."

Bill spat on the pavement, contemptuously. "Wot good'll that do 'er?" he sneered.

Nevertheless his eyes once more wandered furtively to all points of the compass. At sight of Sal he was quite prepared to take ingloriously to his heels. Then a sudden new fear struck

at him. "S'pose the girl splits," he suggested with dry lips.

"She dursn't," he was assured.

"I've giv' notice at the Registry office. Mind you're there sharp at half arter ten o' Saturday. You'll 'ave to write down as 'ow you're a consentin' party to the marriage."

The answer came promptly. "That'll be a extra bob, Bill."

Whereat Bill swore. But Mrs. Strikes stood her ground. And the bargain in a child's flesh and blood was so concluded. The woman netted her six shillings—the price of a daughter: the man, bone-idle, mean and cruel, secured the life-lease of a young, submissive "work-beast."

The meagre total of his narrow ambition was to eat as many meals and drink as much beer as possible without earning either. His industry, such as it was, being transitory and impromptu had little marketable value. And the idea had fixed itself in his rudimentary mind that, with two women to work for him, he could indulge his "do nothing" habit to the fullest extent. With luck, he might even have "a Monday head" on him three or four times a week, at least. Anyway, Lizaloo's assistance with the vegetable "barrer" might so supplement Sal's earnings as to enable Bill to spend more time in aimless loafing at street corners, and more money at the bar of "The Rising Sun." The coster was not a facile thinker. But this much was clear to the lights of an understanding unable to travel beyond the radius of more idleness, and "extry" beer.

At mid-day on the following Saturday, with a mingled sense of achievement and alarm, the man pushed open the door of his two-roomed, tumble-down tenement. Though he entered whistling, and with an air of bravado by no means genuine, he took the precaution of thrusting the shrinking, immature little body of Lizaloo in front of him, as a shield.

Sal was on her knees, mopping the dirty, bare boards with a twist of dirty, wet straw. Perfunctory as it was, the Saturday clean down was apt to make her more than habitually tindery in temper. Her attention and her muscular activities were arrested in a flash by the unexpected invasion of her stronghold. As she looked up from the floor with snapping eyes, storm-cones hoisted on her broad, hard face, Bill tried to speak. But the

words clung drily to his lips. After a valiant struggle he achieved a weak, ingratiating smile.

The woman's gaze, by now, had riveted itself vindictively upon Lizaloo's slender, ill-clad figure, and the small bundle of clothing she carried wrapped up in a ragged piece of blue-chequered linen. Sal rose to her feet slowly and stood, stalwart and brawny, staring over Bill's close-cropped head at the worn, miserable little face of his girl-companion.

"Wot's that young kipper doin' 'ere, along of you?" she asked in a terrible voice.

But she knew. Women always know. Bill followed her piloting finger with blinking, surprised eyes, as though he now saw the child for the first time. Then he shifted uneasily on his short, skinny legs.

"Meanin' 'er? Wy, I thought as 'ow she cud go out, and help you wif the barrer, Sal," he explained lamely. "She's a 'andy little nipper, though small for her age."

Lizaloo said nothing. She did not appear to be conscious of the situation. The cold east wind had scourged her thin little frame through her thin garments. Pinched, and blue, and shivering she cowered, meekly submissive and with downcast eyes, beside the meagre fire. The girl was not formed to stand with her back against the wall, and fight. She had always been shunted about to suit other people. Her gray, leaden childhood had been spent amid the grim realities of the East-end. And she had been left to work out her own little gospel of life, unaided. It was brief, and brutal. She believed it was inherent in the mysterious scheme of things that she, and others of her class, should be gladless, hungry and overworked. From the beginning, life and circumstances had hit Lizaloo very hard. But it did not occur to her to strike back. It was of no use. So she accepted things as she found them, dully and uncomplainingly, and without any sense of rebellion against the scanty arrangements which had been made for her happiness.

But Sal was made of other and more vehement stuff. By this time her horny blue eyes had glued themselves to the cheap, gilt wedding-ring which Bill had economically redeemed from a pawn-shop. It looked pathetically grotesque and loose on the

child's dirty, little unformed finger. But its significance struck a heavy blow to the wife's rival. She mopped her coarse, weather-beaten face with her ragged apron. Then she turned on the man who stood before her.

"So you've give me the go-by, Bill!" she exclaimed bitterly.

He tugged at and loosened his greasy neckerchief. "I'm not such a mug as to go to quod for marryin' another bloke's missus. Not 'arf," he answered with an aggrieved air.

She turned on him like a snarling dog. "My 'usband 'ooked it to America three year ago. He ain't likely to come back. You knew that."

"S'pose I did? Wotcher going to do?"

His manner had a touch of contempt and patronage in it. Lapse from civilization as Bill was, he stared her cruelly in the face. Why shouldn't he? He held all the trumps. He and the girl were "properly" married. Lizaloo had her "lines" safely enough. Meanly confident of Sal's rough loyalty to him, he was master of her, and of the situation.

The brutality of her lover's words sent a rush of scarlet blood to the woman's swarthy cheeks. Under the goad of jealousy and defeat, the explosive material in her composition was beginning to take fire. "You've wusted me, for once, Bill," she said, intertwisting her fingers savagely as though to keep them from his throat. "And you've brought that gal 'ome just as winter and 'ard times is a-comin' on."

"She'll a jolly sight more than earn her keep," he broke out, eager to snatch at some sort of propitiatory offering to Sal.

She laughed vengefully. "I'll see to that," she declared.

Then with the instinct of feral femininity she passed her fury on to Lizaloo. Turning with arms akimbo toward the ragged, diminutive form which leaned forlornly against the fireplace, she remarked with the tomahawking candor of her class: "It rots me wot yer took 'er on for, you bloomin' fool. She ain't much to look at."

It was true. Meagre-bodied and ill-nourished, the starveling's only pretence to beauty lay in the big, amber eyes which looked out in a hunted way from her sharp, peaked little face.

"And for all she's got 'er ring, and 'er lines, to flaunt in me

face, I'll show 'er who's missus 'ere," her tormentor continued.

"In course," the man agreed basely.

Then, in the belief that this concession had cleared the air, he said: "I could do wiv a bit of dinner, old gal."

"Dinner!"

She echoed the one word with derisive, snarling lips. Then Sal exploded. Her dull, smouldering fury broke into red-hot flame. Invective and blasphemy flowed like molten lead from her volcanic mouth. The girl covered her white, scared face with her thin, red hands. Dumb and inarticulate as such men mostly are in a sex-scene, Bill cowered before the storm of the woman's vehemence and volubility. As she advanced, hard-muscled, powerful, and threateningly toward the fireplace, the bride of an hour gave a futile, frightened cry like that of a hare when the hounds are on it.

Her husband of an hour shrank cowardly toward the door. "'Ere, Sal, I'm off. 'Er and you'd best fight it out between you," he exclaimed hoarsely, then disappeared, leaving the frail and puny creature to the mercy of a woman who had none.

In the dark, joyless winter months which followed, the child-wife served her double bondage, bankrupt of all emotion save that she was cold, and hungry, and tired. Bill asserted his rights of ownership roughly. Sometimes, in the evil moods engendered by the unusually scanty takings of the "barrer," he ill-treated her. But it was Sal whom the girl feared.

Lizaloo was sweet-natured and submissive. With young feet that dragged, she helped the woman to push Bill's "barrer" through fog-bound days, and slushy streets. Early and late, stumbling with weariness they plied their wares through drenching rain, and bitter frosts. But their pilgrimages were to little purpose. Business was unusually bad that winter in a district distinguished for poverty, dirt and rags.

Sometimes, as she stood on sentry duty at the stall, the blue-green, lovely sheen on its piled-up winter cabbages—that tender touch of nature on a prosaic growth—would set little Lizaloo's thoughts a-wandering in pleasant paths. Once she had spent a long, golden day in the country. She remembered the sweet, clean smell of the wholesome earth. In the gleam of the smok-

ing paraffin lamp which hung on the "barrer," she fancied she saw again the bright, little yellow flowers strewn like fairy pats of butter on the grass, and the scarlet poppies, which looked like blood-stains on the corn-fields. In her ears was an echo still of birds singing in tune just as if they had been taught in a church choir. And a wistful up-leap of hope arose in the child's desolate heart that some of the play and the brightness of life might come to her with the spring. Some day, perhaps, the sun would shine again through those gray-flannel skies; the black slush underfoot, which soaked so freezingly through her broken boots, would mercifully give place to dust and dryness.

When the prosperous "ripe strawbie" season came round, Bill promised they would all have more to eat. And p'r'aps he might take her to a "movie picture" show if they could contrive to give Sal the slip. That wouldn't be easy, the child reflected, ruefully. Sal was always the black spot in Lizaloo's imaginary sunshine.

Bill sometimes went out with the "barrer" himself in summer. He said there was a lot more life and fun to it in warm weather. Folks didn't hurry so. They stopped to exchange the rough and ready chaff of the streets while they bought their pennorths o' stuff. Everything would "look up" presently.

Though there was not much youth or illusion left in Lizaloo, she lighted up the dark corners of her outlook with such little gleams of hope as sunny days and the "strawbie" harvest afforded.

The end of March brought with it the blizzard which spells starvation to the coster. Lizaloo was sufficiently a Necessarian to realize this to the full. Nevertheless, when she awoke at dawn to the winter-gray scene, she almost laughed with relief. She'd be able to lie a-bed a bit longer to-day. Her poor little body felt so tired and stiff all through it. Looking out on the snowy wonder of the white morning she exclaimed, on a sudden impulse: "Wy, it looks like a winding sheet, don't it, Sal?"

The answer came grimly. "That's abart wot it 'ull mean to a good few of us if it larsts." The north wind's bite cutting like a knife into Bill's wretched tenement suggested that it *was* going to last. And the promise was kept, relentlessly.

Under the de-humanizing goads of cold and hunger, old vendettas of the street revived: a tornado-like violence of tongue and temper swept through the fireless, foodless district. Beaten humanity, thrown out of work by the black frost, huddled together within doors. Some became morose through short-commons, others malignant, Bill among them.

A night came, at last, when, under the stimulus of starvation and Sal's bitter tongue, the ancestral, crouching beast in the man's heart leapt to the surface. Maddened by the woman's reminders of the hardship and expense his marriage had brought to the ménage, the coster in an access of fury turned upon Lizaloo, and savagely kicked her little sickness-broken body as it lay on a heap of rags and straw in a corner of the kitchen.

Her sharp outcry of pain was succeeded by a frightening silence. Arrested by the child's pallid face and blued lips, the man quailed. His eyes turning toward Sal stared a terrible question. In answer the woman bent momentarily over the small, pitiful figure. Then she raised a startled face.

"Best 'ook it, Bill."

He grew ashen, and shivered. Suppose——?

"S'elp me. It was only a kick. Just a shove wiv me boot," he exclaimed in a hoarse whisper. In his experience women could stand a lot of kicking.

"Seein' 'ow it is wiv the nipper, a kick's a kick," said Sal. Then she laughed cruelly. "From fust to larst she ain't brought yer no luck. And if yer don't cut and run, ye'll swing for 'er yet."

The cells and shuttles of his cunning brain darted in and out swiftly, like those of a rat caught in a trap. A blind fear for his own safety served as a whip to spur the invertebrate, for once, to decisive action. He had all of a ferret's instinct and capacity to run to earth.

Loyal as ever to his disloyalty, Sal whipped out her scanty, secret hoard of silver from its hiding place in her stocking. She thrust the money into her lover's hands, then forced him, vehemently, toward the door.

Without a glance at his victim outstretched and motionless on her unsavory bed, without one word of gratitude or farewell

to the woman who loved him, Bill slunk through the door and down the stairs. Pausing presently in his flight, to gather in some breath to his puny chest, he looked out vaguely from a passage window. A man's shirt pegged by the collar to a back-yard line, and flapping dismally in the rough March wind, arrested the fugitive's attention. The moon, shooting a sudden and derisive finger, showed the damp sleeves rising and falling in a seeming fierce despair. It reminded Bill horribly of a man being hanged.

The thought lent swiftness to his slouching feet, and a clammy sweat to his unshaven face. Pursued by fear he slipped out into the silence of the night. The street in which he lived was so narrow that the gray, grimy foreheads of the houses almost met. They seemed, to-night, to be whispering grim secrets to one another. In another moment the whispers broke into loud, accusing voices. The awful word MURDER seemed to shriek at the runaway from dead walls. A sharp, dread cry of "Stop him" passed along the line of sentinel lamp-posts; the black moon-shadows upon the pavements were translated by terror into grim ropes stretched ready to trip him up in his flight.

Shafts of light from passing vehicles shot out at him grimly as though they were the encircling arms of the law. In the dull-eyed faces of sleepy wayfarers he read a shrinking horror, and knowledge of his guilt.

And a savage resentment rose within him that Lizaloo, in life but an unconsidered fungoid, human growth of a fœtid slum, should in death assume a value which set a price upon a man's freedom and a finality to his blenching body.

Before the sad, gray eyes of London opened to another day, Lizaloo's little hour of life was past. The joyless, scrimmaging current in which she had been borne along without oars, sail, or helm, went on, for others. She was outside it all, now.

Meekly submissive to the end, the child,—the two children,—had gone on a far-away journey. And Lizaloo's dream of the spring had come true. She awoke blessedly in sunlight, and flowers, to the music of the Choir Invisible.

IN STRINGS AND CYLINDERS

IMAGINARY INTERLUDES

JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

I

Caprice Espagnole: Rimsky-Korsakow

AGAINST the star-girdled, velvet skirt of night, festooned with strings of swaying lanterns, the electric fountain cascades its golden bubbles into a black pool; the gold sinks to rose, to a misty, violet veil shimmering about luminous swords of white water. The ebon edge of the pool is splashed with the auriferous reflections of the strung lanterns. At the music pavilion the virid foliage of the maples is flooded with the crackling radiance of the arc lights; the lush leaves are arsenic green; their crisp shadows shift over the passers-by.

The musicians flood their shell with a sombre tide of dress coats, the director silhouetted against the lights switched upon the scored sheets. His bâton marks a rhythmic measure, and a sibilant harmony stirs from strings and stopped horns; on a murmur of muted sound is woven an air of violins, a rippling harp, and soft clashes of cymbals—magic vistas of Castile spun on a dusky loom.

By a wall chalky in the moon, overhung with the burnished branches of oranges, the spiked sprays of oleanders, a row of cloaked beggars evoke a monotonous melancholy on vibrant guitars; supple, shawled figures dance in the saffron glow of nomadic fires; foppish matadors advance over blanched sand looped with the cobalt entrails of horses toward bulls painted with red froth and paper roses; a pallid, boyish king in a silver ruff, and royal women in quilted brocade, with breasts like gardenias, sweep over polished floors in the jonquil rays of ten thousand tapers.

The bâton of the director sinks amid a patter of applause;

the electric fountain showers darkly into its pool, ringed with the ruby and auriferous reflections of the swaying lanterns strung on the trailing, velvet skirt of night.

II

At the San Carlos

The quavering measures of a hand-organ, rising from the road, drown the cheeping of the sparrows in the ivy with a disjointed aria by Donizetti. The thin melody whispers wretchedly, insanely shrills, above a broken and inadequate bass —a travesty of the tragic burden of longing, separation, scattered by a hastily-revolving handle, a mechanical and inattentive mind. Yet there lingers in the worn and grievous strains the flickering spirit of a formal, a gracious music—the dulcet bravuras of departed prime donne float above the ghostly bowing of orchestras long fled; the musty cavern of the San Carlos, its crystal lustres and gilt newly glittering, echoes again to the vivas of a vanished century.

The boxes soar, draped in ponderous red velvet, in circular tier upon thronged tier, broken by the amplitude of the Grand Ducal space, occupied by a solitary equerry, and the sweep of the stage, where a sea of pink tulle tosses and balances in the buoyant surge of the ballet.

At the close of the scene elegant files of pot-hatted men stand and languorously scan the audience through glasses of mother of pearl. Their coats are decorated with tea roses, with camelias, and they caress slender, tasselled canes. In the boxes turbanned begums, cavalieri and corinthians, consume, with simpering conversation, roseate syrups.

At the signal of the orchestra the silk hats sink, the tragic burden of vain longing sobs and swells . . . broken by the cheeping of the sparrows in the ivy. The quavering measures of the hand-organ, the crazy crescendo, fall to an absonant jangle, a miniature charivari, an irritating end.

III

Crimson Garlands

The limpid carolling of the choired boys on the luminous night of the snowy lawn, a joyous, white tide of sound in the crystal cold of stark pines and gelid stars, stirs an exotic vision, hybiscus-crowned.

A hot wind clatters in the dried foliage of palms, creating, in a steaming clearing, an illusion of coolness and rain. Beyond, on a metallic black beach, purple billows explode in dazzling foam, and a coppery, rayless sun mounts swiftly into a vault of burning, blue vapors.

A fantastic group pauses—scattering the pied land crabs—through whose tattered garments gleam triangles of dusky skin, whose sooty brows are bound with crimson hybiscus.

To the rich, rusty monotone of a scraped saw they sing, in luscious voices, carols of Christmas. Their voices blend in a dark, wild harmony, a sombre, inarticulate sadness that, robbing the strains of their familiar significance, endow them with the fatality of primitive brains, the superstitions of primal forests, of inexorable taboos. Their citron accents blend in a shudder of sound like a softly-beaten bronze bell, like the blown, woody melody of flutes, on the shadowy underpattern, instinctive, elemental, of the shivering saw.

The wind whispers harshly in the palms, the coppery sun ascends over the indigo sea, the tropical tangle steams.—The choral voices of the choired boys on the wintry lawn peal among the blue-black pines, the ghostly, white gables and hooded chimneys, and their ecstasy, their mystic joy, stirs an exotic vision, hybiscus-crowned.

IV

In Rosewood and Ebony

The rosewood is inlaid in marginal lines and wreathed Pandean pipes on the waxy surface of an ebony music box; an inner glass lid reveals the mechanism—the silver cylinder and serrated

teeth, the minute pads of bright red felt, the balance wheel on its slender spindle.

A brief winding, and the balance wheel revolves in a gray blur, the cylinder turns slowly, and a succession of notes, sweet as barley sugar, flow into a deliberate melody, a metheglin of sentiment in crinoline and Jenny Lind. In its melodic abracadabra a shadowy room takes substance: solemn curtains are draped from a lawn where geraniums show in scarlet demi-lunes on the emerald sod. A gilt mirror above a marble mantle holds the interior in crepuscular similitude—rose onyx and black walnut, crystal chandelier, the ivory keys of a ponderous piano. And, at a window, the music box and a group long gone.

A man in strapped trousers, with a clear, pale countenance framed in sable, flowing whiskers, winds the melodious mechanism; a woman like an immense, inverted tulip, her hooped skirt sprigged and gallooned in lavender, rests a tapering hand upon his shoulder; and, seated with tilting hoops, clasping a bouquet of concentric blooms thrust into a lacepaper cone, a younger woman lifts a tender, coral smile.

The notes of the music box fall more slowly, separate drops of sugar-sweet sound, the balance wheel flutters and stops. In the darkening mirror the shadowy room, the geraniums scarlet on the sward . . . the dead, dissolve.

V

The Strings of Silence

The moonlike faces of the zither players, a-row on the platform, shine redly through the ruddy, blue haze of the tavern. The loden jackets of the men are buttoned tightly about arching chests, their bare, brawny legs are solidly set in hobbed shoon; and innumerable silver chains cross the stainless chemises of the women, vigorous, maternal, in the gala of black, carmine and white.

The cumbersome hands of the zither players hover delicately over the tenuous strings of the instruments on their knees, and a clear cadence fills the low, smoky chamber: the narrow sweep

of the tavern widens immeasurably to the sky, to far, flashing slopes of snow, and drops through amber space to sunless valleys diapered in chocolate and green.

On either side of a steep, stone street, where flagged gutters guggle ceaselessly with swift, glacial streams, deep scrolled eaves, golden thatch, overhang fretted balconies and benched doors. At the street's upper end a snow-cap lifts like a rose in the lowering sun; below the dusk steals up from the lavender depths, flowering with pale yellow lamps. The dusk mounts to the eaves, and, meeting the drooping, aureolin sky, darkens in the isolation of night.

Over the stones surge the clatter and clamorous bells of driven goats, the voice of the herd mingled with the ringing of milk pails, with the brimming gutters. The homely human murmur is enveloped, lost, in a vast silence, an immaculate stillness of immemorial mountains veiled in a perpetual and pure shroud . . . Through the ruddy murk of the tavern the faces of the zither players shine redly like moons a-row.

CROSSROADS

Louis V. Ledoux

IT may be we adventurers
Together may not venture far;
For you the solitary North,
For me my Star:

For you till twilight brings you home,
The glow of youth, the forest track;
For me the love that will not yield
And call you back.

PERUVIAN BUTTERFLIES

MILLICENT TODD

" The velvet nap which on his wings doth lie,
The silken down with which his back is dight,
His broad, outstretchèd horns, his hairy thighs,
His glorious colors, and his glistening eyes!"

SPENSER, *Muiopotmos.*

WITH great broad strokes the tropical butterfly descends at sunset time to the jungle pool. The soft color of its outstretched wings is hardly distinguishable from the mold. It sips the water quietly.

A small bird, ready for a feast, swoops down with a whir of wings . . . but where is the butterfly? In its place is a fierce owl, bulging eyes flashing and every feather on his head bristling in eagerness for his prey. The little bird of supper-intentions has precipitately departed, never to return, a permanent lesson learned in the terror of an instant; yet it was learned from the under side of a butterfly.

Who so much as a butterfly is a child of the sun? Evoked by his warmth, it comes forth with all faculties developed for the fullest enjoyment of a new life, in which it seeks out the sun-spaces in the great damp forest. What a direct response to warmth in the up and down motion of a butterfly's wings, wide-spread on a sunny mass of leaves! How quickly it folds its lustrous wings and sinks, drooping upon a flower when the sun goes in, as a rainbow disappears at the sun's withdrawal!

Nor does its sun-worship end here; for Iris, symbol of the sun, is imprisoned upon its wings. Those magic wings! Nature writes upon them all the changes which the organism undergoes, the patterns of the minute feathers, the direction of the delicate veins, their shapes, their pencillings varying with the slightest external change. Each can be distinguished from all the rest by what is written on these evanescent tablets, the most delicate on which laws have ever been inscribed.

The Peruvian butterflies have a world-wide reputation, from

the triple-tailed *theclas* making up in elegance of form for their diminutive size, to the azure *morphos,* those noble insects as large as two hands laid side by side, the desideratum of collectors who press their burnished wings between glass walls. Abnormal tails reach in abnormal directions like ingrowing horns, sharply pointed and oddly curved. An imp-like dot of silver nearby calls attention to them. Bold uneven blotches of gold and black are surrounded by demure parallel lines. A spot of crimson pulsates in the midst of a whole wing of iridescence. The extravagant creature carries about his black velvet body on yellow legs. Some are as finely mottled as partridge feathers. In others the design just glimmers through mother of pearl. Some are transparent in color, a stained glass window leaded in design with living veins. The spaces between veins, however small, are exquisitely fashioned, and always the corresponding patterns of the two sides are perfectly aligned. Some are transparent like dragonflies' wings. Some are almost veinless, visible only by a dip of color on the tip of the wing—phantom butterflies. From others apparently colorless certain lights can flash the segment of a rainbow.

What fine fitness in a French expression for the blues—*papillons noirs!*

Many of the most brilliant butterflies are so colored because they are unpalatable, even uneatable, flaunting their warnings in the face of the lizard which might eat them unawares, were they not so conspicuous. They can flutter lazily about with no attempt at concealment, preserved by their own poison. In making the injurious butterfly resplendent, nature saves both the butterfly and the bird which might have gulped it down.

Others are preserved by having adopted bark-designs or leaf-color or twig-shapes. Some even float about mimicking each other, if advantageous to do so. Some gain protection by imitating the brilliantly colored but uneatable butterflies for which they are mistaken. Mimickry or warning, each protects as is most beneficial, by concealing or making conspicuous. Seen and recognized they are not molested; or hidden they escape notice.

How varied are their habits! Poisonous ones fly slowly. Others merely frisk about toying with life, air and sunlight:

skirt-dancers they are called (*megaluras*), "sown and carried away again by the light air." Some heavy-bodied butterflies gain protection by flight so rapid as to make them be mistaken for humming-birds. The broad strong strokes of the wide-winged *morphos* float them across wide rivers. The flight of butterflies is a biologist's problem, as well as their colored juices and seasonal forms.

Some flying low have their greatest brilliancy on the under side of the wings; others flying high are dull underneath to protect them from enemies below, as the bell-bird, whose home is in the dazzling sunshine above the tree-tops, is made invisible to any eyes looking upward by its snow-white plumage and transparent wings.

"Crepuscular" butterflies emerge at sunset-time. Such are the *caligos,* amazing creatures that can terrify their pursuers by merely turning wrong side out, equipped on the under side with an owl's head. All animals are suspicious of a strange-looking eye; and at dusk when the butterfly descends to the jungle pool to drink, the owl-eyes are particularly effective. The harmless butterfly spreads the one view of itself which could save its life, and continues slowly to sip the water of the forest pool.

Some butterflies stop in the gloomiest shades of the forest in darkness of noon. They all love the damp, and quantities of them surround puddles. Some settle with wings erect, some expand them and rest head downward, pressed closely against the supporting surface. The "swallow-tails" never allow their long tails to touch anything. Some alight upon the end of a stick, others rest upon dead leaves, others upon rocks or sand, some on the under surface of leaves, entirely disappearing when they alight. While some are protected for motion, others are protected for rest. Flickering noiselessly into the deep wet shade in the net work of vines and succulent leaves, they flash out into the clear sunlight. The glow of colors pulsates on their shining blue wings, intense as the fathomless blaze of a fragment of copper-saturated drift-wood. Creatures of the sky they are indeed, touched with the celestial hue. It was not without reason that the Greeks gave the same name to this wondrous insect and to the soul.

HORACE TRAUBEL, DEMOCRAT

PAUL HANNA

AT a table seating four persons, in an unfashionable restaurant in Philadelphia, two men were thumping the board in furious argument. Two other men remained silent most of the time. One of the disputants had announced in disgusted tones two minutes earlier that from the standpoint of batting baseball had become a degenerate sport.

"We haven't any men that can hit the ball the way those old fellows used to ten or fifteen years ago," he said.

"You are all wrong there," retorted the other man, a short, stocky fellow, with a smooth, full face and a great shock of white hair surmounting his head. "We have the hitters all right; better hitters than you ever had before, but we have pitchers nowadays, something you did not have in the old days. Those old batters you read so much about wouldn't know what to do with themselves if they had to face Bender or Mathewson. Why . . ."

And so it went. It went so for nearly an hour. Other diners, artists, architects, musicians, newspapermen, stenographers and clerks left their tables, paid their checks and went out into the world. The high stools along the lunch counter were vacated. Tom, the waiter, relieved of other tasks, leaned upon the table and voiced an opinion when he got a chance.

Horace Traubel, whose blunt, spiritual, democratic utterances are known to philosophers from Paris to Tokio, was locked in a baseball argument of infinite possibilities. He had entered the restaurant condemning the street car service, had taken his place at table praising Tom Johnson and continued the meal with a discussion of medicine, literature, the trusts and religion. Had the readers of this magazine been present on that or countless similar occasions I recall, the writing of this sketch of Traubel would be an unnecessary, a superfluous task.

They would have seen this democrat in action. Traubel is always in action. He is a short man in physical stature. He is not stout, but rather heavy withal. His great mass of pure

white hair distinguishes him to the eye. His rapid speech, his relentless mental activity distinguish him in the intellectual appreciation of all who have ever known him.

Horace Traubel's *Conservator* is the most incoherent publication in America. And the most virile. For Traubel's is the incoherence of democracy. All the poetry, all the impatience, all the keen vision, all the instinctive blindness, all the passion of the mob find expression in the pages of that sixteen-page magazine which illustrates as nothing else could the philosophy and temperament of the man.

If you do not like the crowd you will not like Traubel. If you do not sympathize with the rise of democracy, have not observed its progress and sensed its triumphant destiny, what this man writes you will not be inclined to read. But don't turn away on that account. You are one of his people, whether you know it and want to be or not. He comes in from the ball game at five o'clock and writes about Wall Street and stokers until three in the morning. He writes about you, whoever you are; his mental circumference surrounds you. Unless you are much less egoistic than Traubel that ought to interest you—reading about yourself.

Horace Traubel is an American rebel who thinks the United States is the greatest country on earth. But he is not satisfied. He wants to make it better than it is now. He was born in Camden, December 19, 1858. The most furious revolution of centuries was being preached in the land when he came into the world; revolt against the slave oligarchy. America was crouching for a spring. His baby eyes saw soldiers march away to save the Union and shoot to pieces that silent clause in the American Constitution which sanctioned human slavery.

Traubel's mother was an American woman, a native of Philadelphia, a nominal Lutheran. His father was a Jew, one who had been associated with the communist movement in Germany. Both had dropped their church affiliations by the time they reached mature years. In his review of Zangwill's *Ghetto Comedies,* Traubel gives us a moving passage of what his racial origin has meant to him. The entire thing should be reproduced here, but cannot be. Let these quoted sentences speak to you:

". . . I am a half breed . . . I cannot hide myself. I am unveiled again and again. They ask: Are you ashamed you're a Jew? They ask: Are you ashamed you're a Christian? I answer: When I meet a mean Jew I wish I was all Christian. When I meet a mean Christian I wish I was all Jew. But that seems too enigmatic. What the hell are you anyway? Then I have but one answer left: I guess I'm neither all Christian nor all Jew. I guess I'm simply all human . . . The half Christian in me persecutes the half Jew in me. The half Christian in me puts the half Jew in me on the rack. The half Christian in me drives the half Jew in me from land to land, from age to age . . . I feel the surge and sweep of this conflicting past. And then something else awakens in me. The half Christian in me gets acquainted with the half Jew in me. The half Christian in me sees that it understood the half Jew in me. The half Christian in me is merged with the half Jew in me . . . So that I am brave with Jesus when He went to the cross. And I am afraid with Pilate who executed him . . . I can read St. Thomas as if it belonged to me and I belonged to it. And I can read Zangwill as if I belonged to him and he belonged to me."

Horace was the fifth child of his parents, one of four boys and three girls. A musical atmosphere pervaded the Traubel home. The father was also a portrait painter. He wanted Horace to become a portrait painter, but that design went wholly agley. Horace did do a little crayon work in his early youth and later became an accomplished lithographer, but he never took up the portrait work. He attended the Camden public schools until he was twelve years old, caring for a newspaper route meanwhile. After leaving school he continued his newspaper route, worked as an errand boy and helped his father, who kept a stationery store.

In the plant of the Camden *New Republic,* edited by Harry Bonsall, Traubel later went to work as a compositor. But putting in type the thoughts of other men was not an occupation which could hold him long, so he was glad to go over to the Camden *Evening Visitor,* a journal owned and published by Rudolphus Bingham, whom Traubel describes as a "pro-

hibitionist, philanthropist, and lover of mankind generally."

In the office of *The Evening Visitor* Traubel set type, turned the hand press, read proofs, wrote editorials and did most of the local reporting. These facts are recorded to show that Traubel received his education in the most efficient and highly indorsed "school" of American journalism. His contributions began early to appear in the pages of the Boston *Commonwealth,* a literary weekly of much vigor. At a time when Traubel was writing most of the editorials for *The Commonwealth,* and the owner, Charles W. Slack, was preparing to convert it into a daily of which Traubel was to be the literary editor, Slack died. Traubel contributed freely to the Boston *Index* and the Chicago *Unity* at this period. He also helped to organize the Philadelphia Ethical Society and was himself the founder of the Contemporary Club, of Philadelphia.

In 1873 a great man crossed the ferry from Philadelphia and entered Camden. People paused, turned away from their tasks and stared after the big bearded figure as it stalked through their ranks. Walt Whitman had come, the winds of heaven murmuring before and after him. The winds still murmur, and with them the voices of men who affirm and deny the incomparable poet.

Camden did not like Whitman much; without understanding it could not. But the parents of Horace Traubel both understood and loved Walt. The Traubel home became a haven for Whitman. Horace grew into manhood in a home pervaded by the spirit of this archpriest of Democracy and directness. It was inevitable that the two should become encircled by bonds of affectionate intimacy. For years prior to Whitman's death, in 1892, Traubel and he were together almost daily. They walked, talked and were silent together. That is why, when the old man died and Traubel took up a pen to lay bare the home thoughts and unwritten greatness of the poet, he spoke as one having authority possessed by no other. This is so emphatically true that with Whitman a score of years in his grave the well informed find it impossible to discuss him without basing their opinion in large measure upon the record and conclusions furnished by Traubel.

There is a good story, which can be only briefly referred to here, in Traubel's connection with the Philadelphia Ethical Society, which he helped to found. Ethical discussion became popular, almost a fad, with many good people. It consequently became polite, restrained, harmless and fruitless. The conservatives went into caucus, and when they came out they brought a muzzle for Traubel. It remained only to slip it over his mouth. A struggle followed, the meeting was in an uproar above which the voice of Traubel could be heard crying out: "Democracy is my star." And he proved it by quitting forever the body in which he felt his ideal had been denied a place and constructing another shrine, the Society for Ethical Research.

The Society for Ethical Research was an organization of discontented souls who met for the purpose of threshing out any and every problem that occurred to them. Individualism of the most rampant type prevailed. Traubel acted as chairman over these deliberations. His authority was in peril every instant. When an appeal was taken from his decisions Traubel went outside and sat on the curb until the assembled theosophists, free-thinkers, anarchists, prohibitionists, single taxers, Adventists and socialists recalled him to power. Once he was actually deposed, but when in the course of a few weeks three substitutes had been utterly used up and thrown out, Traubel was petitioned to take the chair again that the burning discussion might go on.

Anybody was invited to step in from the street at these meetings and throw his hat into the ring. Theologians and atheists grappled for a hold at the debates. When the doors were thrown open to this intellectual No-Man's-Land, men and women of every creed and color galloped furiously in upon their hobbies and staked out a claim to consideration. And over this congress of clashing convictions presided Traubel, finding a mental exhilaration in the curious brew of human thought that filled his goblet. And what kind of a man did this and his other adventures make of Horace Traubel? How has his soul reacted against life? His own words give the answer:

"My conclusion is the good conclusion. I don't worship with my eyes. Long after my eyes have given out something within me continues to see . . . I don't say: I can make it all clear

to you. I say: You do not need to have it all made clear to you. You can feel clear when you can't see clear . . . So I assume good instead of bad. For to assume good helps me and all. And to assume bad hurts me and all. And as long as we admit we know nothing we're entitled to a generous guess. As long as we don't know that the universe is rotten we have a right to assume that it's incomplete. As long as we don't know man dies we have a right to assume that he lives."

Horace Traubel is not an artist. He is not beautiful with the beauty of art. He does not move in curved lines, but toward the truth as he sees it. He does not pause for effect, but to take aim. When his object comes into range he fires volley after volley, sometimes blinding everybody near him in the smoke of his broadsides. "I am more interested in facts than in forms," he has said to me. "I am more interested in the truth than in the many ways of telling it." Yet his æsthetic sense is highly developed in many respects. He loves music and is a constant attendant at the concerts of the Philadelphia Orchestra. A poorly printed book or newspaper is an abomination in his eyes.

Nothing is more difficult to explain than the obvious. Traubel's life and work are mysteriously simple. Suppose you should suddenly find yourself on a planet rich in natural resources, where healthy, happy men and women went joyously about their tasks of necessity and choice and little children spent their lives as little children do when they have freedom and fine examples; a planet where the crude barbarism of poverty and one class standing upon the shoulders of another were unknown; where human ingenuity intelligently applied swiftly supplied all human needs, leaving the souls of men free to flower beautifully and bear sacred fruit. Suppose that. Wouldn't you be amazed? Wouldn't you, when you recovered your breath, give utterance to that amazement, ask more excited questions than many people could answer?

Traubel woke up one morning a good many years ago and found himself on a planet rich in natural resources owned almost exclusively by a tiny proportion of the inhabitants, where all but a few of the people were neither healthy nor happy, where little children were robbed of their childhood and where their parents

struggled with one another for a living portion of the limitless stores which nature had provided for all. Since that morning Traubel has been an eccentric nuisance.

He has devoted his life to calling the attention of other people to what he sees about him and to demanding that the whole sorry scheme we call civilization be scraped away to give place to the realized vision of what he knows should and must take its place. He sees miles of waving grain fields and millions of hungry people, thousands of empty and unbuilt houses and unnumbered homeless families, vast areas of unploughed ground and countless men out of work; he sees the wealth of the world "cornered" and humanity caught in a trap.

It is an ugly picture, but it is frightfully real. It is the picture you must steel yourself to look upon before you can understand Traubel. Yet once you have looked upon it, Traubel the mysterious, the eccentric, the rebel, becomes Traubel the simple to you. The fire of his utterance will ignite your soul and you will become an eager sacrifice upon the altar of his artless art.

This man will not depress you. He will not harrow your soul with morbid recitals. He will not ask you to come weep with him. He will hold before you his infamous picture of the world to-day and send you away laughing the fierce glad laugh which is to inaugurate the world of to-morrow. Ibsen frightens you, Gorki appals you, Galsworthy alarms and Wells comforts you. And when these have shattered your faith in the world as it is, Traubel will supplant it with faith in the world as it shall be.

"Why should a prophet wear a long face?" asked Traubel one day. He referred to those lugubrious regenerators of the world who bring glad tidings wrapped in a shroud. "Let people who think I'm wrong shed the tears. If I thought I was wrong I'd shed tears, too. You may say the world is falling to pieces. I say it is falling together. It has been in pieces for a long time and it's in pieces yet. But the pieces are finding their places and when all the pieces have found their places we'll have a new world, a real world."

As a propagandist Traubel's usefulness is limited, at present. There are two reasons for this and the first one is likely to per-

sist. He would address himself to the common people. But his inspiration is too democratic. The people do not understand themselves—how can they understand Traubel? His speech is too intimate. He has been thinking about the people all his life. The people have never thought about themselves. A man is always puzzled when he regards his first photograph. The pictures of themselves that the people know were painted to conceal the truth. The subject has been duped. But the subject believes the picture is bona fide. Traubel's picture makes him incredulous or indignant. Traubel is a prophet without honor among his own people.

The second reason why Traubel's influence as a preacher of the world to come is limited at this time is like unto the first. His audience is to blame again. But this second is his real audience, composed not of common people but of the most uncommon; those who possess at once quickened intellects and sensitized souls. Potentially we are all in that class; actually all but a few of us are barred.

Spirituality experienced something like a total eclipse in the intellectual world during the latter part of the last century. Mind discovered so many new processes and effects that cause was more than half buried under the débris of overturned and shattered idols. One of the favorite follies of man was to make a pastime of picking obvious flaws in orthodox theology. None but the innocent believed in anything before birth or after death. Fools who proved that they possessed souls were laughed at by fools who proved they possessed no souls. The evidence in both cases was identically worthless. Everybody seemed to forget that a spiritual conviction is never susceptible to proof and would cease to be spiritual if it were.

But a quarter of a century's reflection enabled men of intellectual integrity to arrive at the last conclusion and the religion which Traubel proclaims began to get a hearing.

" I am mud and man. There is something, I can't say what, that delays me. But there is something, I can't say what, that more surely hurries me on. I would not swap my age for any age. Nor would I swap myself for any man. My age may be the worst. But it is also the best. And think of me. Think

how weak and futile I am. And think of me. Think how strong and relentless I am . . . This terrible age with its unforgivable barbarisms which I execrate is this sublime age with its new vision of love which I worship . . . Anyhow, I take my place here now topmost, looking over all heads, looking past all horizons. I who have so despised my age may honor my age. I who convict it may acquit it. I live in the worst and the best age of the world."

In conversation Traubel will pause and explain himself to you. When he writes he never explains. He is too busy affirming. That is another weakness from the popular standpoint. People like to have things explained. Because he does not explain he is widely misunderstood and opposed. He says his words explain themselves, but he is wrong. The Sphinx will explain itself to the first man who comes along able to understand it. But none such has come along yet, so the Sphinx remains a riddle. But Traubel is not that kind of a riddle. I give you the key to him and all he says when I tell you that any formal institution which keeps men and women from extricating themselves from the tangle of natural mistakes of judgment invites and receives his attack.

He attacks marriage. But he is married and makes no objection to your getting married. He sees that marriage is a good thing for happy husbands and wives. But he also sees that there are thousands of unhappy husbands and wives, men and women bound together who should be freed from each other. And since the happiness of the well-married couples does not in any way depend upon the wretchedness of the mismated couples, he would free the unhappy ones. If a wife or children are dependent upon the husband, he would hold the husband responsible for them until a reorganized society makes no person "dependent" upon another.

But one must always bear in mind that everything Traubel demands in ethics is contingent upon the establishment of an economic environment making it possible and natural. He infers all this, but he seldom stops to detail it. He knows that the world must want a thing before it will get it. His aim is to make you want things. People want too much to be let alone.

Even suffering people want to be let alone to suffer. It is Traubel's mission in life to remove the dead skin of slothful resignation which enfolds you and inspire you to struggle for the good things he knows you can get by struggling. Struggle is growth, particularly when the struggler wears a smile. Traubel is good-natured; that is what makes him potent.

Contrasted with what they will be some day our possibilities are terribly limited. Yet we are not even living up to our actual miserable chances. That inflames Traubel. Why are not children taught the simple, beautiful truth about sex? (If you object to the word beautiful, leave it out. The question stands as you have altered it.) Why are they not taught the simple truth about sex? When children ask legitimate questions about sex what are the responses? Traubel replies: "Mothers and fathers would say to children: You'll know about it soon enough. Teachers would say: Ask your questions at home. Home would ask: Whatever started you thinking about such things? The child goes about wondering. What's the matter with sex that everybody's afraid to talk about it? What's the matter with my body that I dare not mention it? . . . I find that having a body has something to do with being a father and a mother. But how can I be a father or a mother if some one who knows doesn't tell me what precedes fatherhood and motherhood? . . . If I look at sex right out of my own soul it seems like something which God didn't fail with but succeeded with. Like something not polluted but purified."

Several pages of *The Conservator* are devoted every month to reviews of books, all written by Traubel. They are easily the most remarkable book reviews being printed. In them the essence of each book is dragged out, expounded, rejected or extolled. They supply texts for sermons by the editor. Into these sermons are poured the full charge of Traubel's philosophy. You inevitably forget the name of the book and the existence of the author when you read them. In my judgment they are the best things Traubel writes. Some day they will be gathered up and put into books and when they are those who read will peruse the full text of this man's message.

Up three flights of stairs on a busy part of Chestnut Street

you climb to reach the office of *The Conservator*. The stairs crop out in the middle of a one-room establishment. If he has not heard your whistle from the street and come down to let you in and guide you upward, you will find Traubel standing before a case of type, "writing" his stuff. Poems, essays, book reviews are composed and put into type as he stands there alone before the cases. Sometimes he sits down at his desk before the Chestnut Street window to write, sometimes he writes on the train between New York and Philadelphia and sometimes on the Camden ferryboat.

Great piles of books sent in for reviewing, heaps of magazines and hundreds of newspapers, American and foreign, glut the editorial end of Traubel's office. Original oil canvases, cartoons and the photographs of distinguished men and women in the world of thought conceal the walls. On a chair, or hiding a mound of magazines in a corner, the visitor is sure to see some twelve or fifteen narrow-brimmed, white felt hats. Traubel wears these hats—one at a time—selecting the one nearest at hand when he goes out. He never wears an overcoat, though he frequently spends a winter in Montreal. He eats heartily, and sleeps from four to six hours out of the twenty-four, usually between 2 and 8 in the morning. He may get tired, but I have never caught him at it.

When denouncing the bad that is, Traubel does not overlook the good that is. He can praise as well as prod. But since the general tendency to-day is either to praise or silently to acquiesce, he devotes himself principally to condemnation of what he does not like, taking the good for granted.

"This is the best government in the world," he said to me, of the United States. "It is the best because it is a political democracy. It is not a perfect political democracy, but it is nearly enough perfect to give the majority freedom to express itself. Political freedom is the essential forerunner of social justice and genuine human progress. But political freedom and industrial despotism cannot exist indefinitely in the same land. The one is sure to overthrow and destroy the other. In America we have got to use our political democracy to institute industrial democracy. We have got to socialize land and ma-

chinery; cut out the private profits and produce for use instead of for dividends. The political apparatus is here. We have only to go to the polls and say what we want. It will be time to talk about fighting when we are barred from the polls."

What about Walt Whitman? Whitman was and still is the biggest other personality in Traubel's life. For myself I do not like to mingle the two men. Humanly speaking, every man is what he has absorbed from others, from life. Traubel absorbed endlessly from Whitman. In artistic values, however, Traubel has given back as much as he took. He did that when he wrote *With Walt Whitman In Camden.*

"Books won't say what we must have said," are words spoken by Walt himself. That is so true that Whitman died unexpressed. But after he was dead Traubel put into type the very part of Whitman which Whitman could not put into his own books. He put into type the words which fell from the poet's lips, in the identical form they had when they fell. That is why men and women with power to understand started with wonder when they opened *With Walt Whitman In Camden* and saw what it contained. "Boswell!" hundreds of them exclaimed, their minds turning to the great service done Dr. Johnson by his friend. And the next minute most of them realized and confessed that Boswell did not and could not have done for Dr. Johnson what Traubel had done for Whitman.

Thinking they praised him, critics have liked to say that in this book Traubel completely suppressed his own personality, never nearing the centre of the stage himself, skipping always from the limelight. They miss the fine point that in this performance Traubel did not suppress but revealed himself. He was writing about Whitman, and did it so thoroughly that Traubel was forgotten. It is not until you have stopped thinking about the old poet that you remember his medium. Then Traubel comes in for that grateful admiration which any mention of the book is sure to reawaken. Traubel lost himself in a book and the world found him there.

This human "afterglow of the good gray poet," as Yoné Noguchi, the Japanese singer, has called Traubel, craves appreciation, welcomes acclamation. But, like Whitman, he is first

" anxious to come to conclusions satisfactory to my own soul." The conclusion may not satisfy you, but it satisfies Traubel. " My character is founded on the ruins of my reputation," is an epigram in which he once framed the thought.

In 1904 he published *Chants Communal,* a volume of radical prose pieces imbued with the constructive rebel's spirit. Charles Edward Russell, the publicist, read the book and wrote to Traubel: " You seem to me like one of the slavery abolitionists before the war." Brand Whitlock read this and other utterances of the author's. " The cradle of American liberty is now in your print shop in Philadelphia," he wrote.

Literary sentinels first discerned Traubel as " the spiritual son " of Walt Whitman. They have since come to feel his boundless energy, his absolutely unique influence as an expounder of his own spiritual, ethical and economic philosophies. He is, in addition, as Edmund Clarence Stedman said in conversation with Traubel, a tireless personal propagandist among members of the various radical organizations with which he is associated. " This," remarked Stedman, " makes it necessary to regard him as one whose life has found completeness in a trinity of distinct activities."

It claimed the attention of Maxim Gorki that Traubel began his literary life and *The Conservator* as a communist anarchist, an impetuous individualist, only to be caught in the drift of humanity a little later and swept into the socialist movement. The thing is easy to understand. One's self is the most important to everyone. So true is this that we all sooner or later cast about to ascertain how best we can serve ourselves. Can it be done best by arraying ourselves against the whole world? That has failed. A man arrayed against the world has no time to be himself. There are too many against him. There is but one alternative. He must array himself with the world, with mankind, against all the obstacles. He must lose himself in the mass, and losing find himself.

That explains the transition of Traubel. And of Gorki and Anatole France and Bernard Shaw. All of them may be wrong, but, if so, they are going to be wrong together.

THE POETRY OF FRANCIS THOMPSON

MARTIN D. ARMSTRONG

AT length, almost six years after his death, we have the complete works of Francis Thompson. Of the matter contained in the two volumes of poetry, about one-fourth now appears for the first time in book form, and much of this for the first time in print, so that it only now becomes possible to attempt to form some idea of his work as a whole.

Some of these new poems must certainly be classed amongst the best of his work. *Buona Notte,* supposed to be spoken by the drowned Shelley, is perhaps the most beautiful of all, with the bitter jest of its wonderful close:

> "'Go'st thou to Plato?' Ah, girl, no!
> It is to Pluto that I go."

The fine ode *Laus Amara Doloris* contains emotion as deep and solemn as anything he has written:

> "I witness call the austere goddess, Pain,
> Whose mirrored image trembles where it lies
> In my confronting eyes,
> If I have learned the sad and solemn scroll:
> Have I neglected her high sacrifice,
> Spared my heart's children to the sacred knife,
> Or turned her customed footing from my soul?
> Yea, thou pale Ashtaroth who rul'st my life,
> Of all my offspring thou hast had the whole.
> One after one they passed at thy desire
> To sacrificial sword, or sacrificial fire."

Among several small lyrics *Messages* is perhaps the most exquisite after the unforgettable *Arab Love-Song,* because of the perfect fusion of melody and mood: and *A Double Need,* a lyric of a different type, is hardly less lovely:

> "Ah, gone the days when for undying kindness
> I still could render you undying song!
> You yet can give, but I can give no more;
> Fate, in her extreme blindness,
> Has done me so great wrong."

It ends with a memorable picture of a fountain-nymph:

> . . . . . "She
> (Remembering her irrevocable streams),
> A Thirst made marble, sits perpetually
> With sundered lips of still-memorial drouth."

There are nine new sonnets. The five, grouped under the title *Ad Amicam,* are of extraordinary beauty, and certainly the best Thompson ever wrote. Of the rest, *Desiderium Indesideratum* adds another to the great religious poems of our literature. Of the other new odes, the *Ode for the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria,* with *Peace: on the Treaty in South Africa in 1902,* and *Cecil Rhodes,* will come as a surprise to the many who have regarded Thompson's mind as essentially that of a hermit. They reveal an enthusiastic sense of national unity of which there is no trace in his already-known verse. The Victorian Ode is indeed a formal patriotic ode and, moreover, one of the finest in the language, as the following passage will show:

> "Lo, in this day we keep the yesterdays,
> And those great dead of the Victorian line.
> They passed, they passed, but cannot pass away,
> For England feels them in her blood like wine.
> She was their mother, and she is their daughter,
> This Lady of the water,
> And from their loins she draws the greatness which they were.
>
> And still their wisdom sways,
> Their power lives in her.
> Their thews it is, England, that lift thy sword,
> They are the splendour, England, in thy song,
> They sit unbidden at thy council-board,
> Their fame doth compass all thy coasts from wrong,
> And in thy sinews they are strong.
> Their absence is a presence and a guest
> In this day's feast;
> This living feast is also of the dead,
> And this, O England, is thy All Souls' Day.
> And when thy cities flake the night with flames,
> Thy proudest torches yet shall be their names."

It remains true, however, that Francis Thompson's mind is hermitical rather than gregarious. His attitude toward life is

mystical and he scans the material world through the spiritual eyes of the mystic. His poetry is the outcome of introspective thought: much of it deals with mystic experience, the apprehension of the unseen One through the visible many; much, too, analyzes spiritual moods and the waxing and waning of the poetic power, and when he looks outward it is either to show the processes of the material world as symbols of the mysteries of Christianity or to people it with the colors and forms of his own imagination. Thus, though acutely sensitive to beauty, he seldom delights in nature for her own immediate sake. Having gazed into the depths of the pool, he is no longer content to watch the surface.

Thompson is much in the same position toward his age as Fra Angelico was toward his, for he is at once a survival and a progressive. He comes of the family of Crashaw and Donna and has been called the last of the religious poets, as Fra Angelico, the lineal descendant of Lorenzo Monaco, the Gaddis and the old Illuminators, was in a sense the last of the Primitives. But just as the painter was none the less an innovator, one of the band that led on the Renaissance, so too Thompson is essentially modern: his very mysticism itself is one of the signs of his modernity.

Yet the language of much of his poetry is antique and traditional,—aristocratic as the language of religion is aristocratic, in that it stands proudly apart from the language of contemporary life. Throughout his poems one is aware of that mystery which is felt in the solemn language of a liturgy: it is the utterance of " the high Phœbean priesthood," a rich, recondite idiom which is at once his strength and his weakness, for not seldom it sinks to a mannerism which strains our language beyond its elastic limit, as in such a phrase as this:

> " Not to such eyes,
> Uneuphrasied with tears, the hierarchical
> Vision lies unoccult."

It is undoubtedly a phrase which, when unravelled, discloses extraordinarily concentrated meaning and rich suggestion, but it is equally undeniable that those qualities are obtained by illegiti-

mate means. It is a sort of literary immorality and, as such, a danger to the health of the language. This obscurity arises from no inability to express himself; it is quite evidently deliberate; for when he chooses, he can work, and work admirably, in the simplest words, as in the delicately poignant little poem called *Daisy,* or in *Dream-Tryst,* whose haunting atmosphere is wrought almost entirely from words of one syllable. Indeed this side of his work constitutes a separate style, so that he appears to have two styles,—the simple one (sometimes delicately atmospheric, sometimes strong and stately), and that other of elaborate, hieratic utterance, from his use of which sprang some of his greatest triumphs and worst failures. This elaborate style is derived largely from the Elizabethan and Jacobean poets and sometimes includes not a few of their faults. Such a poet as Crashaw is a dangerous master and his influence over Thompson, which was curiously strong considering how justly Thompson has criticised him, was for the most part evil; for it is the curious angular phrases and strained metaphors, never the great passages of Thompson's work, that recall the elder poet. But on the occasions when he succeeds in forging those old influences into a style completely his own,—fuses them, that is, by the intense sincerity of his emotions into a living, personal speech, no longer derivative and *literary,*—the result is a poetry of rare eloquence. Every poet is necessarily a word-epicure. Words are his medium: he experiments in them as an artist experiments in line and color, and only when he has become expert in the weighing, analyzing, and valuing of them can he begin to form his own idiom of expression. The greater the power he acquires over this idiom, the more, namely, that he can make it a part of himself, the richer and more unhampered will be his power of expression.

Every art is a narrow path between pitfalls, and the most dangerous pitfall for the artist is that he should mistake the medium for the end. Naturally such a danger will assail only to a limited extent a man with a fine mind: having much to express, he can never be wholly content with the medium as an end in itself, but it may so far obtrude itself upon him as to render opaque the language which should be the crystal cup to

contain and exhibit his imagination: and, moreover, when imagination flags, language inevitably becomes a fetish. It is these things that sometimes happen to Thompson, and when they do happen it is his good qualities themselves—his richness of language and the splendor of his imagination—which make the catastrophe the more apparent; for in a poet whose language was less opulent, failure to express himself would produce a less riotous confusion, and when a poorer imagination nods the lapse is the less noticeable. In instances like these, the accusation of obscurity against Thompson is justified; but on other occasions it is completely false. The fact is that, by reason of his intensely poetical nature, he must always remain difficult to the majority. Since he is a mystic, a large portion of his work is comprehensible only to minds of a mystic tendency; for there are perhaps no two categories of mankind more completely separated than the mystical and the materialistic. To those who breathe the same climate as he, this side of his poetry is usually clear and always extraordinarily penetrating. Again, Thompson is a poet's poet; that is, he often treats of the psychology of poetic experience, as, for example, in *From the Night of Forebeing;* and this is obviously a subject accessible only to introspective poetic temperaments.

Thompson's verse reflects strongly the mental attitude of the present time. In him thought once more frees itself from the domination of science. Tennyson's *In Memoriam* shows the fear and perplexity of a religious mind in face of the ever-increasing power of scientific discovery. Thompson, from the other end of the bridge of the scientific era, accepts its achievements but realizes its limitations. Since the days of Tennyson we have had time to weigh and classify and to realize what actually these discoveries signify.

The essential difference between the mystic and the materialist is that the latter mistrusts emotion and believes only in the reasoning power. The mystic, on the contrary, mistrusts reason in all the profounder matters of life and regards his emotions,—the promptings of his living soul,—as the only reliable guides. He has faith, in the religious sense of the word. Reason, he says, is the outcome of experience: it is a science built up of millions

of tabulated facts, a theory evolved from certain data. Each new fact discovered is another datum, and every additional datum must alter the theory. Hence reason is an unstable quantity, an instrument of limited power. As Blake said, "Reason, or the ratio of all we have already known, is not the same that it shall be when we shall know more." Reason must be judged by life, not life by reason. The only merit of reason is to be life-enhancing. If it makes life less beautiful and less joyous, then let us turn our suspicions toward reason, not toward life. Now science springs from reason. It is of the intellect and appeals to the intellect. In its origin it has nothing to do with emotion, though, by revealing some truth that illuminates and stimulates life, it may reach the emotions through the intellect, as it has done, for instance, by discovering the laws of evolution: indeed until it does so, until its teaching can beget enthusiasm and so become emotional and creative, it remains as barren as a book of logarithms. Nietzsche realized this when he said: "The more abstract the truth you wish to teach, the more you must allure the senses to it,"—the senses which are the only channel to the soul. It is possible to reason for ever and teach nothing: but once stir the emotions and you teach inevitably.

Poetry, like all art, is concerned with the imagination: it is created by the imagination and it is to the imagination that it appeals. Such a creation is not the result of a search for something elusive, a vague guess in the dark: it is an attempt to analyze and put into material form an intense spiritual experience, a fact of which, at the moment, the poet has convincing evidence within him. Poetry is not primarily concerned with reason: being the expression of an intense experience, of life at full flood, it is dynamic; it appeals to the spirit direct through the emotions and so transcends reason as irrepressible, exultant life always does. Poetry is always religious, for religion in its true sense is the upward impulse, the impulse, if you will, of Man to God.

Since, then, poetry is the expression of life, it is primarily emotional: it expresses fine emotions. Its material is the full range of man's sensuous and emotional life: therefore all poetry, being heir to unlimited wealth, is by nature proud and opulent. Even its austerities are the outcome not of meanness or poverty,

but of extravagance,—of deliberately throwing away fortunes of rich color and elaborate sound to achieve ever deeper and purer emotions. It is at once primitive and evolved: very ancient and very modern. It is primitive because it breaks inevitably into rhythm which is the old original ecstasy of religious dance and song, ritualistic, symbolic, hypnotically suggestive. Rhythm is an integral part of poetry; not metre, but rhythm, balanced and timed to express the subtlest shades of feeling. Thus all poetry is primitive, barbaric, and divine, based on the bedrock of human emotions. It is equally at the opposite pole to this; for being emotion and moreover analyzed emotion, grown self-conscious and introspective, conserving its own energy to achieve the fullest life, it is the result of an elaborate evolution which is for ever continuing: entirely modern because entirely alive. Its roots are clasped round the rock, but its boughs are for ever branching further and further upward. So poetry is a living thing, a spiritual thing, therefore it is life-enhancing, provocative of fine emotions, for life in its highest sense is nothing else but emotional activity. It is in this sense that poetry is creative; it evokes enthusiasm, kindles the fuel of life into a blaze, and so starts an active process in the reader, making him no longer the idle spectator, but a poet himself, whirling in the dervish-dance of life. It must be the same with all teaching which is to be of any creative value; we must make it a vital part of ourselves, living it, evolving it in our own lives. It must be grafted into the soul and grow there; it cannot be swallowed like a pill. "Le christianisme," says Remy de Gourmont, "a trouvé une formule très belle, faire son salut. C'est là une œuvre personelle. Si l'on vous propose une méthode, examinez-la. Si l'on vous offre le salut tout préparé, détournez la tête: le mets est empoisonné."

The *sine quâ non* of poetry is that it shall be emotional. Without emotion it can do nothing, for without fine emotions there cannot be fine thought. Each is inherent in the other: perhaps the two things are identical. One breathes, when reading Francis Thompson, an atmosphere of fine thinking: in spite of the technical inequality of a great part of his work, one feels that he lived habitually on a high plane of thought. "It is not," as Nietzsche wrote, "the strength but the duration of great senti-

ments that makes great men." His poems contain unmistakably that breadth and serenity which are the chief elements of great art. He never consciously teaches. He sings of his own joys and sorrows and spiritual experiences, clothing them in a wealth of wonderful simile and metaphor. His poetry, for the most part, seems to have been written with no ulterior object, but simply to express his feelings: and so, all through it, however cryptic and obscure the language may become, one feels the swell of a deep and genuine emotion which convinces instantly. He is not the craftsman, the verse-manufacturer; he is the prophet, empty and powerless till the spirit visits him. His expression is most often rugged and broken, a medley of lights and darknesses, victories and defeats, an ecstatic improvisation. His eyes are fixed on things spiritual. He has the mystic's sense of a supreme reality glimpsed in moments of ecstatic insight, of which the phenomena of the universe are merely transitory symbols. There is no logical proof of the existence of this reality, nor can any logic disprove it: to its possessor it is a self-evident fact, for that best of reasons that he feels it alive within him. It is the summing reality whereby

> "All things by immortal power,
> Near or far,
> Hiddenly
> To each other linkèd are,
> That thou canst not stir a flower
> Without troubling of a star."

Thompson's rule of life is a mystic asceticism: he holds that to attain to communion with the true reality the emotions must be elevated and purified by stern discipline:

> "Die, for none other way canst live,"

he says; and the same creed appears in a poem on the death of love:

> "I slew, that moan for him: he lifted me
> Above myself, and that I might not be
> Less than myself, need was that he should die;
> Since Love that first did wing, now clogged me from the sky."

At first sight it seems strange that the ultimate effect of the fear, constraint and pessimism which are so constantly present in Thompson's thought should produce optimistic feelings, while the freedom and fierce courage of such a poet as John Davidson should leave a feeling of pessimism, a kind of tragic and hopeless exultation. But the reason is simple. Davidson is a materialistic monist. Everything that exists, he says, is matter. In man, matter has for a moment achieved self-consciousness; therefore there is nothing anywhere greater than man. While he lives he is a god: when he dies he again becomes unconscious matter. So the universe is an immense objectless process, the endless transformation of matter. And Davidson presents this universe to us as a theme for boundless enthusiasm, a home for the imagination. But to anyone who will realize the meaning of it, or rather the meaninglessness of it, it becomes a nightmare, a loveless mechanism before which the imagination withers up. But the toils and agonies and relentless self-discipline of Thompson give glimpses of a profound and splendid ideal and cast a deep and wonderful significance over human life and human destinies: one feels it could only be some great and eternal object that could force him to impose upon himself and endure voluntarily such an apprenticeship. He never claims to prove his philosophy of life by reason: his life is the only proof of his philosophy. His attitude is one of faith, a recognition of mystery,—the only attitude which makes growth and development possible.

The group of poems called *Sight and Insight* are, as their name implies, poems of introspection. They speak of that knowledge which comes not of outward proof and observation, but of inner experience,—the knowledge that cannot be denied because it is an integral part of the soul, growing up in it as a flower grows in the field and therefore independent of the laws which govern intellectual knowledge. "Pierce thy heart to find the key," says the Mistress of Vision of this knowledge: "Know, for thou else couldst not believe." Like other mystics, Thompson expresses the things of the spirit in terms of the flesh: for divine Love which is known only in the mystic ecstasy, is beyond the compass of words and therefore can only be hinted at in a

symbol. Often he coins it into images of passionate earthly love, as Saint Teresa and her poet Crashaw did: often, too, after the manner of many others, he speaks of it as light or music:

"Ah, me!
How shall my mouth content it with mortality?
Lo, secret music, sweetest music,
From distances of distance drifting its lone flight,
Down the arcane where Night would perish in night,
Like a god's loosened locks slips undulously:
Music that is too grievous of the height
For safe and low delight:
Too infinite
For bounded hearts which yet would girth the sea!"

The bounds between physical and spiritual emotion are still hidden. The eternal problem of flesh and spirit is hardly nearer solution to-day than it was in the days of the Anchorites of the Thebaid. And it is this problem which presents itself with especial insistence to temperaments, like Thompson's, at once intensely religious and intensely sensitive to beauty. It made him half afraid of his love of beautiful things and his luxuriant imagination, for in his poem *To the Dead Cardinal of Westminster,* he asks tremblingly concerning himself:

"But are his great desires
Food but for nether fires?
Ah, me,
A mystery!

Can it be his alone,
To find when all is known,
That what
He solely sought

Is lost, and thereto lost
All that its seeking cost?
That he
Must finally,

Through sacrificial tears,
And anchoretic years,
Tryst
With the sensualist?"

Elsewhere we find him praying either for strength to live always up to the level of the mystic life, or for the mind of simple folk who, not living greatly, cannot greatly sin. It is not, he says, the joys of sense, " not the Circean wine," that leave the greatest exhaustion and disillusionment: it is the mystical joys " that do disrelish all life's sober taste." After the divine ecstasy earthly life seems colorless. And then comes the fear that the soul, falling from this " difficult joy " which is only attainable through darkness and suffering, should

> " Turn utterly to love of basest rate;
> For low they fall whose fall is from the sky."

That is the terrible truth: in a sensitive temperament, the development of the soul-life involves at the same time the development of the whole capacity for living: every sense becomes acuter and more intricate, and thus it is true that, as he says in *The Dread of Height,*

> " The lowest reach of reeky hell
> Is but made possible
> By foreta'en breath of Heaven's austerest clime ":

or, in the words of Saint John which Thompson has set as a text to this poem, " If ye were blind, ye should have no sin: but now ye say: We see: your sin remaineth."

Perhaps the most striking feature of Francis Thompson's poetry is the gorgeous and diverse imagery which makes his verse a joy to read even to those who are bewildered by the " smouldering core of mystery " in his more cryptic poems. All the phenomena of the universe take on human or animal forms, peopling his writings with the creatures of a beautiful mythology. The winds have whistling manes and sweep like wild horses over " the long savannahs of the blue ": evening lights " her glimmering tapers round the day's dead sanctities ": the sun is bidden to " fling from [his] ear the burning curls " or " shake the bright dust from [his] parting shoon." His work is full of fine metaphors and similes whose very splendor and variety make it impossible to quote examples that shall be representative. The two that follow are both from *Sister Songs:*

"Ere all the entangled West
Be one magnificence
Of multitudinous blossoms that o'errun
The flaming brazen bowl of the burnished sun
Which they do flower from."

"Under my ruined passions, fallen and sere,
The wild dreams stir like little radiant girls,
Whom in the moulted plumage of the year
Their comrades sweet have buried to the curls."

His keen power of visualization enables him to sketch in minutely delicate pictures, as in the delightful representation in *Sister Songs* of the elves of springtime struggling up from underground:

"Others not yet extricate,
On their hands leaned their weight."

The second line is one of those vivid touches that bring the whole pose before one in a flash: it stimulates the muscles like a figure out of Signorelli's Resurrection fresco at Orvieto.

Sometimes his love of luxuriant description makes his writing almost too exuberant, but this at least may be affirmed, that however exuberant and elaborate he may become, however much he may heap color on color and effect on effect, each new touch always intensifies, never blurs or obscures the image; and whatever his faults, he has that subtle power, which is the essence of all poetry, of stirring those innermost chords of our being, of waking that undefined sense which is not the joy of color, nor of touch, nor of rhythm, nor of lovely curves and sounds, but some undiscoverable compound of them all. "Ce ne sont pas ses pensées," Anatole France once wrote; "ce sont les nôtres que le poète fait chanter en nous. Il est évocateur." If this is the criterion of a poet's greatness, Thompson must take a high place in literature. In *Sister Songs* he spirits us away, as no fairy-tale wizard ever did, into a world of soft, changing colors and flights of delicate, rhythmic shapes whose every movement is a miracle of grace and beauty:

"Clouds in cluster with such sailing
Float o'er the light of the wasting moon,
As the cloud of their gliding veiling
Swung in the sway of the dancing-tune."

No poet before him has so sung of the joy of color, for George Meredith's superb hymn is a spiritual philosophy of color rather than an immediate delighting in it. He is enamored of color and sound: he juggles with them as a miser with his jewels, twisting them to delicate curves, endowing them with exquisite substance and texture, weaving them together into strange fantasies. He cannot touch a color without intensifying it till it seems to quiver and burn. His silvers are *clarified,* his vermilions *repured,* his crimson is "illustrious sanguine, like a grape of blood." He is like his own Eastern Wizard round whom, in his haschish-swoon,

> "All the rained gems of the old Tartarian line
> Shower in lustrous throbbings of tinged flame":

and it is his own metaphor that most vividly defines the nature of his poetry:

> "This treasure-galleon of my verse,
> Fraught with its golden passion, oared with cadent rhyme,
> Set with a towering press of fantasies."

The Works of Francis Thompson. Three volumes. Charles Scribner's Son New York. 1913.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Mexico

IT becomes increasingly clear that the Mexican problem will not provide its own solution—or, at least, a satisfactory solution. Sooner or later—and the latest cannot be far remote—intervention by the United States will become necessary; or, alternatively, the President will make cogent representations, with the distinct understanding that, if they are not accepted, they will be enforced.

The course so far pursued by the Administration has perhaps made patience rather too icily virtuous; but it has shown the world that we are not waiting merely for a colorable excuse for a buccaneering expedition. Whatever we may do now, public opinion throughout the world will accept and approve. But the murderers of Madero cannot expect, and will not receive, perpetual immunity. No civilized, or semi-civilized, country can condone the methods of a Huerta, even when—or especially when—they are fashioned on a Cromwellian model. A hundred Huertas would not recompense the world for one Madero, even if all the evil in the one case, and half the good in the other, were blotted out. It is no time for euphuisms. Huerta is a murderer and a despot. It would be decidedly peculiar if the United States accepted murder and tyranny as desirable attributes of a neighboring Government.

Direct Action

WITH his curious preference for deeds, rather than for the mere rhythmic flow of polite platitudes, President Wilson has carried through the first half of the programme to which he was more immediately committed. The tariff question is settled, for the time being. This, of course, is an unkind rejoinder to the political Jonahs who asserted that the question never would be settled, and never could be settled, along the lines advocated by the President: but it is a sufficiently effective reply.

The President, without waiting to coin phrases of congratulation for himself and his party on an extraordinary achieve-

ment, has passed on at once to the consideration of the next important matter, the currency question. It is a question full of difficulty, and experts will differ considerably with regard to details. The President will listen to the experts, and he will learn something from them. But he has something to teach—efficiency; and the banking community can do with a few lessons.

The Impeachment of Charles F. Murphy

At the time when this note is written, the actual result of the Sulzer trial is not known, though it can be foreseen. But we may now prepare for the impeachment of Charles F. Murphy, of Fourteenth Street: for a Legislature which has shown so much courage in impeaching a mere Tammany subordinate, trained in Tammany methods and long faithful to Tammany interests, will surely not be afraid to go a little further and unveil the sanctity of the Boss himself. It would be a great and illuminating unveiling. As, further, the Legislature rests under the imputation of being too amenable to the blandishments of Mr. Murphy; as it was publicly reported that Mr. Sulzer had appealed to Mr. Murphy—and Mr. Barnes—to " call off " the proceedings, thus intimating that the Legislature would meekly take its orders from Fourteenth Street; nothing less than the impeachment of Mr. Murphy can vindicate the independence and the unblemishable honor of a Legislature so horribly traduced—though, apparently, it has not yet noticed the insinuations. The more obvious grounds of impeachment would be that, in defiance of the constitution and the rights of the people, Mr. Murphy has constituted himself the actual dictator of the commonwealth, usurping powers that can be exercised only by an Executive duly elected by the people; that he has tainted State and municipal administrations with every form of " graft " and corruption; that he is an enemy of the people, an opponent of all good government, and a perpetual menace to the commonwealth.

Incidentally, Mr. Murphy might be asked when *he first became acquainted with Mr. Sulzer's derelictions,* and how long he kept that knowledge in reserve, for his own purposes, before resolving to act upon it?

Forcible Feeding

THERE are many earnest and clever women in the ranks of the militants, but they have been carried away by the new feeling of sex-cohesion, of class-solidarity, and by their unreasoning "loyalty" to the imperious house of Pankhurst. A very dangerous and regrettable mob-spirit threatens to sweep them into excesses which will bring even greater odium upon the title Suffragette than the word already connotes. The real Suffragists are going quietly and effectively about their work, with the approval and support of most reasonable men; but few can view without regret the antics of the excitement-maddened women who are trying to associate the cause of sex-equality with vulgarity, hysteria and the most pitiful lack of reasoning power. They cannot even see—or they have not the honesty to acknowledge—that forcible feeding is not a real issue at all in the campaign: it is merely taken up as a convenient hysteria-provoking weapon. The actual question is not whether women who have been sent to prison for some criminal offence (with a political motive) should be permitted to commit suicide; but whether they should be sent to prison at all. If it is right for them to go, it is necessary that they should be taken care of, however much we may regret that their own deliberately adopted self-torturing methods may make some form of coercion inevitable.

If it is not right that they should be sent to prison, then the women are claiming that they can introduce anarchy to further a political cause with regard to which their own sex is distinctly at variance; and they claim that they shall be allowed to turn every institution of their country into a farce, not only with impunity from interference by the authorities, but with actual police protection. For, without such protection, or the organization of armed gangs of dock laborers and similar allies, the Suffragettes could not long flout the common sense of the people they are trying to "convince."

In the meantime, whenever the stupid cry of women being tortured in prison is repeated, reasonable people will think seriously about the *bona fides* of leaders who can permit such ludicrous perversions of the truth, in their attempt to attach to their opponents the discredit for their own regrettable tactics.

THE FORUM
FOR DECEMBER 1913

SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE

MOWRY SABEN

MAN acts in Society; he thinks and dreams in Solitude. It is not well for a man to be alone too much; the gregarious instinct is a very healthy one, yet the health of the individual demands that he shall retire from time to time into the solitudes, where he may hold communion with his own self,

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife."

There can be an excessive activity of the social instinct, healthy as in the main that is, and in most men there is an excessive activity. To be alone with their thoughts and feelings is painful to them, and so they hasten to find their place in the crowd again. Indeed the citizen does not love the solitary man overmuch. He notes the "lean and hungry look" of the solitaries, and finds them infected with revolutionary thoughts and anti-social notions. To go away from the city to the country, or to the seashore or mountains, is well enough in the sultry days of summer, but to retire into one's self, and to live there, does not impress the average citizen favorably. The solitary, it may frankly be admitted, is a rather dangerous person, who is likely at any time to come out of his retreat for no other purpose than to unsettle human values.

It is natural that the conservative should frown upon him, for Society in the mass is always organized stupidity. At bottom it is a mobocracy. Ideas find the gregarious soil shallow and barren for their seeds. But the conservative is always at home in the crowd; he is no alien to Society, but to the "manor born." And there is much to justify the conservative. Society is the

home of the graces and refinements, of love and friendship. Whatsoever is most human in us—our interests and intimacies and enjoyments—everything, indeed, that apparently makes life worth living seems to pass from us when we leave the habitation and the street. Moreover, Society is the goal of ambition, of achievement, of all things which human beings are able to accomplish. We should not be surprised then if Society should prove to be a jealous mistress, for she is quite right in holding that all the issues of life and death are fought for her, and that without the assembling of men together, there is nothing ultimately true or good or beautiful; that the individual by himself is meaningless.

Nevertheless, Solitude has claims that may not be put aside. Whatsoever is good in Society, whatsoever is true and beautiful, has come out of Solitude. All great thoughts, all noble ideals, have been born in Solitude. The tall spirits of the race have not been the most gregarious; they have not been what the man in the street calls "good mixers." They have not in reality been unfriendly; on the contrary, they have usually been more friendly than the persons whose faces always glowed with smiles, when they passed their neighbors on the thoroughfares, or met them in the drawing-room. But their friendliness has taken another form, a form which later has been seen for what it was, and their thoughts are now spoken by every tongue, and their stride marks the time of every footstep.

Society is the high-water mark of realized fact; Solitude is the ideal which would realize a larger vision. Masses of men are always satisfied with themselves; the children of lonely thought are never satisfied, for they are only too well aware that there are heights of life which they have not ascended, depths which they have not explored. They perceive the possibility of an experience beyond experience, a beauty sweeter, a truth higher, a goodness nobler than any of current report. They discover that no matter how artistic Society's tailor may be, the coat that he makes is soon threadbare. The genius is always somewhat cavalier in his dealings with the popular idols, and it may be that he not infrequently loses sight of the metal in present fact, because of the tarnish there, yet he is never quite oblivious of

the metal. But his optimism towards the future carries him away from the cities and farms of the present to the mountains of the prophetic spirit, from whose summits he may survey the gleamings of a Golden Age and the City of God.

The genius of Solitude is the true eye of Society. Ordinarily, men are blinded by the dust and heat of partisan and sectarian strife, and even more by commercial interests. The pressing care of the moment—the hewing of wood and the drawing of water—seems to be the only thing worth while to the majority. Society has decreed the law, and the masses have no other will than to obey. No higher will is known. Society has its conventional law, its conventional morality, its conventional religion, and its conventional way of doing business. These things are taken for granted. They are not reasoned upon by the average person. Most people are sticklers for precedent, and believe that to obey is the highest virtue. History is regarded by them as a truer teacher than the Prophet.

Society is always outwardly respectable and decorous. Within the mansions, life is gay. Men are well tailored; women are richly gowned. The spoken words are softly uttered. The parson prays for the welfare of his flock, and drones out platitudes in his sermon. The merchant and the manufacturer are content as long as profits are secure. The wealthy man is honored, and usually worshipped. Surely it would appear that all things in Society are well ordered; are at one, indeed, with the divine will.

But our lonely poets and prophets and philosophers are not satisfied. They profess to see evils in Society that are commonly overlooked; to see, in fact, what it is not fashionable to see, nor respectable. They see the gay mansions, but they see the hovels too; the rich garments, but the rags of the poor no less; the soft words they hear, but they also hear the curse. These men are not satisfied with the success of the manufacturer and the merchant, while a world of misery lies all around them, the world of the poor who go scantily clad, and often hungry and without a sheltering roof. They are certain that Success must be a very unlovable god, he is so partial, and the prayer and sermon that do not proclaim a real brotherhood of man, and a universal fatherhood of the divine, jar upon their ears. The

poet finds himself stifled in this atmosphere of commercialism which has never absorbed the fragrance of the flowery meads, and knows nothing of majestic rivers and sky-piercing mountains. The great deeps of Solitude have nourished lovelier ideals than the conventional ones of prosperous financial and industrial magnates, and between these ideals of Society and Solitude there is a very wide gulf. The artists and the philosophers despise the men of business, and the men of business in turn despise the philosophers and the artists.

It is very unfortunate, this feud between the realists of Society and the idealists of Solitude, but there can be no question which party will be obliged to yield in the end. All the charm that our Society of to-day possesses it owes to the idealists of the past. There is no citizen of the present who would reverence the society of his remote ancestors. Let him despise the poet and the prophet as much as he will, he has yet entered with joy into the inheritance that was won for him by a poet's song, and a prophet's iron tone. The mansion, the genial conversation, the graces and amenities of life, the church are all debts which he owes to a spirit whose latter-day incarnations he affects to scorn and treat with utmost disdain. There is scarcely a comfort which he enjoys that would have been attained but for the masterful purpose of art.

Emerson has said that " Solitude is impracticable and Society fatal." Without the ideals which the lonely spirits of Solitude bring to our doors, Society would indeed be fatal. The hope of Society lies in the men of reflection and vision, into whom the Life of Ages is " richly poured," the Life which we find

> " Breathing in the thinker's creed,
> Pulsing in the hero's blood,
> Nerving simplest thought and deed,
> Freshening time with truth and good.
>
> Consecrating art and song,
> Holy book and pilgrim track,
> Hurling floods of tyrant wrong
> From the sacred limits back."

It is this Life of Ages to which all righteous appeal is made. If we can square with that, the foundation of our purpose is a

rock; if we cannot, it is nothing but flimsy and treacherous sand. Society is indeed a precious thing, and its reality must be preserved, even if its forms must be destroyed again and again. There is a society not yet recognized by that which calls itself Society, an association of the poor and lowly of the earth, who are regarded as fortunate if they secure the crumbs which fall from rich men's tables; an association of individuals organized only by the bond of the spirit, who, for the most part, know nothing of the graces and amenities of life; the unkempt and unlettered children of the field and workshop, whose joys are few and cares many. These, too, must emigrate from the hovel to the mansion; they must cease their dreary stammering, and learn to speak with articulate voice; they must find room in the church to worship; they must receive their equitable share in the profits of Society, which now fall mainly to the manufacturer, the merchant and the financier.

Society is a will-o'-the-wisp until it is founded on human brotherhood; until every man knows that he is a brother to every other man. The joy of life must become a universal joy, not one to which only a few are invited, while the many remain alien and outcast. No man should be an alien and outcast. Not until Humanity becomes the cornerstone of Society shall an individual stand firmly planted on his feet, and with eyes that may gaze unflinchingly into the future. We may bind the limbs of men to-day with iron, we may gag their organs of speech, we may crush the very life whose blood flows within vein and artery; but these bound limbs shall yet smite, these tongues shall yet speak, these lives shall yet be free. If Society denies justice, the red banner of revolution shall be unfurled in the air. He is a very ignorant man who fancies that coercion settles anything. The life that is the peasant in time learns to smile at the life that is the king. It learns to smile and crush its oppressor. Things are never settled until they are settled right. Let the conservative pile up his obstacles on the pathway that leads to progress; let him pile them up until they have become mountain-high; let him scream in anger until he grows purple with apoplexy; the rising tide of human aspiration is of a river that shall roll aside every obstacle.

For there is an Infinite in every man which speaks from the deeps of his Solitude, and is sooner or later heard by all. This Infinite is man's larger self. We may convince another by argument that our wrong is right, but one cannot convince oneself, and in this truth the weakness of Society's conservatism is found. In the din and bustle of Society, the familiar tones are heard to the exclusion of the sky-born melodies that are heard in Solitude, and which are later interpreted as the accents of divine love; but, although in the noisome clamor only the jarring notes of greed and private warfare are heard, there are hours when even Society may be said to go into Solitude, hours when the divinely human energies within us work miracles. The Infinite has spoken, and Society has listened and heard. Society then leaps out of its evil into its good. In those golden moments there

> "gleams upon our sight,
> Thro' present wrong the Eternal Right."

Solitude is not, like Society, a good in itself. We retire into ourselves only that we may emerge again, and appear in Society with a quickening thought. Apart from Society, there is in Solitude no meaning. Although we see clearest and think our greatest thoughts in Solitude, our thoughts would be meaningless, and our vision vain, if we did not direct the energies of our nature, inspired by thought and vision, to the upbuilding of a noble Society. Nay, were it not for Society, there could be no human seeing and thinking. A person takes his city with him when he retires into his own privacy. The use of Solitude is not that men may get away from men, but that men may learn how to get to men. Solitude is valuable because it enables the individual to work out the problems of Society; because it teaches him how he may become a worthy citizen. He is a false teacher who proclaims that Solitude is a good in itself. A man is not by nature a monk; a woman is not by nature a nun. One does not need to spend his days and nights in a lonely cell, nor in the sandy desert, nor among the lonely hills. Cloistered virtue is not the sweetest. For very few men or women is the life of a recluse good, and rarely is it beautiful. He who retires from Society because he hates Man is worse than the meanest indi-

vidual who, content with his lot, abides in Society. Life is sweet; life is good; life is beautiful. Only in and through Humanity may one live truly. To divorce oneself from Society is to make oneself incomplete. There is no good without brotherhood. The vision of a virtuous Solitude is the apothesis of an ideal Society. It is an outlook upon Society without blur or stain; upon a fraternity living and working together for the common good. And to receive the full benefit of Solitude, to secure the vision, it is not necessary to leave the crowded street. One has only to live in noble, masterful thought. Only in such Solitude may a self hear the low, sweet prelude to the Society of the future.

It is often said that all great souls have been born lonely, and loneliness, it must be admitted, has been a characteristic of all the tall spirits of the race. It is a sad truth. Many have been well-nigh friendless; some completely so. Some whose lonely burden seemed to them at times greater than they could bear have cried in anguish of heart for the companionship that was denied to them. And the pity of it all is that the persons who have been denied companionship, because of their finer sensibilities and nobler ways of thinking, were just the persons who would have been the truest friends. Think of Jesus in Gethsemane sweating great drops of blood in his agony, lonely, alone with his dream of the Kingdom of Heaven, and in his consciousness perceiving the spike-piercing cross just ahead of him! Think of Gautama, a prince by birth, leaving his palace, to become a beggar, that he might discover the law which should cure the sorrow of the world! Think of Spinoza, with the curse of his own people upon him, because he dared to be loyal to the truth as he saw it! Think of the men of genius in all ages, whose dreams of truth, of goodness, of beauty, caused doors to darken at their approach, and, in some instances, led them beyond all sheltering roofs, to find peace only in the grave!

Nevertheless, these individuals have not been quite friendless, even in their darkest hours; they have not been quite alone. In their dreams they saw fair men and fair women; fairer, indeed, than any that the earth knew; fairer, I fear, than any that the earth will see for a long time. But the poet sees in every man and woman something fairer than what is seen by the common

eye. Even the best are better when a poet sees them. There is a London, a Paris, a New York, that has no existence outside of the idealist's dream, which yet is more real than the actuality, because it will be the acknowledged reality of the future, long after the present has faded, to use Professor Tyndall's famous simile, "like a streak of morning cloud into the infinite azure of the past." "In the world," said de Senancour, "a man lives in his own age, in Solitude in all the ages." Some compensation the men cut off from their fellows have had, although it is far from being a full, or adequate, compensation. These men have been destitute of that which sweetens the cup of life, and makes the bitterest drops less bitter. And it is quite possible that a prophet, if rejected too long, will grow sour and waste his energies in a fruitless Solitude. Emerson, who is often so wise, has said truly that "It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in Solitude to live after our own, but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of Solitude." Yes, after all is said, one must find his Society in these creatures of flesh and blood. Even if the men and women of the dream-world be fairer, yet it is a dream world still, and, until it is realized, it can never be the soul-satisfying thing that a genuine friendship is.

Great is the man who, knowing the value of friendship, dares to be himself in every crisis, at whatever hazard. The masses will not think beyond the pressure of the hour's problem, but the genius is he who perceives the problems of the generations to come. There is no permanence in the realm of thought. The thoughts that appear to-day to be the most secure, the thoughts of religion, of morality, of government and education, shall eventually pass away like mist before the sun, or submit to modifications that will be almost equally destructive. There is nothing permanent, nothing stable, save the human soul, out of which comes all thought. Society is not composed of unchanging atoms. The individuals who compose Society are as changeable and fleeting as the winds. All things pass away. God after god, dynasty after dynasty, have risen and fallen, to give place to other gods and dynasties, whose reign shall be but for a day. But chance is not the secret of change. The world is a growth.

Society is a growth. First comes the lower, then the higher, and next the higher still. More and more does Society become the incarnation of a noble purpose. I am not one of those who believe that progress is inevitable, in the sense of being produced by a blind evolutionary force; I am certain that a very large amount of devolution has now and again taken place, but the history of man to date has, upon the whole, been upward, and so it will, I believe, continue to be. As the world has grown, so will it continue to grow.

The Society of the past has been based very largely upon force. Not altogether, for no society could have endured for a month without a modicum of freedom, but for the most part it has been based on the insecure foundation of coercion. The religion, the morality, the governments of men have been maintained by the military and the police. Through generation after generation the cry has gone forth to men from the dictators of Society: "You must think what we tell you to think; you must feel as we tell you to feel; you must do what we tell you to do; and you must abstain from all that we forbid." More than once the deepest wisdom in the world has been crushed under the burden of these commands, enforced by ignorant and brutal hirelings. Nevertheless, out of the heart of Solitude have come great thoughts and mighty aspirations which Society was unable to kill, because within that Solitude the divinity of man was brooding, and keeping watch that no true value should everlastingly perish.

Slowly, but surely, a new spirit is coming into our world, a spirit that teaches us that physical force is no real force, after all; that the Niagara-torrent of the heart, the Nile-stream of the mind, cannot by any human agency be prevented from reaching their native ocean. More and more Society learns, as the meaning of love dawns upon the race, that government by physical force is fallacious; that love is the only cohesive force that will bind nations and individuals together. The thought of love, too, is modifying all our old notions of religion and morality. In the past both religion and morality dealt largely with the terrors of the law; a species of terrorism inimical to all sound morals and religion was inculcated. Gradually, however, the

conservative mind is learning to perceive, what lonely prophets have known for generations, that religion and morality are the natural gestures of man's mind; that they are not commandments or prohibitions; and that no supernatural god, or earthly governor, is responsible for them, or required to enforce their mandates; that they are, indeed, the natural flowering of our highest faculties.

In the light of reason, the uselessness of attempting to bolster up that which is natural to man becomes clear. It was only the false elements in religion and morality that needed the coercive power of government to maintain them, and not until these false elements pass away shall the values of religion and morality be clearly seen. As knowledge grows, however, and love overcomes hate, the excrescences of religion and morality begin to disappear. To know the greatness of man, and to love man because he is divine—this is the only true religion; this is the only true morality. In the past Society has been mainly concerned with property rights. But love knows no property rights. Love says: "Let us sit down together, and share our good." Love knows no distinction between mine and thine. The only property which maketh men rich is a common holding in truth, beauty and goodness. There are universal spiritual properties more real than air or sunlight, and all of them are convertible into love. We do not see very clearly to-day the relations between these universal properties and real estate, or stocks and bonds, but it shall yet dawn upon Society, as it has dawned upon many a poet and prophet of the wilderness, when the secret of life, only to be learned through a valiant comradeship, is found, that no material possessions are as valuable as the possession of warm human hearts, and that, in order to possess these, we had better throw away our gold and silver, if they stand in our way. Society is destined to be an association of lovers, whose ardent wooing of all that is truly large in individuals shall put to shame all the amatory wooing of the present and the past. I fancy that there will be something amatory in the higher affection, although it will come from an amativeness that has been transfigured; for when persons truly love each other they do not strike the attitude

of one about to plunge into a cold bath with the temperature at zero. Love must express itself in some fashion. And Whitman's poems, in the division of *Leaves of Grass* called *Calamus,* contain words which express literally, and not figuratively, the coming passion of man for man. Indeed to the "good gray poet," as we may truly believe, the terms of endearment employed were not hollow, but the echoes of sweet and blessed moods.

Love is a revealer, but it is not the only revealer, of life. There could even be too much love, if individuals were not gifted with intelligence. It is sometimes unwise to view things at close range. The azure-hued mountains of the distance are only jagged rocks when reached. And when one stands too near to Society, the azure-hued ideal of the spirit fades into the grayness of the mass. No matter to what heights evolution may take us, the habit of Solitude will always be required for the highest human welfare. The readjustments of Society can come only through the visions and meditations of the lonely thinkers. Society is always the word that man has spoken; Solitude is the word that man is speaking, or will speak. No matter how strong a man's love for his fellows may be, his love, to be clear-sighted, requires that he shall go away occasionally from its object, that he may commune alone with the Alone, and thus renew his strength. One does not love his friends with the right fervor, if they are always within the sweep of his daily vision. Most of the friction of married life comes from the partners seeing too much of each other. Silence is needed for our welfare as well as speech; Solitude as well as Society.

An article of the ancient creeds holds that dualism is a fact of the individual, cutting him in two. One of these divisions is called the natural man; the other is called the spiritual man. There is also supposed to be an inherent antipathy between the two. Not a few powerful minds have believed in this antagonism, and Paul made a religion out of it. That such a division exists I admit, but there is no reason why it should. The natural man and the spiritual man should embrace and kiss each other, and become one in the flesh and the spirit. The spiritual man, at bottom, is only the natural man in full-blown dignity of purpose, the natural man clothed with the cosmic vision. The doctrine

that every individual who is born into the world must be born again is a psychological truth, but this psychological truth no more means that the natural man is to be put aside than entering a university means that the new university man is to put aside the knowledge acquired in the preparatory school, or the home. The two go naturally together. No man is spiritual who is not natural. The flesh is not despised by the person who has penetrated the mystery of the new birth; it has merely taken on a spiritual meaning; it has been transfigured. True, it must not be allowed to run riot, as perhaps it did in the older and more barbarous periods; it must now take on higher purposes. But every legitimate desire of the flesh is no less legitimate under the moral government of the spirit than it was in the day of anarchy. One must not fail to appreciate all that was genuine in the old-time appeal. The natural man sings:

> "If she be not fair to me,
> What care I how fair she be?"

The sentiment sounds selfish, and it may be selfish, but there is, even for the spiritual man, a certain logic to be found therein. If the flowers of the springtime did not bloom for us; if the trees did not murmur in the summer breeze, if the breath of the mountains and the sea did not bring its delicious coolness for us, then we might well say, What does it matter whether these things be or no, since they have no connection with our organs of sense? If it were possible for one to be born without the five senses, what would it matter to him if the spirits of the rest of us were thrilling with delight through contact with the glories of the earth? The fairness that is not for us, and which can never be for us, is a fairness which, so far as we are concerned, might as well never have existed. If one has never seen the light, the light simply does not exist for him. The so-called selfishness of the natural man is often nothing more than the commendable desire that the fairness of the world may be his, in order that he may appraise its fairness at its proper value, and not be a thing to fill him with melancholy thoughts that turn all existence into dust and ashes. The natural man makes a legitimate demand. The beautiful world does belong to him; it belongs to

all of us. But the natural man makes the mistake, until his spiritual sight is opened, of attempting to enter violently and illegally into his possessions. He has never seen himself in his relation to his brethren. He has believed that the world belonged to him and to his family. In his selfishness, he has even called upon the Almighty, in the words of a rhyming caricature of the Calvinist's creed, to

> "Save me and my wife,
> My son Joe, and his wife,
> We four, and no more."

He has been spiritually blind, and his blindness has brought him nothing but pain. He may not enter into his inheritance until he perceives that he is but one member of a family to which every son and daughter of Adam belongs. When he perceives that all men and women and children are growing dear to him; when his outlook is no longer bounded by the family hearthstone; then, and not till then, is he able to make all things his own. By giving himself freely and unreservedly to all, all is given in turn to him. Then the fairness of the world becomes his spiritual possession, the glory of the world enters into his heart; he feels the genial influences of all things dwelling with him: the men, women and the children; the flower-spotted meadows; the swift-flowing streams; the placid lakes; the green fields; the venerable woods; the silence of the stars; the strength of the hills; the whisper of the wind; the strong voice of the sea. He is now at home in the great sky-spaces; the gods are his familiar companions; he communes with the mighty soul of nature.

Not in Society, but in Solitude, does the master learn his lessons. Nay, one may not be a master, until he has wrestled with himself in the lonely field of Solitude, as Jacob wrestled with the angel that dark night in the lonely valley. Let us be fair to Society, however. If in Solitude we learn to solve the lessons of life, it is Society that gives the problems to be solved, and is the inspiration that compels us to solve them. Society is the raw material of all problems. Even as God could not be, if man were not, neither could man be without Society. One may retire from the dust and sweat and roar of the city to cool his

fevered brow in the cool air of the mountains and the lakes, but nature has an arctic temperature for the man who becomes a misanthrope. To him who has fought a good fight, and failed in the seeming, a kind heaven often peoples his solitude with angels and archangels, but the misanthrope shall find in Solitude only a whip of scorpions. No one can flee from himself, and when one would flee from human relationships the gate of peace is barred for evermore, unless he turns back to go where the voice of duty is calling. One may ascend the mountain and be transfigured, but the halo is quickly lost, if one does not return to the plain where his brethren are fighting the battle in which all should participate. There is grim satire in the lines on the parish priest of Austerlitz, written by the Rev. Reginald Heber Howe, that every anchorite should take to heart.

"The parish priest
Of Austerlitz
Climbed up in a high church steeple,
To be nearer God
So that he might hand
His word down to his people.

And in sermon script
He daily wrote
What he thought was sent from heaven,
And he dropped this down
On his people's heads,
Two times one day in seven.

In his age God said
'Come down and die,'
And he cried out from the steeple,
'Where art thou, Lord?'
And the Lord replied,
'Down here among my people.'"

The lovers of Solitude are those who hope to discover in their thinking and dreaming an ideal world. Dear, indeed, is the City of God to the soul whose heart loves justice and beauty, and longs with a mighty passion for the society in which all men and women are fair. The day is always poor and mean to the man of the larger vision. The deeper self grows sick

with every day's report of sordidness and crime. The life around seems empty, a mere collection of struggling atoms, owning no law but the law of force, and in their labor seeking naught but selfish ends. From the turmoil of Society, the idealist would wend his way to the vale of Solitude, in which no sound of sorrow should come to mar his everlasting calm. But there is no such Solitude to be discovered. The city's roar is soon heard even on the mountains and by the shore of the sea. The ideal world must be found in Society or nowhere; in the bosom of Society the idealist must find his true Solitude, or none shall be found. Destroy the world which seems so ugly to the eyes of the idealist, and the ideal is also gone, for the ideal world is built of the atoms of the real world, and one may not survive if the other perishes.

Our age is preëminent to a degree over all other ages in its worship of outward nature. It is a worship that was not characteristic of the classical world, or of the mediæval. One may justly query whether the modern reverence is not overdone. Far be it from my purpose to utter a word against the beauty of the natural world. True, all is not tranquil and serene within it. Earthquake and tornado and volcanic eruption come to jar and jolt. The rattlesnake under the rock and the nightshade in the glen mar the pleasures of those who would find in nature only a sweet rapture of delightful fancy. But there is, nevertheless, a charm in the loneliness of the hills, or the sand rim of the sea; a charm that dwells everlastingly on the banks of a babbling brook. Yet let us beware lest we deceive ourselves. Nature has no meaning apart from man. She wears no singing robes, save to the listening ear. Were the individuals of the world more humane in their manifestations than they are, they, rather than nature, would be the cynosure of all eyes. Even as it is, one finds nature most charming when wedded to human interests. The Hudson is as beautiful as the Rhine, but on the Hudson there are no castles and watch-towers, such as have made the Rhine famous in song and story. No spot on earth is sacred soil, save those places where men have bravely toiled and nobly dreamed.

Solitude we may define as only a vision of the Society that is to be. Even now the Society of the future is slowly taking its

shape, first in the minds of the dreamers, and later in the structure built of daily acts. Between the Society of to-day and the Children of Solitude there is an irreconcilable antagonism at many points; between ideal Society and rational Solitude there is none. Every thinker, every prophet, every poet, is an architect of the future. Aspiration is the cornerstone of the ideal city of our dreams. In the best sense of a much-abused word, religion is the cord which connects the pearls of our thought, for religion in essence is love to God—truth, beauty, goodness—and love to man, who is the incarnation of God from generation to generation.

As the centuries roll on the conviction grows in human minds that all things work together for good to those who love the ideal. It is by no means certain that there is an omnipotence either within or without the visible universe; an omnipotence, that is, which can do any conceivable thing, in any conceivable way. But the Holy Spirit, whose other name is Humanity, is, for every rational purpose, omnipotent whenever the vision is clear. Without God, or the Divine Ideal, we are but dust; in the ideal we are all-powerful to build the city of our dreams. As individuals, we may be conscious factors in the work of fulfilling the ideal; but whether we are conscious, or are not conscious; whether we aim to build, or aim to destroy; whether we strive to help, or strive to hinder, there is an ideal in the world which alone is incapable of permanent defeat, an ideal which will be found gleaming wheresoever the human light dwelleth. The ideal in man is the thinker, the dreamer, the prophet, the poet, the artist, the creator of the eternal values of life. Its avatars are the individuals who receive these glorious names. Out of the heart of Solitude they have proclaimed the dawn; they have read the stars of destiny; they have bathed in the all-embracing spirit of the ineffable. As the Children of the Light, they have done whatsoever their hands found to do, and through their labors Society grows slowly into the living reality of their consecrated vision; and so long as the light continues to shine, and their strength fails not, they will labor to create a Society in which truth, beauty and goodness shall reign supreme over all and in all.

THANKSGIVING FOR OUR TASK

SHAEMAS OSHEEL

THE sickle is dulled of the reaping and the threshing-floor
is bare;
The dust of night's in the air.
The peace of the weary is ours:
All day we have taken the fruit and the grain and the seeds of the
flowers.

The ev'ning is chill,
It is good now to gather in peace by the flames of the fire.
We have done now the deed that we did for our need and desire:
We have wrought our will.

And now for the boon of abundance and golden increase,
And immurèd peace,
Shall we thank our God?
Bethink us, amid His indulgence, His terrible rod?

Shall we be as the maple and oak,
Strew the earth with our gold, giving only bare boughs to the
sky?
Nay, the pine stayeth green while the Winter growls sullenly by,
And doth not revoke

For soft days or stern days the pledge of its constancy.
Shall we not be
Also the same through all days,
Giving thanks when the battle breaks on us, in toil giving praise?

O Father who saw at the dawn,
That the folly of Pride would be the lush weed of our sin,
There is better than that in our hearts, O enter therein,
A light burneth, though wan

And weak be the flame, yet it gloweth, our Humility!
Ah, how can it be
Trimmed o' the wick,
And replenished with oil to burn brightly and golden and quick?

For deep in our hearts
We wish to be thankful through lean years and fat without change,
Knowing that here Thou hast set for the spirit a range:
We would play well our parts,

Making America throb with the building of souls and the glory of good;
Yea, and we would,
And before the last Autumn we will
Build a temple from ocean to ocean where deeds never still

Melodiously shall proclaim
Thanksgiving forever that Thou hast set here to our hand
So wondrous a mystical harvest, that Thou dost demand
Sheaves bound in Thy name,

Yea, supersubstantial sheaves of strong souls that have grown
Fain to be known
As the corn of Thine occident field:
O Yielder of All, can America worthily thank Thee till such be her yield?

In the mellowing light
Of the goldenest days that precede the gray days of the year,
We sing Thee our harvesting song and we pray Thee to hear,
In the midst of Thy might:

Labor is given to us,
Let us give thanks!
Power worketh through us,
Let us give thanks!

Not for what we have
(So might speak a slave),
Not for the garnering
Gratefully we sing,
But for the mighty thing
We must do, travailing!
For our task and for our strength;
For the journey and its length;
For our dauntless eagerness;
For our humbling weariness;
For these, for these, O Father,
  Let us give thanks!
For these, O Mighty Father,
  Take Thou our thanks!

PONT ROYAL

Joseph Warren Beach

STILL dripped the sycamores along the quays,
And the whole sky was black save where, above
The long black bulk of the Louvre, smouldered and glowed
The nightly reflex of the Boulevards.
The river flowed more dark for the bordering lights
Doubled and twisted in its troubled deeps;
And everywhere along the quays, and across
The span of the bridges, silent and darkly massed,
The people of Paris watched their spectacle.

High o'er the crouching mass of the Island-City
The blank sky blossoms into flowers of fire,
Trailing across the darkness like a trellis,—
Ragged chrysanthemums of heartening gold
With twisting petals that stretch to the limit of vision,
And tenuous violet sprays of wistaria, swaying,
Drooping and vanishing in the glooms of the City.

Ever the flowers of the sky to earth are falling,
Drifting back like flaming leaves of the autumn,
And piling up in the lap of the olden City
Till its dusky features glow with reflected light.

Yonder the battlements of the ancient prison
Brighten a moment, and sink upon deeper gloom.
Now plays the light round the delicate spire of the Chapel.
And the murky, age-worn towers of Notre Dame
Like mouldering granite cliffs by a stormy ocean
Stand out in the raining spray of gold and silver,
With base submerged in the bottomless deeps of shadow.
Up from the bed of the river a fiery fountain
Ceaselessly plays from under the roots of the bridges,
And dark the massive arches loom, and speak
Of the age-long, tireless feet of eager pilgrims.
Now off to the right round the dome of the temple of Wisdom
Hovers the flattering light, for a heavenly nimbus
To the laurelled peerage whose unresting spirits
Are lightnings in the gulfs of human blindness.

And thus across the blank face of the sky
Was Paris writing out her latest credo,
The vision of her thinkers and her dreamers,
For whom the course of the world through cycles of ages,
The blooming and drooping of life on the stems of the planets,
Are imaged as play of a jubilant fount unceasing,
Playful fountain of light ever rising and falling,
With bursts and trails of vivid and joyous splendor,
Across the blank and speechless face of the night.

IMPRESSIONISM TO SYNCHROMISM

WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT

MANY men took part in the doing to death of that sterile and vitiating period of Raphaelic influence which had for leaders such men as Ingres and David. Strange enough the first revolutionary dynamite was planted by an Englishman who exposed at the Paris Salon in 1826. It was not a high explosive, but it stirred up the first general discontent in France. The man was Constable; and to him can be directly traced the revolt against the stereotyped color rules for the painting of flesh and landscape. Cericault was the first man of any note to react. Then followed Delacroix—with Constable's help and advice. He proclaimed vigorous war against the idealist school then sedulously struggling to revive the gracious drawing and more gracious sentiments of the Renaissance. Though associated with the Venetians as to technical means, he added to these means a desire for a freer realism. Before long he developed a sense of color separation. He noted color oppositions in light and shadow. Delacroix was the authentic father of the Impressionist school, the prime scuttler of the art ships of his day. He was the force, both intellectual and artistic, that set in motion the battered ellipsoid of modern art. He in turn was followed by Courbet and Manet. Both resurrected styles of painting, the Dutch and Spanish, dead for many years. (Delacroix himself had revived the corpses of the Venetians.) In these later men, however, was a psychic capacity for change unknown to Delacroix. It took the form of a complete disregard for classic forms and formulas. Courbet's *Enterrement* fell like a bomb on the artistic world of his day. Had artistic heresy been punishable by burning, he would have been reduced to ashes forthwith. This powerful picture, with its rugged straight-planted peasants chiselled out by broad brush strokes of brown and black, was a cataclysmic blow to those chlorotic persons accustomed to the pink flesh and wine-colored Greek draperies of the school in power. This picture gave the *coup de grâce* to the

classic revival. It attested to Courbet's consanguinity with Rembrandt.

Delacroix regarded Tintoretto as his master, but Courbet acknowledged no master. There were no finite limits to his ambitions. Manet, immensely overestimated, emulated but did not approach the greatness of the Spaniards. His one talent was for texture. Outside of this he had little to recommend him save a superficial cleverness with heavy *pâte,* together with a series of anæmic grays. His fabrics and his flesh seduce the untrained eye by their intimacy of feeling. They appealed strongly to the people of his day; at that time Renoir was unknown. The art followers were used to draperies that looked like maidens' flesh, and to flesh that had the texture of silk. As for any true feeling of form in detail or a vision of total organization—viz., composition in the significant sense of the word—he was entirely lacking. Daumier, less known, was by far the greater artist. He had in some degree this vision of totality. He was intelligently inspired by what was great in Goya; Manet saw only silhouettes of black on light gray or blue.

As great or as small as these artists may be intrinsically, they at least were the men who touched off the powder of what it tickled Ingres to call artistic anarchy. Thus was borne far and wide the enthusiasm for a direct and complete realism in treatment as well as in subject. This reaction in subject, though it seems to us now a superficial preoccupation, was a vital change in the mental attitude of the painters. The results obtained by them through this attitude were undeniably paltry, but it turned their minds from Biblical tales and Greek legends to modern life. It forced upon them the realization that the canvases of the greatest masters of the Renaissance had not expressed the nineteenth century. Also it made their contemporaries realize that *new subjects required new means.* These men, by their reaction, made it possible for their followers to achieve.

Courbet and Manet, however, were merely resurrectors and reactionaries. They reacted against their immediate predecessors in favor of their far-off predecessors. But with them the subject began to change. Classic tricks went by the board. They painted nude women without calling them "Ariadne" or

"Venus"; even half-dressed women and prostitutes, putting naked figures in the same picture with fully dressed ones. Even so, their problems were the old ones of the schools of all times. The real problems were ushered in by those Impressionists who took the scoffs of the French public in the early eighties at the Salon des Réfusés, well known to Americans because of the picture there by their national hero, Whistler, a racy prose writer. They marked a new departure in the making of a picture. They threw all the old criterions overboard. Thus it came about: instead of carefully drawing by contour and then coloring or tinting the drawing in an attenuated imitation of nature like the Italians, and instead of modelling with large and direct brush strokes as did Hals and Velasquez, they applied masses of color to their canvases. As a result of the relation established between these masses of colors form was produced. The objects, unsought, appeared as if by magic. By placing side by side colors seen in the objects before them, they arrived at constructing a picture which, though without any visible outlines dividing object from object and far from near, gave a more truthful representation of nature than had any other method.

Most people think that anyone who paints with small spots like confetti is an Impressionist. Nothing is further from the truth. Impressionism did, to a certain extent, manifest itself in technical idiosyncrasies. But they were only of secondary consideration. Color juxtaposition was the main issue. Color had always been used merely for dramatic reinforcement or for decorative effects. These new men opened the eyes of all serious-minded artists to an entirely new conception in the making of a painting. The struggle to carry on this idea has been the history of painting for the last thirty years.

I will not go into their methods. Everyone has read at least one of the many expositions of their scientific origin. Suffice it to say that their origin was only feebly scientific; the application of their methods not at all. The legends regarding systems of complementaries are as so much wind. One can walk by a mile of Monets and Pissarros and Sisleys without seeing a red and green or a blue and orange which make gray. They simply made use of a reduced palette of pure vermilion, blue, yellow and some

earth colors—in fact, those colors which they thought approached the solar spectrum. These, with the *minimum of mixing* and a *close copying of nature,* resulted in a brilliant and truthful effect. As a consequence, everyone to-day recognizes shadows as cold and lights as warm. This is their important legacy to painting. Let us for all time forget the fallacy that they were scientists. They themselves repudiated this implication, saying that they painted *comme l'oiseau chante.*

Primarily, Impressionism is a school of landscape painting. We cannot think of Impressionism without unconsciously linking it to the Barbizon School. When Corot, Rousseau and Millet quit the cold gray-walled studio with its Paris-born Italian model in order to get in closer touch with nature, they gave birth to landscape painting, that supreme preoccupation of the amateur. In the early mornings on the white roads that twist through the woods of Fontainebleau, these talented and, let it be noted, overestimated painters, really foreshadowed the later school of Impressionism. Both schools dealt in landscape. The first carefully imitated the tone; the second carefully imitated the color.

Monet, the most popular and least significant of the Impressionists, carried pure imitation to its highest point. The number of his paintings has created the false impression that he is the protagonist of the movement. The truth is he is merely super-prolific. He belongs to that category of artists who, once having their method, are fixed for life, bothering little about more troublesome qualities. In this respect he classes with Zola, the novelist, and with Rodin, the sculptor. Clever he is, and possessed of a great facility; but he lacks the power to create and organize new emotional forms. He is capable only of moving to surprise and delight those who demand illustration in art. He is the idol of people with a middle-class respect for technique and science in methods. What is more essentially insignificant and pretty than his *Water Lilies,* large hazy canvases filled with a blue sky-reflection on water, a few dabs of purple and green for flowers? Or his Thames River scenes? Or *Cathedrals?* or *Haystacks?*

Pissarro, known little by name and less by his work, was the authentic Jack Sheppard of the movement. He was an artist of

slight but genuine genius. He constituted the real force behind these new and radical discoveries. To him the rest referred for advice and encouragement. They recognized in him a man of keen critical intelligence, of unbiased analytic judgment. His work will be appreciated long after the " great " Monet has been buried deep in the dust of forgotten things.

Renoir, however, was the great man of this school, and one of the half dozen great artists of all time. He ranks with Rubens, Rembrandt, El Greco, Giotto and Giorgione. He is the culminating point of the whole movement. With him comes to an end one of the distinct epochs in the history of painting, just as Beethoven was the culminating point of the conceptions of classic music. It took Renoir to complete the work begun by Manet and Courbet—not the Renoir of the *Moulin de la Galette* in the Luxembourg, but the Renoir of those later canvases exposed at Bernheim's last spring. His earlier work possesses a general vision of ensemble, delicacy and rareness in form and color, seductive light and air, and charming details. But his later work contains a profoundly *felt* but not *seen* power of a full and mighty comprehension of what is the basis of a work of art. In Renoir, the Impressionistic vision, that form of realism based on chromatic light sensations, is highly realized. And at the same time Renoir had one of the most penetrating and powerful pictorial visions ever known. Despite his sheer " cleverness " and his illustrative tendency toward popular subjects, there is in his work, especially that of the last ten years, a tremendous emotional power which only the trained artist can appreciate. He is as great as Rubens, and has a greater plastic pictorial vision, rendered possible by modern processes. After Renoir a new tendency crept slowly into painting. To-day it dominates the efforts of all vigorous artists.

Here one must speak of Cézanne. Much has been written of this old eccentric Provençal, of his lonely and laborious existence from the age of 40 to his death at 68, of his rising at six in the morning to go to his studio or to his fields, of his son cutting up his finished works for puzzle pictures, and of his uncontrolled admiration for many mediocre and popular painters because of their cleverness. He walked in the midst of a new and undiscov-

ered country, envying those who walked safely and easily on the well-beaten highways of settled and ancient civilizations. He yearned for cleverness and facility, but had he attained this desire, it would have neutralized those very qualities through which he is destined to remain one of the really great figures in painting. Influenced first by Courbet and Manet, he gradually shook off the weight of their works. Later he became a worshipper of El Greco's rhythm. Then he fell in with Pissarro, who, he swore to his dying day, taught him all he knew of color. He was fascinated by the discoveries of the Impressionists, but realized their narrowness of direction and their inability to create anything that constituted a vital work of art. He knew that too much enthusiasm for a *procédé* was fatal. His need for style resulted in his turning his eyes to the old masters, principally El Greco and Poussin.

Cézanne might be called an old master Impressionist. He bridged the nineteenth century to the Renaissance. Yet he always remained an archaic, or, as he himself put it, "the primitive of the way he had opened." Assuredly he was a primitive; but who does not prefer the mighty Giotto to the clever Velasquez or to the empty and pompous Veronese? He posed the question of æsthetic beauty itself. He abandoned the illustrative obstacle. He explored deeper emotional regions. Seldom did he sign his pictures; never did he give them a name. Among his greatest oil works are his portraits of himself (like Rembrandt he did repeated heads of himself) and his genre pictures of peasants playing cards. These are in the Pellerin collection and Vollard's shop in the rue Lafitte. But he reached his greatest height in his water colors, several excellent specimens belonging to the American, Leo Stein, and to Bernheim-Jeune, in the Avenue de l'Opéra. His figure compositions, often very small, are to be ranked with the greatest in existence.

Cézanne was destined to have an immense influence on all the art up to our day. Had he been understood this would have been a salutary thing for those floundering about in artistic speculation. But, like the influence of most great men, his was deplorable. His acolytes saw only wherein he differed from his immediate predecessors. They hurriedly gulped the strange ele-

ments in his art, entirely failing to grasp the totality of his genius. To name the men who are and have been his disciples it would be necessary to compile a dictionary of modern painters. He has become a fetich. His letters have been learned by heart. In his every word, his followers sense a mysterious meaning. One of his sentences serves as an adequate basis for the founding of a new school. At the bottom of it all, however, lay a healthy discontent with the old and hackneyed forms. It was the beginning of a renaissance of youth in painting. A clean score was wanted to begin on. It all pointed out to a gaping and dumfounded world that the Flemish primitives and Rembrandt, Mantegna and Raphael, Titian and Velasquez, while no doubt excellent painters, were *no longer relative* to the twentieth century.

Two other men often placed with the Impressionists are Degas and Toulouse-Lautrec, illustrators of a very high order. The unexpectedness, the *imprévu,* of their composition conveys the characteristics of a scene to our mind in an ineradicable way. Degas (influenced by the Japanese) is often called a draughtsman of exceptional ability. But in fact he is an intelligent copyist, capable of constructing a solid human body. His is not, however, significant drawing. Real imagination and creative ability are two qualities he sadly lacks. Toulouse-Lautrec was even cleverer as a caricaturist. He was a diabolically keen observer of the expressions of the human face. In a literary way he penetrated very close to "life." His work might serve as a sermon on the sinister happenings in Paris between midnight and seven A. M. After these men there was no one to bear onward the Impressionist torch; and its light, at one time powerful enough to blind the Academicians, began to flicker.

After the Impressionists, another school of painting was not long in springing up. This school misconstrued the simple means of the Impressionists. It made of their procedure a spectacle so horrible that never in the history of art has anything even remotely approaching their failure been witnessed. This is the Pointillist group of Signac, Cross, Luce, Seurat, etc. True, Seurat was sensitive and highly talented, but his premature death leaves his future suppositional. The rest of the Pointillist disciples (and Signac especially) have given us some of the worst

color that canvas was ever called upon to absorb. They saw nothing in their predecessors but a scientific method, and essayed to advance the cause of science. But they failed to produce one passable canvas. Despite their many pamphlets and books, such as *D'Eugène Delacroix au Néo-Impressionism,* published by Signac, few artists have been seduced by their paralogy and pseudo-science. They will eternally serve as a horrible example of the scientific theory in art.

Next, the Symbolist Gauguin, of Paris, Pouldu, Pont Aven, Tahiti . . . . Gauguin, the exotic, the poet, the clever prose writer, the poseur and (to be just) the slight artist, felt the nausea of great cities and wandered far, even to the South Seas, in search of the primitive and the strange. The diary of his life is not without genuine fascination. It should be on the shelf alongside of Benvenuto Cellini, a kindred spirit. Even in his paintings he often succeeds in making us feel the fascination of the exotic. What could be more seductive than his queerly drawn, synthetic Tahitians, lolling on the yellow-sanded beaches of tropical palm-strewn shores, in strange Oriental attitudes? A call, indeed, to indolent sensual existence. "Give him walls!" his critics cried. But better had they cried for large margins in vellum books. He would have done exquisite illuminating, surpassing that of the Middle Ages. Exotic fancy, strangeness and a decorative richness are his stock in trade. What he lacked was imagination in the plastic sense. He was essentially a poet and image maker.

More Symbolists! Maurice Denis lacks all that renders Gauguin interesting. He is affected, weak in harmony, form, composition and even common balance. He is not worth serious consideration except as one of the characters in the group. He constantly predicts another classic revival, and does religious decoration in hard raw colors. He is in the same class with Maillol, the sculptor, and is a greatly revered painter of the bourgeois France of to-day. Then we have Bernard, a prolific and facile imitator of any man who inflames him for the moment; and Laval, De Hahn, Filiger, Seguin, Sérusier, Moret, Roy and R. X. Roussel. Most of these are but names already. How long before the rest go likewise? Redon is having a revival.

He was a flower painter of exquisite daintiness and butterfly lightness of touch, who tried to squirt the " perfume of the infinite " over his plants.

Van Gogh, the Hollander, who emigrated to Arles in southern France, by way of the Belgian coal mines, is alone in his class. Born syphilitic, a subject for psychiatry, he was possessed of an intense enthusiasm for painting. He took what the Pointillists had to give, elongated their spots into macaroni-like lines, and gave himself up to painting demented people with jagged limbs and hungry faces. Hence his reputation for strength and feeling. But the enthusiasm for him is past. The crazy Dutchman is buried for all time.

It must not be thought that these movements were linked together and ran into one another in such a convenient and obliging manner as I have made them appear. To the contrary, they overlap each other in a disconcerting way. Renoir is doing his best work to-day. Gauguin, dead these eight years, came into art several movements afterward.

At Druet's gallery in the rue Royale we see groups of third and fourth rate painters. We will merely name a few before going on to the one painter who is responsible for them: Manguin, who bases his art, logic and color on Matisse; Friesz, the hardy young devil-may-care apostle of Cézanne, who talks loudly of Poussin, but only, I opine, to hide his discipleship to the greater master of Aix; Guérin, the Gibson of modern paintings, who strives to imitate tapestries; Desvalliers, Sérusier, Laprade and Marquet. There are others; but let us pass them and come at once to the man who has shaken to the foundations the habits of modern painting. This man is Matisse. He first painted Chardinesque still lifes, but finally gave free bent to his talent, and, in becoming the great " Fauve," pushed exaggeration to the ultimate limits. Back of it all, however, was real imagination. While lacking a sense of rhythm, he has a tremendous feeling of form in the static sense and a genius for color opposition which, while rare and delicate, is to the bourgeois shocking and savage. (All harmony to the untutored mind must be dark gray and black with but slight tone contrast.) Matisse at one time was under the influence of negro sculpture, Persian

stuffs and enamels. But this was merely by way of stimulation to one who could no longer react to the old and well-known classic art. He is not to be associated with the "quasi-primitives" (emulators of early Italians) who push to exaggeration the academic principles of the Beaux Arts, and take glory as "back-to-the-naïve-stage" painters—the Zacks and the Rousseaux.

Another group—and a free lance—should be mentioned here. The group, headed by Vuillard and Bonnard, calls itself Intimists. They do mostly interiors of warm grays. The free lance is Valloton, a painter of modern nudes in dry style. These men are mediocrities, fat with the argot of their craft, wooing the ear with transcendental wind-music, flabbergasting the crowds with second-hand art terms. They sensed the change in the trend in modern art. Seeing that they were becoming rooted to academic ground, they made a compromise between their consciences and the bourgeoisie. While still doing work basically academic, they seek to change its aspects by putting on pure color, nine times out of ten worse than their former unified grays. Many of them are becoming rich, and most of them have long contracts with Druet, that tickler of the ignorant. They are the hangers-on, the roustabouts and camp followers of art.

On into muddier waters! A good criticism of Cubism is to be found in the Futurist manifest. They have a desire to freeze everything where it stands, a craze for the static and the solid, for the immovable and the geometric. Picasso is its bona fide originator. He is an artist of undoubted *illustrative* power, in the best sense of the word. What is more, he has a plastic imagination, though this is definitely limited. He has given us some valuable and interesting canvases of cabaret scenes and circus folk. But possessing exceptional ability and being able to attain a quick mastery of every form of work he adopted, he ran into abstraction through sheer ennui. Furthermore, he is Andalusian; he has a desire, highly developed, to astonish the crowd. The result is to be seen in the little gallery back of the Madeleine, which he and several others finance, it is whispered, for the furtherance of—*their* art. His running amuck started by a phrase from one of Cézanne's letters to Emile Bernard in 1904:

"Permettez-moi de vous répéter ce que je vous disais ici: traiter la nature par le cylindre, la sphère, le cône, le tout mis en perspective, soit que chaque côté d'un object, d'un plan, se dirige vers un point central."

Since then his cubic trees and cylindrical rocks have not been slow in coming. His latest canvases are those of an amateur metaphysician on the loose. I remember a canvas covered by little cabalistic signs, tiny lines and pretty angles, fragments of printed words, and other such claptrap—all intended to obfuscate the understanding. But it is scarcely mysterious. He has a large following—Metzinger, Bracq, De la Fresnay, Le Fauconnier, de Segonzac, Gleizes, Picabia, Duchamps, all of the same kidney, but less daring and interesting.

Prettiness is the natural quality of small talents. Whether these talents be employed in pleasing, shocking or astonishing the crowd by using pale rose, green and light blue, pure reds and yellow, or black and brown, they amount to the same in the end. The nice lines and angles and myriad black and white gradations of the Cubists are as essentially pretty and superficial as the copying of landscape in misty pinks and whites. The greatest men have no schools, being too personal, too self-absorbed to reach others. Such men as Michael Angelo, Giotto, Giorgione, El Greco, Cézanne, Renoir and Matisse have at most an influence after they are dead. But this influence is rarely intelligent. Witness the schools formed on their repute—the groups of Druets, Bernheims, or Kahnweilers. They are the outcasts in the house of art.

Even Futurism was but a passing noise, which owed much of its fury to the flying machine craze and auto speeding. It burst on the Paris world like a lion and departed like a lamb. The reason is simple. The Futurists adopted a theory, neglected by some others, and overlooked producing of results. Their æsthetic platform counted for little inasmuch as they were unable to prove their theories. They screamed for dynamism, for the mobile and vibratory, but succeeded only in giving us a disordered display of lines and colors. Had they gone to their illustrious countryman, Michael Angelo, he could have taught them much. He, above all, was the man who understood the

emotion of movement. He produced this emotion by working up friction until the desired result comes as a necessary relief. In his marbles, the sense of life seems to spurt out of the great masses of matter. This spurting emotion is communicated to us with cyclopean power. *We feel it and experience it.* But suppress those massive volumes, those exaggerations of sheer matter, and the movement leaves; the rhythm goes dead. In a Strauss score an ordinary perfect major chord bursts out and intoxicates us with its seeming beauty; whereas a Gounod or a Massenet dins consonant chords into our ears by the hour until we plead for a discord. In the first instance the major chord becomes so intensely desired, that when it does come it is haunting. In the second case, satiety prevents enjoyment. So with Boccioni, Severini and the rest. Their emotional result does not arrive for the reason that they are unable to excite a desire for it.

At the Independent Salon last spring, Paris was treated to what, at first sight, seemed a new movement. It aimed at harmony in color and form (all art does, for that matter), but, unlike Futurism, it failed to have even a theory. It called itself Orphism. Superficially it presented a new aspect. On closer inspection, however, it became evident that it owed its brummagem originality to the fact that the market had been flooded with the black and brown Cubist productions for so long that the reappearance of canvases with a little ultramarine, vermilion and pale green was a novelty. But the results of Orphism are little more than those of Impressionism enlarged and attenuated. Its sponsor, Delaunnay, is an artist of moderate talent; but his immense canvases give off a distinct feeling that the intrinsic elements of the work are diluted. His work, far from being new, may be justly classified under the French painting tradition which comprises Fragonard, Pater, Boucher and Largillière. Outside of him Orphism can boast only of the regular horde of disciples; Hondurans, Métèques, Hungarians and Americans.

This brings us to the latest phase of this chaotic and polyglot age of painting—Synchromism, sired by two Americans, S. Macdonald-Wright and Morgan Russell, which seems destined to have the most far-reaching effects of any art force since Cézanne. Radical, like the others, it is more specific in the *practi-*

cal solution it offers for those problems which have been pending for years. It directs into a definite channel certain technical efforts which have proved futile since the early eighties. Far from being a mere theory founded on metaphysics, it presents the outward signs of an inner and radical transformation in art.

Synchromism attacks more specifically the problems only posed by the Impressionists and Cézanne. After the death of the old Aixois, these problems were relegated to the cupboard of unsolvable things. For thirty years the vital problem of expressing complex emotions in an art of color has been put in moth balls, while painters have hot-footed it after abstractions and problems entirely disconnected from painting. To repeat, color up to now has been used merely as a dramatic or decorative reinforcement of drawing. Synchromism condemns all such use of paint. Instead, it has made color a significant and functional element in painting. An obvious solution, you will say. But to have accomplished it a profound vision of color has been necessary. The Synchromists claim to have discovered the secrets of color, just as the fifteenth century Florentines sensed the meaning of form. For the Synchromist, each color has a separate and distinct meaning of its own as form and light. All of which sounds like obscure scientific theory. But the vital point is, their discoveries have taken the form of æsthetic creation. Their mastery over color is something heretofore unattained. They make it express emotions which have never been felt till the present day. Cézanne claims to have sensed it vaguely, but died complaining that he would never grasp and realize it. In a catalogue the Synchromists say: "Just as a significant drawing done with a few lines and accented curves conveys a complete sensation of form, so a few color masses can, by their intrinsic sympathy with a given volume under certain luminous and spatial conditions, arouse in the spectator the entire experience of the complex reality dealt with." (Is it not indeed true that a few lines of Michael Angelo are worth a mile of nudes from the school of David?) Synchromism has realized that a certain color has a distinct emotional relation to a form in a certain depth of space or in a certain degree of light.

So much for the objective or technical side of their art. It

corresponds in music to the composer's ability to write pieces to express all moods from grave to gay in gamuts and with rhythms separately relative to these moods. Transpose the so-called Moonlight Sonata in C#-minor to the key of C-major, the metronomic speed to be the same as in the " hymn to joy " theme of the Ninth Symphony. Both rhythm and sentiment then rebel against each other. Rewrite *Paradise Lost* in the staccato metre of Poe's *Bells,* and you will have a result in poetry which corresponds to the results obtained frequently in the paintings of even the greatest artists. Painters have begun to realize that pasting a certain color on no matter what form does not work. There is a conflict at once. Both color and form go on strike and spoil the unity of the canvas. But when the color is changed to one sympathetic with this form, both become well behaved and stay where they should. No doubt Synchromism was born as a result of pigeon-holing such observations as these.

The Synchromists' influence is beginning to be felt in Paris, Delaunnay having been wooed even to the name, Synchromism. And in America we recently saw feeble imitations of it at the MacDowell Club.

Their fundamental idea is to express all inherent qualities of painting by color. Thus painting is raised to the æsthetic purity necessary to produce certain ecstasies heretofore experienced only in music. Synchromism has introduced orchestration into painting. By so doing, it will surely bring about changes so radical as to make practically a new art. In fact, this is their claim. Furthermore, they hold their art superior to music because it is more intimately attached to reality. Unlike Impressionism, Synchromism can never be taught in the schools. Carried to its height, it requires a creative imagination more powerful and more highly developed than that of the musical composer. Though essentially human in appeal, it reduces the silly transcribing of objects and subjects to an unimportant minimum. With it, painting becomes almost entirely subjective and wholly creative, but retains at the same time that requisite leaven of the " real " to keep it from the fatal wallows of abstraction.

JUDAISM IN AMERICA

RABBI JOSEPH S. KORNFELD

"WE are at the beginning of the end." Thus declares Israel Zangwill in his address entitled "Territorialism as Practical Politics." "America," he says, "is the land of refuge, but it is also the melting pot. No people in history has been able to live unmelted in the bosom of a bigger people, except when safeguarded by a separate religion. And the religion of American Jewry is not strong and separate enough to save the Jew from absorption."

According to this brilliant English writer, if America were not a solvent of Judaism, it might be a most satisfactory solution of the Jewish problem; since, if only for reasons of self-interest, America will never close her doors to the desirable immigrant. But, as it is, a new and still unsettled territory must speedily be acquired, not so much to insure a place of safety to the persecuted Jew, as to secure a sure dwelling for precarious Judaism. In brief, Judaism in America compels the conclusion: Itoism or no Judaism.

In the face of these alternatives, who, that is not utterly indifferent to the doom or destiny of the religion of Israel, would evade the responsibility that clearly rests upon him? Manifestly it is the duty of the American Jew to investigate the conditions of Judaism in America, and, upon finding them as dismal as Zangwill describes them, change them. Should this, however, be impossible, then, for the preservation of Judaism, he ought either himself to go to Itoland, or, at least, emulate the example of those who, preferring to drink the waters of Babylon, nevertheless escorted the patriots on their way back to Jerusalem, loading them with gifts and invoking on them God's blessing.

What, then, are the conditions of Judaism in America? As set forth by Zangwill, they are as follows: "Thousands of the rising generation have never seen phylacteries, or carried a palm branch, or sat in a tabernacle. . . . The bulk of American Jewry know more of Christian Science than of the Talmud or even the

Mosaic Code"—a statement hardly borne out by the evidence, for the fact that some Jews are Christian Scientists is the best proof that they do not know anything about it. As seen by our English critic, there is very little, if any, difference between the Church and the Temple. "In the Church I am told to be good. In the Temple I am told to be good. In the Church the organ is playing. In the Temple the organ is playing. In the Church Christian choir-girls are singing. In the Temple Christian choir-girls are singing." This, together with the fact that the "Jewish rabbi" preaches that Jesus was a great Hebrew prophet, and the "Episcopalian rabbi" with equal liberality assures his hearers that stress is no longer laid on the Immaculate Conception, is, in the words of Zangwill, "*an instructive* answer given by the emigrant to the reproach that he had joined an Episcopalian congregation." The upshot of it all is that Judaism has ceased to be separate, and, having lost its separateness, its strength is gone.

Evidently Zangwill believes that the law of the Survival of the Fittest admits of, at least, one exception. Or is it possible that in religion separateness and superiority are identical? Surely this is not the biological theory of religion held by the author of *The Next Religion!* To quote Stewart Means, "the highest revelation, the truest religion, comes through the struggle for existence and stands as the highest because it survives and proves through life and history its *working value* and *spiritual worth.*" No religion has survived nor will survive simply because it is separate. Equally inconceivable is it that Zangwill should regard the particular separateness whose rapid disappearance from Judaism in America fills him with such despair as the *sine quâ non* of Judaism. In answer to the question "Lord, who shall sojourn in thy tabernacle, and who shall dwell in thy holy hill?", not a word is said about seeing phylacteries or carrying palm branches, or sitting in a tabernacle. Can it be that the Psalmist, too, was a decadent Jew, that already, twenty-five hundred years ago, we were "at the beginning of the end"? As a practical politician, Zangwill would hardly intimate such a possibility, for that would, indeed, be poor politics; as we might be led to conclude that an end so long in coming is rather endless

and there is no need of hurrying to acquire Itoland to avert a catastrophe so remote.

In order to estimate aright Judaism in America, or, to be more precise, our reform Judaism,—for that is really what Zangwill has in mind,—one ought first to make sure that he has a clear conception of what Judaism is. Whatever else it may connote, essentially Judaism in practice is a social programme, while Judaism in principle is a social ideal. "The Lord of Hosts is exalted in justice and the Holy One is sanctified in righteousness." * "Zion will be saved through justice and they that return of her through righteousness." † To be God's missionary, Israel must be the living exponent of that ideal justice which should obtain among all men and nations to the end that the kingdom of heaven be established on earth. Judaism rests its claim to universality on the fact that justice—the supreme attribute of God and the imperishable need of man—is the very essence of its being. Beside it, everything else is trivial. Unlike Protestantism, which, according to Troeltsch, is "in the first place a religious force, and only in the second or third place a civilizing force in the narrower sense," Judaism is fundamentally a civilizing force. When it ceases to be a civilizing force, it becomes a religious farce. When, therefore, Isaiah appeals, it is for universal justice, and when he dreams, it is of universal peace. When Jeremiah laments, it is because of Israel's disregard of human rights. When Amos arraigns, it is on the charge of inhumanity and immorality. Throughout the Pentateuch, the Prophets, and the Sacred Writings, the one thought that meets one everywhere is that the Soul of Judaism is Social Salvation. Herein lies its world mission. Nor was the hope of its fulfilment ever abandoned even at the time when that hope seemed almost mockery. During the dreary centuries of his persecution, the Jew felt sure that the *Zeman geullah*—the time of deliverance—would come, even though it required a miracle to bring it about. He also knew that, when that time should arrive, his Judaism would have to undergo a marked change. *Leatid laba kol hakarbanot betelin.* He saw clearly that, if he was to Judaize the world, he would first have to adjust his Judaism to life. Hence, when the dawn of

* Isaiah V-16. † Isaiah I-27.

the nineteenth century appeared and the Jew saw in it the dawn of that perfect day when all men will walk in the light of the Lord, he at once began to readjust his Judaism to the larger life into which he was to enter. This readjustment is known as the Reform movement in Judaism and is antecedent to the adjustment of life to Judaism, which will be the Redemptive movement of Judaism—when Judaism will have become the Saviour of Society.

Thus, the mere fact that in America thousands of the rising generation have never seen phylacteries or carried a palm branch, or sat in a tabernacle, by no means justifies the conclusion that the American Jew is doomed, or even in danger of absorption.

> "The outward symbols disappear
> From him whose inward sight is clear."

What if the removal of these and other ceremonies by the past generation has been succeeded by the building of the highway to our God on the part of the present generation? Would not then what Zangwill regards as a symptom of decay really be the truest sign of life? The danger of the disappearance of the American Jew becomes real only if, having adjusted his Judaism to life, he is either unable or unwilling to proceed with the further adjustment of life to the principles of Judaism; but then his safety lies in a change of heart, not of home.

Assuming our interpretation of Judaism to be correct, let us now examine the conditions of Judaism in America. Does the American Jew realize the divine purpose of his being? Does he "beware lest he forget the Lord," or does he "go after other gods, the gods of the people that are about him"? Does he "know and lay it to heart that the Lord is God in the heaven above, and upon the earth beneath, and that there is none else"? Does he "keep His statutes and His commandments that he may prolong his days in the land which the Lord hath given him"? Does he, by his life, point out the direction to Social Salvation? Does he protect the compass from deflection, or does he allow himself to drift wherever the currents of civilization would carry him? In other words, is his Life Service so distinguished as to save him from absorption?

Speaking of the migration of the Jews, Zangwill assures us that most of them will follow the branch lines, only the select few choosing the central line. Radically though we differ as to the terminus of that line—Itoland according to Zangwill, while according to us, Judaism as the Saviour of Society—we are yet agreed that the central line is not popular with the Jew. He has a decided preference for the branch lines. And again we agree with Zangwill, "all the Jews on the branch line are going nowhere." They have neither message nor mission. Let us see where the bulk of American Jewry is to be found.

Hordes of our brethren follow the bread line. What can these overburdened and underfed princes of God teach the heathen world?—that, notwithstanding all that cometh out of the mouth of the Lord, millions must live by bread alone? A fact so commonplace hardly requires divine revelation. Some, more fortunate, follow the gold line. What can the poor *goyim* learn from these?—that above all wisdom is to have and to hold? That, too, is nothing new. If there is one great truth in the Gospels that men have taken to heart, it is that "whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have abundance: but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even what he hath." No wonder they are all striving to belong to the "haths." Then, again, there are some who follow the sham line. Not the least among these are the divinely appointed guardians of the "poor people" with whose money they build and maintain for them magnificent institutions of benevolence. What can these pious frauds teach us?—that charity covers a multitude of sins? As if we had not known that all along! Quite a number follow the fad line. To this class belongs the social settlement Jew. One hesitates to belittle a work to which men and women of the finest type are dedicating themselves. Yet, despite or rather because of our admiration for them, we would remind them that the social settlement is by no means the central institution in Judaism as some have come to believe. At best, it is a poor settlement on the branch line. In our ecstasy over one Mary Antin, whom Hale House has helped into the Promised Land, let us not forget that there are thousands of Mary Mortons and Carrie Ber-

kowitzes whom the Rivington Street settlement will not help to leave the House of Bondage.

Unquestionably, "the Jews on the branch line are going nowhere." To escape absorption, the American Jew must take the central line—the Way of Holiness. It alone leads to Social Salvation and, hence, to the preservation of the Jew; for only by saving can the Jew be saved. If, as Zangwill insists, separateness be essential for the survival of the Jew, then surely he can do no better than take that line, for notwithstanding all the advertising Christianity has given it, it is still untravelled. True, once in a great while some lone traveller walks there, but when he asserts that the unclean do not pass over it, that no lion walks there, and the ravenous beasts do not go up thereon, then he is jeered at, for who but a fool could believe that there is such a way in this world! Indeed, it will be a long time before the eyes of the blind shall be opened and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. If the Jew is to be the light of the Gentiles, he must be the first to walk there. He must speak the *leshon hakodesh,* the language of holiness, and evince the *ruah hakodesh,* the spirit of holiness, in his Life Service. In other words, he must demonstrate to the world Judaism as Practical Politics. To illustrate our meaning, a few examples may not be amiss.

In spite of all the national and international peace congresses that have been held in recent years, there is not a single nation that sincerely believes in peace. Even the most enlightened of "Christian nations" annually votes for the construction of two or more battleships, justifying its brutal policy by the hypocritical claim that the surest guarantee of peace is to be prepared for war. Now, if Israel's mission is peace, should not the Jew, especially those who supply the sinews of war, insist that "the work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect thereof quietness and security forever"? *

The patriotic citizens of a great State demand a law denying aliens the right to own land, thereby giving unmistakable evidence of their love of country, and incidentally, of their love of their enemies. Should not the American Jew, whose love of country and whose loyalty to American institutions cannot be ques-

*Isaiah XXII. 17.

tioned, protest: "And if a stranger sojourn with thee in your land, ye shall not do him wrong. The stranger that sojourneth with you shall be as the home-born among you. And thou shalt love him as thyself"? *

The people are seized with a spasm of reform because, forsooth, they have learned of the terrible inroads that the social evil is making into the health of the nation. Their alarm being caused by the damaged goods, not the damned souls, naturally their solution is based on safety, not sanctity. At such a time where is the Jew to proclaim, not with his lips, but with his life, that the only sure remedy for this ancient evil is the ancient conscience? "Holy shall ye be, for I, the Lord your God, am holy." †

Take the contest between labor and capital. One wonders whether this struggle will ever cease. Certain it is that it will not, so long as the parties to the struggle regard each other reciprocally as beasts of burden and birds of prey. For a time, the former may be subdued by being beaten into insensibility, and the latter restrained by clipping their claws, but the conflict will be renewed with so much greater fierceness when the erstwhile disabled combatants have recovered their strength. Again, it is the Jew who should show the world that man belongs not to the animal kingdom, but to the kingdom of heaven. "Have we not all one Father, hath not one God created us, why then do we deal treacherously every man against his brother?" ‡ A sense of brotherhood—herein lies the solution of the greatest of modern problems. Starvation wages would be impossible if the employer saw in his employee his own real brother. Nor should we need stringent laws against child labor; for who would stunt the child of his own real brother? With a wage scale based on brotherhood and service rendered in the spirit of brotherhood, what room would there be for strikes, boycotts, or sabotage? Instead of an impersonal "labor" and "capital" we should then have rich and poor brothers, the one forgetting his richness, the other forgetting his poverty, in the remembrance that they are brothers. Verily, salvation is of Judaism. If its practicability has not yet become patent, it is because it has not yet been practised. Surely it is not too much to ask of the Jew that he begin!

* Lev. XIX. 33, 34. † Lev. XIX. 2. ‡ Mal. II. 10.

A Jewish university student who maintains that one cannot be a good Jew unless he speaks Hebrew, asked me the other day what Reform Judaism required of its adherents. Upon being told, in substance, the contents of this paper he naïvely asked me, " Do you mean that? " When I assured him that that was my sincere belief he indignantly exclaimed, " Why do you expect the Jew to be better than anybody else, sacrificing, sacrificing all the time? " I replied, " But for that, what would be the use of being a Jew? "

Claude G. Montefiore has well said, " Liberal Judaism is not an easy Judaism, but a hard Judaism." It is Judaism at the summit; and, in the words of Friedrich Nietzsche, " Life is hardest at the summit—the cold increases, the responsibility increases."

The closing sentence of Zangwill's notable address, which inspired the present writing, reads, " Disappearance of the Jew would be comedy; continuance, tragedy; reappearance, an epic poem." With all deference to that master of the literary art, I would say reappearance does not, necessarily, make the epic. Certainly the reappearance of the Jew, as a nation, under the present humiliating conditions, would be a travesty. Not the reappearance but the perseverance of Ulysses makes the Odyssey an epic poem. With this change, I know of no words more compelling wherewith to conclude this appeal to American Israel. Disappearance of the American Jew would be comedy; continuance, tragedy; perseverance, an epic poem. Disappearance of the Jew in America, where every opportunity is given him not only for freest self-expression, but also fullest self-realization, would, in view of his centuried sufferings for the attainment of these very things, be a comedy. Continuance in our present state of self-complacency because of our complete emancipation, forgetful of our high mission to be the Saviour of Society—would be tragedy; for we would murder the Soul of Israel. Perseverance in the adjustment of life to Judaism to the end that humanity's sorrow and sighing may flee away,—that will be an epic poem.

Judaism in America! Comedy, tragedy or epic poem,—which shall it be?

IRISH NATIONALISM

A Humbug

James David Kenny

THE legend—Téanoa in Éirinn.—was stamped on the side of a flour-sack. I asked the woman of the house, who was scooping flour out of the sack, what it meant. She didn't know. I asked her husband. He didn't know. Irish was the native tongue of both. Their mothers prayed to God in Irish that they might be carried safely over the perils of maternity at the birth of each. Irish were the first sounds that fell upon their infant ears.

It may be assumed that the legend so branded on the flour-sack was put there as a concession to the national sentiment of the Irish. But what practical or rational purpose could it subserve if it was wholly unintelligible to those who knew Irish as a spoken tongue? None. Putting it there was a mere humbug. It was worse than a humbug, because, while the flour may have been made in Ireland, the wheat out of which it was ground wasn't grown there. Not a single grain of it. Nor was the sack made in Ireland, nor the cloth out of which it was manufactured; nor was the jute, hemp, or cotton out of which the cloth was spun grown on Irish soil. Neither was the ship that brought the wheat into Ireland made there; nor did it fly an Irish flag; nor was it officered by Irish men; nor was it manned by Irish hands. The legend, therefore, was not merely a humbug, it was largely a fraud.

A few days afterwards, at a cattle-fair, or general market, in the neighboring village, about a mile away, a ballad-singer, from Iar-Connaught, was singing a song in Irish, probably hoping that it would appeal to the national sentiment of those who stood by, and bring him a few extra pennies. A band of bosthoons gathered around him, and began to laugh and jeer at him for insulting their ears and their intelligence with a song sung in a barbarous and unknown tongue.

The following Sunday, at the door of the Catholic church in

the same village, a collection was taken up in order to get funds to promote the study and cultivation of the Irish language. There wasn't a word of Irish spoken by those who took part in that collection. It didn't seem to occur to any of them that they could and would do more for Irish by simply talking it to one another than they could by applying any fund they might collect to the purchase of books that would never be read. The collection was made in good faith, but the whole transaction was a humbug. A mere humbug, because a language is a thing that grew up out of necessity, and is intended for everyday use, and must die unless everyday use is made of it. Bottling it up in a book, and putting it away on a shelf, to be taken down and looked at as a curiosity, once in a year, or in five years, only helps to kill it. It does not keep it alive.

Let us step inside the door of the church, and try to form an impartial estimate of what the Church itself has done to promote the study and cultivation of Irish. The official language of the Catholic Church, as everybody knows, is Latin. With one or two small exceptions, it is the same everywhere throughout the world. The service is the same everywhere. It always has been. *Semper eadem* is the Church's motto. Therefore, directly as an organization, it is concerned in no way with the study of Irish; and absolutely, as a matter of fact, it has done nothing whatever to foster the study of Irish from the day it first came into Ireland until now.

In my recollection an Irish sermon was never preached from the altar of that church; and if any use was ever made of the Irish language by any clergyman, since the church was built, it was in ministering to those who could not understand him in any other way. Except where coerced into it, he used English as the language most convenient for himself, and didn't give a second thought to the preservation of the Irish language.

Educationally, it has always been the same with the Irish clergy. Adamnan begins the preface of his life of St. Columba with these words, translated literally from his Latin into English by Dr. Fowler: "Forasmuch as I wish to comply with the importunities of the brethren, and am about to write, with Christ's help, the life of our blessed patron, I will first take care

to remind my readers that they should give credence to the ascertained facts here related, and think of the matter rather than the words, which, as I myself consider, seem to be unpolished and rude, and should remember that the kingdom of God standeth not in abundance of speech, but in excellency of faith; and not despise the rehearsal of events profitable to us, and that happened not without the help of God, on account of some obscure names of persons, or tribes, or places in the barbarous Scotic (Irish) tongue, which is becoming, as I think, of small account among the various other languages of foreign nations."

In the face of such contempt as this, expressed 1200 years ago by the principal ecclesiastical scholar of early Christian Ireland, speaking of the most illustrious native saint, the marvel is that Irish is still a living language. For it is not too much to say, in the face of a statement like that, that the clergy did all they could to kill it.

Politically, Irish Nationalism has never been anything to the Church but a disturbing influence, to which it has been in its heart hostile. When St. Patrick, on his apostolic mission, came to the neighborhood of Tara, and invited a conference with the King, one of Laori's followers suggested to him not to be too cordial in his reception of the strangers, because some day they might shoulder him out of his own place. That far-sighted forecast has been realized in an extraordinary way.

There isn't a statue anywhere in Ireland to-day to commemorate the life work of any native prince, dynast, or leader that ever ruled over the land. Not one. There *is* a statue of St. Patrick on the hill of Tara in Meath. What business has such a statue to be in such a place? If there is any part of Irish earth, anywhere in this whole world, around which the idea of Irish nationality centres, it is about Tara of the Kings. It is the one and only place at which anything like an Irish parliament ever came together to formulate Irish laws in the Irish language for the better government of the whole country. It is the only point at which native authority ever existed to levy taxes over the whole country for the common good. It is the ancient seat of the native national executive. It was the headquarters of the only definite attempt ever made by Irish men, or

Irish kings, to organize a national army with a life extending beyond one campaign. Of all other places in Ireland it is the least appropriate on which to erect a monument to commemorate the labors of the foremost representative of a Church which is, by its very nature, anti-national in its world policy. A statue of Queen Elizabeth, of Oliver Cromwell, or of William III, erected in the same place, could not more emphatically express the idea of conquest, the overthrow of the independent sovereignty of Ireland. This confusion of religion with patriotism, to the destruction of the material things by which a nation is kept alive, is not merely a humbug, it is a fraud.

To analyze the causes that lead up to the decay of Nationalism in any country is a difficult task, because a multitude of those causes, operating with different intensity and at different places and times, may all contribute to the same end. A fairly just conclusion may be arrived at more easily, in regard to Ireland, by taking a glance at the history of a single representative family, the descendants, or the supposed descendants, of an ancient native Irishman.

About 1800 years ago a man, named Mo Nooa, belonging to the daor-stock men, or common people of the day, as distinguished from the gentleman, was the servant, or bailiff, of the principal dynast in Ulster at that time, called Coarpri the Ever-just. Whatever this servant, or bailiff, may have been to his master, who had acquired a reputation for a high sense of personal honor, he was a forestaller and gombeen-man on his own account, but with the courage to back up his craft by physical force, and the ability to assert and make good his claims. By one wile or another he succeeded in getting people in many parts of Ireland indebted to him; and, finally, in return for advances of seed wheat, he set up a claim to levy bonaght over part of Munster. It was the same trick, in a somewhat different form, by which James FitzThomas, more than 1000 years later, in the same place, raised himself from a small squire into a great gentleman. And, as in the case of the Geraldines, it won. This Mo Nooa was the direct ancestor of Brian Boru.

It is not necessary, from the point of view of Nationalism, to say any more about this Brian than that he was the man of

Clontarf; and that he, the father, his son, and his grandson, laid down their lives on the same day, and on the same field, for Ireland, dying in the arms of Victory. That was the culminating point; but then came the retrogression. It began the day after the battle. From a position of military preëminence, and the status of a national army, the clansmen and followers of Brian sank, at once, to that of a local territorial levy. They even had to fight their way back from the shores of Dublin bay, through tribal enemies, to their own homes in Thomond. If it had been nothing more than a retrogression, a return to the territory recognized to be theirs, their work for Ireland would have been done, and they could have gone ahead and put in the crops, satisfied with having done their duty. But it did not stop at that; there came a change in the quality of the metal out of which they, and their descendants, were made; the temper went out of the steel; the iron out of the backbone of those who prided themselves on gaining their ends by the strong hand, until, some generations after the victory, they were hunted off the field in a battle with some of their tribal enemies. The Four Masters call attention to it, and comment on the fact that the Dalcassians, who, up to that time, had uniformly chased their enemies before them, for the first time in their history showed their backs to them on the field of battle in a fair fight.

In the sixteenth century the Spanish infantry were the most formidable troops in the world. After their defeat, at the battle of Rocroy, they never recovered their old prestige. Neither did the Dalcassians, after this defeat, ever recover their military eminence of the past. Here and there the old warlike spirit broke out again, as when they killed De Clare and drove his followers out of Thomond. But that was the last of it. The gentlemen of the sept, in the next generation, sold out their country for English titles and grants of land in fee. They apostatized from the ancient faith, abandoned the Irish language, and the Irish law, and, as is the case with turn-coats, they became, in a manner, more English than the English themselves. Some people make a virtue out of necessity, and justify prostitution as an alternative to starvation. But it wasn't in any way necessary for those gentlemen at that time so to debase them-

selves in order to hold what their fathers had held before them. There was no weight of military force pressing on them in 1542. Their act was due to a mere rotting of the fibre of the stuff out of which they were made was spun. They were simply degenerates.

The battle of Kinsale was one of the decisive events in Irish history. The descendant and representative of Brian Boru, no longer an Irish dynast but the Earl of Thomond, fought on the English side on that day, and was the first to urge them on to the attack upon his own countrymen. If he had fought on the Irish side, the side to which history, manhood, and duty to his country called him, it would have been another Clontarf for Ireland. A prominent writer says that on that day Lord Thomond made history. So he did by raising himself on the dead body of his country, as his forestalling forefather raised himself over the impoverished wheat farmers of Munster. It was a far cry from the extortioner of the second century to the bloodhound of the seventeenth, but the spirit of both was the same. Self first: country nowhere. Ireland, a nation, is indebted to him and his for the loss of Ulster, and for the three hundred years of ruin that succeeded the defeat of Kinsale.

Their territory was sacked from end to end, more than once during that war, by native Irishmen, for their treachery. One would think that they could not sink any lower down than this, but that wasn't the end of it. A few generations later they went out to fight for James II, and were entrapped into an ambuscade before the battle of the Boyne, and routed. At Aughrim they ran away. This time their territory was sacked from end to end by Englishmen; the estates given by Crown patent to their grandfathers for selling out their country were taken away from those among them who were officers in the Jacobite army, and sold to English and Dutch settlers; and their followers were shot down, or driven into bogs and mountains and nearly annihilated. Houses were burned down so as to deprive people of shelter and reduce them to the condition of wild beasts; and the land was looted of flocks and herds, and so utterly devastated that a crow flying over it could find nothing to pick up but beetles, worms and grubs, wild denizens of the fields like itself.

This was no more than a fitting retribution for the mistake, to call it by no more harsh a name, made by their grandfathers in helping those English to destroy the dynasts and people of Ulster nearly a hundred years before. And by one process after another of degeneration and decay they have, gradually but steadily, step by step, sunk down into a community of assassins. Anybody who deals with them now, and has occasion to differ from them in interest or opinion, has to look forward to cold-blooded murder as the recognized method of settling differences.

From Mo Nooa, through 900 years of tribal strife and national war, up to Brian and the men of Clontarf, than whom no better men ever stood on Irish earth, is a long and wonderful story. From Brian, and those who died beside him on the field for Ireland, through 900 years of tribal wars and national strife down to the last scoundrel who shot his neighbor, or his neighbor's wife, in the back and in the dark, in his own quarrel, is an equally long and memorable record, a study in Nationalism and in national life, in the rise and fall of races and of men, well worth the consideration of anyone.

The question is: where is Irish Nationalism to-day in such a community as this? It isn't there. It isn't there any more than it was there when Clare's dragoons went out to fight for a worthless Scotsman against an equally worthless and crooked Dutchman, neither of whom cared anything about Ireland. And if this is a typically representative and leading nationalist community, as it is said to be, what is the rest of it? If this is a comedy, or a tragedy, the rest of it is a farce. In this particular instance, which is purely Irish in its origin and throughout its entire history, the idol had clay feet to begin with, and, in the lapse of ages, when put to the crucial test, it fell back into the mud out of which it sprang.

Let us turn, for a moment, to the family that, after more than 1000 years, repeated the tactics of Mo Nooa in Desmond; for that family has been held up, by those who can't or won't distinguish between one thing and another, as Irish and nationalist. The Geraldines—who were they? The descendants of an Italian chef, the major-domo or cook of Edward the Confessor. That people of that kind, for even if their antecedents

should be better than this, their origin is alien, and their advancement into public notice and place a thing of yesterday, by comparison with the antiquity of Ireland and the Irish, should come to be thought representative of Irish Nationalism is a wonder and a puzzle. They were the bitterest enemies that the Irish had for hundreds of years; their hands are red with Irish blood; they were the special agents and deputies in Ireland for generations of one faction of the warring English kings; and played a double-handed game, Irish to-day and English to-morrow, not for either one country or the other, for they belonged to neither, but for their own advantage. Where is the Nationalism in such stuff as that? It isn't there. It never was there. It is a humbug, always was a humbug, and couldn't be anything else.

Take any of the modern movements in Ireland that are said to be, or to have been, nationalistic, analyze them, and the same is found to be true. O'Connell's agitation had Catholicism, not Nationalism, for its basis. Religion, not patriotism, was the moral force and motive power behind it, and without that spiritual quality it would have amounted to nothing. There was faith in those days, not hypocrisy as a cover for pushing business, and priests and people stood together in their effort to free themselves from the consequences of the Penal laws, and to shake off the burden of an alien Church which they never went near, and which was a mere leach and vampire as far as the country was concerned, one of the despicable humbugs with which it has been cursed. The Liberator was the steady and consistent advocate of moral force; and, perhaps, no man that ever lived in the world had the natural eloquence, and the personal magnetism, to carry great multitudes with him up almost to the muzzle of the gun without arms in their hands.

But there he stopped. Religion is a spiritual thing. Its empire is over the mind or the soul. It is itself, under certain circumstances, a moral force; and it may, and can, and must be sustained by the moral force of faith. But a nation can not be. Without the sword in its hand it is only the ox led up to the slaughter. Any conception of Nationalism that leaves out this fundamental principle is only a humbug and a mockery; and it

was at that point that the great advocate of moral force and religious freedom ceased to be, or failed to be, a nationalist. He was a great orator, a great advocate and parliamentarian, and a great Catholic, but nothing more.

The Fenian movement of later times was an Irish-American, not an Irish, movement, that originated among ex-soldiers of the federal army. Having acquired a military training and experience, they sought to turn the lessons learned in war against the Government at whose hands Ireland and they had suffered. But the movement was a military and republican one out of harmony with the trend of native Irish events. In attempting to implant, by force, a system of government, only then being put to test in the New World, in an ancient state, with the memory of 5000 years of patriarchal life behind it, it missed the historical continuity of Irish national life; and, even if it had succeeded, it would not have been national. The very name they chose for themselves was unfortunate; for the most noble, and truly national, race of kings that ever ruled in Ireland was overthrown and destroyed, at the battle of Gaura, by the Fenians of the past.

The Parnell movement that came later centred around a remarkable personality. It originated almost solely with himself, and was carried further forward than he ever intended that it should go by a savage outburst of agrarianism, with which he had no sympathy, but which happened to synchronize exactly with it. Take the agrarianism out of it, and what would it have been? Mere politics: an effort on the part of a parliamentary tactician of consummate ability to acquire personal power. The personal element was everything, the national nothing. That personality thought more of an English woman than it did of the Irish nation, and would have abandoned one for the other at any time for years. While it was a parliamentary power, and a great one, that might have been used by the Irish, if they were wise, instead of flinging it down and erecting a monument over it when dead, as Irish Nationalism, it was a humbug and a fraud; and it bit the dust, and went down to death, for that reason.

The Irish movement of this generation is not national, it is agrarian. To make that clear it is only necessary to look at the condition of Ulster. For nearly forty years the aim of the

occupants of land in the other three provinces has been to become owners in fee of their farms. All this time they put forward love of country as the stimulant actuating them to acquire title to the land. In other words, the basis of their claim to become owners instead of occupiers was that the landlords were aliens with foreign sympathies, while they themselves were nationalists and Irishmen. But while they were buying the land in one part of the country under this claim, making nationalism a cover for agrarianism, the tenant farmers in Ulster have been just as active in buying out the landlords in that province. They profited directly by the enormous sums of money sent over from the United States to maintain the representatives of those who made Nationalism their claim to title in fee of land, and who made Home Rule their cry with which to raise money to forward the agitation for its transfer to them from the landlords, while they themselves either remained silent, or were openly and bitterly anti-national. And the so-called nationalist representatives looked on at the transfer of the land of Ulster, merely from one class to another, independent of the fundamental reason why there should be any transfer at all, and never said a word, or raised a protest.

If you take any part of Ulster and transfer it in fee-simple from one Anglo-Irish landlord to one hundred Anglo-Irish, or Scotch-Irish tenants, how much more Irish is it after the transfer than it was before? Is it not one hundred times less? And yet it is in the face of such a set of facts as this that the parliamentary representatives of the majority of the Irish people dare to call themselves Nationalists. Was there ever such a humbug?

The recovery of the province of Ulster is a fundamental principle of Irish nationalism, otherwise Ireland, a Nation, is dead. As between the agrarianism of the alien and the enemy of the country of his birth, and the spirit of nationality, there is no compromise. It is a question of life or death for one or the other. No nation can afford to surrender one square-foot of its territory, one rock rising up out of the sea along its shore, to its enemies. To do so means death or degradation. Any policy that ignores this, or denies it, is not Nationalism. It is a humbug and a fraud.

There is a money-lending corporation in Ireland, at the present time, that calls itself the "National" Bank. It appears to have been founded by O'Connell with some idea of Nationalism in money matters in the back of his head. Its principal office is in *London*. It would not be less truly national if its head office were in Rome or at Jerusalem. It is as national as the landlords. When the land-shark steps out the loan-shark steps in. That is the length and breadth of its nationality. It is the same with everything else in the country that makes an open profession, or silent pretence, of Nationalism; from the sordid peasant behind his mud fence, insane in his greed for the soil, and with murder, not love of country, in his heart, to the place-hunter, who pretends to love Ireland in order that he may get a chance to sell it. Patriotism may be the last refuge of a scoundrel in England; but, in Ireland, Nationalism is not the last refuge of a humbug, it is the first.

When critically analyzed, or when looked at honestly and fairly, what passes for Irish Nationalism in these days is a detestable imposition from beginning to end, a mere humbug. There ought, when dealing with such a sacred thing as national life, to be some sincerity in men's words and in their acts, in their minds and in their hearts.*

*For a different view, see *A Nation in Ireland*, by Darrell Figgis, in the March, April, May and June numbers of The Forum.

THE PRESENT-DAY COLLEGE

J. A. Reed

A PESSIMISTIC view of college education, shared alike by the college itself, by such thoughtful parents as are sufficiently interested to inspect and form an unbiased estimate of the results of college education, and even by the boys themselves prior to attaining the rank of upperclassmen, is generally conceded throughout the country to-day. An intelligent public is awakening to the fact that our higher educational institutions are not fulfilling the hopes of their founders and supporters, and are not meeting the needs of the nation.

HOW THE COLLEGE ESTIMATES ITSELF

The college's estimate of itself is clearly revealed in an extraordinary series of criticisms which have seemed worthy of indorsement by the press, and have been printed over the signatures of college faculty members.

Among these we might mention President Wilson's remark on "side shows"; the newspaper sympathy for one who was trying to make an educational institution out of Princeton, followed promptly by the President's declaration that he did not wish to be president of a Country Club whatever position he might appear to be occupying; President Hall's anxiety for the student who for four years was exposed to the contagion of a college education; and worst of all, the remark of an official, in one of our most reputable colleges, to the disappointed father of one of its students, "You did not think you were choosing an educational institution, did you?"

THE LAYMAN'S ESTIMATE

The same class of expressions can be found among laymen. One keen observer writes, "A college is a factory for turning raw material into case-hardened athletes, kid-finished society leaders . . . Its work is marvellous. It can take an eighteen year old youth with premature trousers, hay-stack hair, . . . and in four years can work him over into a calm-eyed football

champion." Another enumerates the subjects offered in the modern curriculum as follows: How to keep a dance programme straight; Eating in all its branches; How to live on credit; Frat. House construction; The Science of making the hair stand up straight; etc.

The "Uncooked Beefsteak" stories, to one familiar with the institutions of New York and New Jersey, offer much of truth, and comparatively little fiction.

THE STUDENT'S ESTIMATE

But the sting of mature criticism is as nothing compared with the biting sarcasm of student censure. No keener and no juster estimate of our higher educational system is to be found than that which is placed upon it by students, who for four years have been subjected to the supervision and tutelage of would-be educators; educators who too often trifle with characters and futures, experiment in the dark, and allow their charges to fritter away their richest inheritance—youth.

SCIENTIFIC STUDY DEMANDED

Recognition of these unsatisfactory conditions warns us that the time is ripe for a scientific study of higher education. It is time for the public to know where our colleges are failing, and why, and to demand such reorganization as will force each institution to justify its existence by the success of its methods, or admit its failures and retire from business. It is time for the public purse strings to refuse to respond to demands which are making so inadequate a return.

It makes no difference how often the individual college may have won at athletics, how many fraternity chapters it may have established, how much dramatic or musical recognition it may have received. The age of the college, the number and respectability of the alumni, the actual numerical grades, the number of Phi Beta Kappas, are all secondary to the one important question—has each individual student received an adequate return on his financial investment, and more than that, on the four best years of his young manhood?

THE OBJECT OF THE COLLEGE COURSE

Consensus of opinion would declare that the natural results of a college course should be good judgment and a disciplined mind. That the college man should be able to think more accurately, investigate more thoroughly, decide more impartially, take a broader view, and reason more logically than the non-college man.

But does the college accomplish this object? Does it send out into the world men who are abler in intellect, purer in heart, stronger in right living and right thinking as a result of its four years of influence? Sometimes it does, but too often it does not. No one has yet computed the percentage of college failures based upon such a standard, but from estimates furnished by a large number of faculty men it would seem that at least fifty per cent. of the financial investment, and of youth, is wasted. During their college course thousands of young men are fitted or unfitted to solve efficiently the problems of the future. These problems will be more difficult and more complex than ours. It is our duty so to prepare our boys to meet this great responsibility that the future of our country may be safe in their hands.

Looked at from this point of view, higher education is one of the most important business undertakings of the day. Knowledge of its successes and failures is pre-requisite to increased efficiency.

CAUSES OF FAILURE

Several causes appear to be of more influence than others. First among these one may note that the colleges are receiving too many boys who should never have gone to college at all. This is due largely to two errors: (1) improper motives for attending college, and (2) the character of entrance requirements.

A large number of young men have been interviewed as to their motives for attending college. Some had no excuse to offer at all, and did not even pretend to have any motive. Some had parents who were college graduates, and, as loyal sons, desired their children to share in the benefits of their alma mater; parents of others had not had college advantages, and were anxious to give their sons the opportunities which they had missed. Some

were influenced by fraternity friends who had painted college life in rainbow colors and pledged a merry time; others were not backward in admitting that " Dad had the dough " and was willing to give them a good time before the serious duties of life began. This latter type is eagerly sought by the fraternities, while the question of what to do with the rich man's son is seriously disturbing some of our older New England colleges. Faculties of these institutions frankly admit that they are not drawing their share of scholarship material, that honors go to the poor, non-fraternity man, but that as private institutions they must encourage the coming of the rich as their very existence depends upon the contributions of this class of alumni. Sometimes athletics, or glee club, or dramatics, was cited as the great attraction; or, again, that it was customary for boys from the " best families " to go to college. It is marvellous how these words " best boys " and " best families " seem to predominate in the college dictionary; marvellous, in this democratic country, how many parents grow weak-kneed and even bow to the ground, when confronted with the fact that " all the best families allow it."

These, and many other motives of their kind, are in direct opposition to our recognized object of the college course. Less than five per cent. of the entire number interviewed were attending college for the love of learning, and these were mostly men of mature years and little money. It is a severe indictment of American standards that so large a percentage of boys from " our best families," aged eighteen to twenty years, graduates of our secondary schools, enter upon any enterprise with no definite, serious, carefully considered motive. There is a sad lack somewhere, and the responsibility must be shared alike by the school which gives, and the college which takes.

As to entrance requirements, neither the examination nor the certification system has proved satisfactory. The former permits too many students to enter below requirements, and the latter lacks uniformity in standards to such an extent that the same grade of work may be estimated at from 75 per cent. to 90 per cent. Neither has a combination of the two systems been satisfactory, and many educators are coming to believe that no satisfactory entrance system will be established until the motive

for attendance is recognized as the controlling factor in entrance requirements.

Colleges and preparatory schools could soon eradicate the evils of the present system by agreeing that none but college material should be certified or admitted to colleges.

Some experiments have already been made in this direction. In the entrance requirements for the Carnegie Technical Institute, in Pittsburgh, 50 per cent. is based upon a personal interview in which the motive is the main feature. About 20 per cent. of the applicants are accepted. But, as is well known, Mr. Carnegie is a business man, he understands relative values, and his eye is constantly on the waste heap. He is looking for quality, not quantity, and in our average institution faculty, alumni, and trustees are all so bent on " enrollment " that it would be almost impossible to inaugurate such a system. The Columbia University Honor Plan is another experiment along the same lines, and Reed College, in Oregon, has made splendid promises as to its standards and policy. This latter institution has one great advantage—it is being organized in the full light of all the recent criticisms, and should be able to avoid the necessity of reorganization, as well as the difficulty of overcoming tradition. In many colleges half the battle would be won if only the alumni could be convinced.

A SECOND CAUSE OF FAILURE

The second cause of failure is to be found in the " diverting side shows." It has been claimed that the side issues in college life lead to vagrant habits, both physical and mental, and therefore furnish a second link in the chain which has been forged to defeat the true object of college education. The most attractive side shows are fraternity life, various forms of athletics, and dramatic and musical clubs. It is a well known fact, although not always visible to the untrained, naked eye, that these side shows usually begin long before a boy enters college, and that they become bewilderingly visible, both to the victim and to the spectator, the minute the freshman steps off the train in the town which shelters his would-be alma mater.

Fraternity stunts predominate in the first ring. The follow-

ing features offer grounds for criticism and reorganization—the rushing system, the social features of the club, and their moral and intellectual influence.

There is, in this country, a certain old college of excellent repute which has been accorded a position of superiority over all others in the advantage of its fraternity system. I had an opportunity to study this system in detail. After forming some independent opinions, I began to question the source of the various press reports which had been circulated so freely for a decade or more, and which had been generally believed by our gullible public. In every instance the material had been provided by loyal faculty, or alumni, and a pen and ink investigation was being accepted by the press as an accurate statement of fact.

The rules read well. Boys are met at the trains and given appointment cards by representatives of the various fraternities, no more than three boys from any one fraternity being allowed to meet any one train. A new boy is supposed to receive an invitation to visit each fraternity house, the issuance and acceptance of which leaves no obligation on either side. A second invitation from the same fraternity hints at a "bid," which is later issued in a dignified manner by a senior, after he is sure that the boy has had perfect freedom to know all groups. The entire pledging is accomplished in two days, and then, as we read it, the subject is dropped and the whole college settles down to a period of brotherly love, no initiation being permitted until six weeks after pledging. The object of this rule is two-fold: (1) to give the boys a chance to concentrate their best efforts on study while they are adapting themselves to the college system, and (2) to allow mutual acquaintance before initiation.

So much for the rules. This is the way they work out. On Monday the boys begin to arrive. As the train slows down the whole delegation of cultured students, always representing the "best families," enters into one wild scramble to make porters and lackeys of themselves for the stranger within their gates. Some of the new boys are fraternity wise and enter intending to play the game for all it is worth. They know when to trump, when to play the ace, and they know full well when they are playing the thirteenth card. Occasionally the entire fraternity dele-

gation is made to feel pretty small by some knowing freshman, but the majority of the boys are sufficiently unsophisticated to be torn asunder by the older and wiser men. Two days of wild scrambling and dishonorable wire pulling will result in the pledging of about ninety per cent. of the freshmen to *something*. Any boy who considers this too rapid a pace is frankly informed that the door of hope will close forever on a certain night, and that such golden opportunities and such flattering invitations will not pass his way a second time.

Next come the six weeks of brotherly love. The Pan-Hellenic world knows more than it cares to publish as to the actual happenings of this period. During one year one-tenth of all the boys who made these hasty pledges informed their prospective brothers that, had they known the other fraternities better, they would have made a different choice, and asked to be released. When a senior was asked if this were true he replied, " Yes, and another one-tenth have been asked to resign." It would appear to me far more creditable to carry on this six weeks of mutual acquaintance *before* the boys are pledged, rather than *after*.

You will scarcely wonder that I smile when I read, " And it is doubtful if there is another college where the fraternity conditions have been higher and where the fraternities have done better work." Then follows, " Most of the members of the faculty are members of some fraternity and thoroughly appreciate the power of the fraternities, and the good work they do." There is absolutely no doubt that the faculty does appreciate, and that other faculties have appreciated the power of the fraternities. This statement has in some instances been so near the truth that insurgent members of faculties have been known to joke freely as to the real power behind the throne.

It is so perfectly well known, and so candidly acknowledged among faculties that drinking, gambling, immoralities, idleness, and various forms of extravagance are encouraged in clubs and fraternities, that it is not necessary to debate the subject. Fraternity life is one round of gaiety from September to June. Some of it is harmless, except for the extravagance and neglect of duty, some is actually immoral.

That the intellectual life is subservient to the social is another

topic which it is unnecessary to debate. The national councils of most of the fraternities recognize this tendency and try hard to check it. Some of our very best articles urging higher scholarship standards and higher intellectual ideals are to be found in the fraternity magazines. Many times have I known local chapters to be " on the carpet " for registering so few scholars. So far as is possible chapters avoid this censure by occasionally initiating a junior or senior who has already made Phi Beta Kappa rank. It is a mere business exchange, a part of the commercial spirit which is dominating our college life. The fraternities found out long ago that it was easier and cheaper to secure ready made scholars than it was to manufacture them within the chapter, and many boys are willing to exchange the glory of the key for a fraternity membership.

So far as comparative fraternity scholarship is concerned, living as I have in so many sections of the country, I have come to the conclusion that western scholarship is producing a marked effect in relative positions, and here as elsewhere conflict may bring good results. Certain it is that the old line fraternities will need to initiate more brains and smaller cash accounts, or in the revolution which is bound to come the old " big four " will find themselves losing to the fraternities which have built up in the middle west. There was a time when Alpha Delta Phi and her close rivals spelled sure Phi Beta Kappa, but that time has passed into ancient history, and what it may spell in the years to come is largely guess work.

The alumni are responsible for much of this decline in standards; not that they are deliberately in error, but with many there exists a sort of blind confidence in the life that was, and an absolute failure to understand the changing conditions. Many of our aged collegians live on in complete ignorance of the fact that all that is left of the fraternity, as they knew it, is its memories, its ritual and its name. Just recently one has written thus: " A band of brothers, feeling a lively interest in the reputation of their chapter and in the character and conduct of its members, by their social gatherings, their literary exercises, and above all, by the watch and care of the older and wiser over the younger, less matured, and perhaps less studious members, they guard the

morals, correct the faults, stimulate the ambitions, cultivate the manners and the taste, elevate the scholarship—in a word, form the character and fashion the life of the membership, and thus contribute no unimportant element to the decorum, order, scholarship and culture of the entire college."

These are all splendid thoughts, all absolutely in harmony with the true fraternity ideal, but Young America, and the instructors of Young America, know perfectly well that the modern "goat meeting" hardly consists of literary exercises. Neither does it guard the morals and correct the faults of its members. It does try to keep its scholastic head far enough above sixty per cent. to prevent too many cases of "busted out," and it usually corrects the manners to the extent of insisting that boys rise instantly when ladies enter the room, or that freshmen make duty calls after the president's reception.

On the side of college politics a few words will suffice. So far as possible, and in small colleges it is always possible, the fraternities control all of the desirable student positions. Whether this, as well as some other elements of fraternity life, has any place in our State universities which are supported by public funds, is a question worthy of careful consideration.

I would not appear to be too pessimistic on the fraternity question. The real facts, as I see them, may be summarized as follows. At the present time the college fraternity does not bring unmixed good to the institution, nor does the membership receive the good that it should. On the other hand, whatever may be the atmosphere of any individual fraternity, there can be no doubt that the constitutions and rituals of all are based upon high ideals and that fundamental traditions call for radical improvement. The fraternity can be made, and should be made, a useful feature of college life.

The first reform should come in the pledging system. If only those who have proved their fitness by one full year of college work could be initiated, most of the evils of the rushing system, released pledges, and many scholarship evils would be overcome. Initiates would be more mature men with more settled principles and hence many of the social evils might be avoided.

The second reform should come in the home life. If the chapter house is to be used as a boarding house it is the duty of the alumni and faculty to co-operate in seeing that these college homes are properly supervised, and that parents are given some assurance that the atmosphere is clean and pure. There are indications that alumni members are slowly awakening to their duties and opportunities, and that the great need of a reform movement is being realized. Several fraternities are employing field secretaries and, although the system is crude and unsatisfactory at present, it may finally prove the best solution of this part of the problem.

Before the first six weeks of college life have ended, the second and third rings of the circus are in full operation and every boy in the institution is making a desperate effort to see all there is to the whole show. Athletics of various kinds, musical clubs, class banquets, and dramatics follow in rapid succession. In truth, the " diverting side-shows " form a veritable " Midway " all along the four-year line. It would be a long task to enumerate the various arguments pro and con each of these activities.

So far as athletics are concerned, the intelligent public is becoming weary of the interminable discussions over gate receipts, schedules, eligibility rules, and that class of press publicity which measures our educational institutions by the standards of the sporting page.

One of the most serious charges made against athletics is that our collegiate games have come to include an economic feature which is entirely foreign to educational ideals and which makes them, from beginning to end, purely commercial enterprises. To begin with, a certain class of men register for the sole and only purpose of majoring in athletics. Such men are placed in a separate class apart from their mates under the tutelage of trained experts. This costs money, and so do many other things incidental to training, travel and carrying out the schedule. Various schemes for meeting these expenses have been tried, but as yet I hear of no satisfactory plan. No matter what plan may be in vogue, it is now generally agreed that each institution should require an exact accounting for all money handled.

Again, the class of publicity which accompanies athletic con-

tests puts them among the public spectacles for which the public will pay. This means that successful advertising is an essential and legitimate concomitant of the college game. "Pink sheet" notoriety has proved such a useful way of advertising that some of our colleges value it more than any other form of publicity.

Finally, as a commercial enterprise athletics encourages moral evils such as gambling, idleness, financial extravagance, intemperance and profanity. In this connection the character of the coach is of the utmost importance. If he be a man of low moral ideals he must of a necessity draw the students to his own level.

A second criticism directed against athletics is that devotion to any form of college athletics is bound to encourage intellectual evils. Too often teams are not properly impressed with the fact that they represent their university, and that their university is an educational institution whose name and ideals must be maintained.

A third charge preferred against athletics has reference to the physical evils supposed to result from dangers and overstrain. These are matters of dispute and will probably continue to be so for some time, but of one thing we may be sure, that a very small percentage of the students receive any benefit from team work, and that certain forms of athletics have no permanent value as a means of recreation.

So far as the few who can take advantage of it are concerned, team play, under the proper conditions, is in perfect harmony with our definition of the object of the college course. It demands self-control, right living and obedience. It trains the judgment to quick, accurate decisions, cultivates the observation and increases power to detect, anticipate, interpret and thwart plans.

THE COLLEGE COACH

Before leaving the subject of athletics I desire to mention the character and the responsibility of the college coach. He is selected because of certain qualities which promise to make his work a success. He is paid according to his ability and frequently, after the president and the deans, or even without these exceptions, he is the best paid man on the faculty. His retention,

as well as his future promotion, depends entirely upon the success of his work.

The duties of the coach are perfectly definite, and are uniform throughout the country. He is required to size up the material of the college in toto and to register in his department men who are especially promising, not hesitating to refuse any man whose presence may be detrimental to recognized standards. Next it is his duty to discover latent qualities of either weakness or strength, and train to overcome or strengthen the same. The ultimate value of the training received will depend upon the character of the coach. If he be a man fully alive to his responsibilities, and not a mere professional trainer, his charges will have cultivated the ability to do well each day's work, to think quickly and intelligently, and to act either collectively or independently as circumstances may demand.

It may be well to inquire if any particular class of students, just because they excel in physical qualities, are more entitled than are others to this careful training by the best paid member of the faculty? Why should not something of this method obtain in all collegiate departments?

A THIRD CAUSE OF FAILURE

This brings us to a third cause of college failures, which may be said to be lack of intellectual ideals. It is claimed that culture is not the all-pervading element in the college atmosphere, that the academic coaches of the faculty, instead of encouraging intellectual attainments, are prone to wink at idleness, neglect of duty, and social and fraternity distractions.

I should be very sorry to admit that our faculties are, in the main, composed of men lacking in scholarly ideals and in intellectual culture, but I do wonder sometimes why such men do not appeal more strongly to our boys as problem solvers who are worthy of imitation. Returning again to the responsibility placed upon the athletic coach, we might pause to inquire what indications there are that the other members of the faculty are studying their problems as the coach studies his. Why are they not seeking out the talent of the college, each in his own line? Why do they not study the personal tastes, the peculiarities and weak-

nesses of each boy, and then, with the wisdom of maturity, try to guide him into the line for which he is best fitted? During my professional life I have met many athletic coaches out drumming up football material, and I have received professional calls from many more, but I do not remember meeting a single pedagogical coach out searching for student material.

Every student who enters college should be studied with special reference to character, intellectual capacity, social standards and moral ideals. His significant tendencies would thus be discovered and could be converted into actual power. Some may think that this has already been accomplished by the advisory, or preceptorial system. I have had some experience along this line too, and while I believe the theory to be excellent I should want to know something about the actual practice before I could recommend it as a suitable advertisement for any college. One of my students selected a college which advertised a most carefully planned and a most adequate advisory system. Ten boys were assigned to each faculty member, who was to be their confidential adviser and best friend. This boy fell to the department of pedagogy and his parents were delighted. He took his registration card to his adviser. It was read over, his entrance credits examined, he was commended on entering without conditions, on his good grades, and then kindly told to be a good boy and maintain the same standard in college and it would not be necessary to come to see him again. That is the first and last time he ever spoke to his adviser, but his room mate was frequently in conference with his. The advisory system in that college was organized solely for boys who were sailing close to the wind—the whole thing was a farce—a part of college advertising.

Good results must come from the study of the individual and an effort so to guide him that he may make the best use of his time both for the present and the future. This has been done in the past, and it will be done in the future. In speaking of the ancient customs in his country a Japanese writer has said, "We were not taught in classes. The grouping of soul-bearing human beings into large classes, as sheep upon Australian farms, was not known in our old schools. Our teachers believed, I think

instinctively, that man is unclassifiable, that he must be dealt with personally, face to face, soul to soul. So they schooled us, one by one, each according to his idiosyncrasies, physical, mental and spiritual, . . . and as asses were never harnessed with horses, there was little danger of the latter being beaten down into stupidity, or the former driven into valedictorians' graves."

A second, and one of the most valid of all criticisms in this line, is the charge that faculty, trustees, alumni, parents, students and the public are all vying with one another to allow mere numerical greatness to displace educational standards. Everywhere there is a perfect mania for numbers until enrollment has assumed so great importance that institutions are often influenced to secure members in a manner which is decidedly detrimental to the best interests and to the good name of the institution.

A third criticism is aimed against governing boards—that they are not composed of men of high intellectual ideals.

Some advocate the appointment of business men rather than scholars. They argue that there is a decided demand for business methods within the college and that the faculty and president should be able to look after the educational ideals. This may be correct theoretically, but it fails in practice as is readily seen by anyone who takes the trouble to investigate. Our business boards do not look after the business end of the college, or if we think they do, why do we not call for some accounting and compare the size of the waste heap with the actual product? Had our colleges ever been conducted along business lines, we should long ago have witnessed a college panic and several of our institutions would have been forced to the wall. If our boards would look after the financial interests of the institutions and employ a president who has a cultured interest in the better things of life and then allow him to give his time to advancing intellectual standards, there might be less ground for complaint; but as a rule boards have very little conception of the high type of sympathetic scholarship which is needed at the head of our higher institutions.

Fourth, the alumni are censured for having too much interest in athletics and fraternities, and too little in intellectual pursuits. This too is a legitimate complaint. The best way to change the

present condition is for all who are really interested in the cause of higher education to take hold and turn out a new generation of alumni which will understand the relative importance of the various college activities better than it is now understood.

SUMMARY

A brief and impartial summary of the college situation to-day would be somewhat as follows:

The Public and the Parent are investing funds in a venture which brings no suitable return, but which, for some reason, they do not appear willing either to abandon or to reorganize.

The Boy is being placed in a situation where, at the very outset, for lack of proper guidance, he is absorbed by the wrong group and hence looks at college from the wrong point of view. Often the very surroundings in which he lives destroy the ideals which he has brought from home and substitute lower ones.

The College President and the Faculties are uneasy. They realize that the college world is not the world it should be, but they are conservative, their salaries are at stake, and if the public is satisfied why should they complain?

Secondary Schools, too, have their full share of blame. We may find fault with the college for offering thousand dollar boys fifty cent educations, but we must also be willing to admit that we send many a fifty cent boy to college and expect a thousand dollar education. The secondary schools turn out "uncooked beefsteaks"; the colleges turn out "dead game sports." It is a case of tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum, neither institution can overblame the other, but in the meantime, how about the boy?

President Woodrow Wilson, in Pittsburgh, April 17, 1910, uttered the following words: "I know that the colleges of this country must be reconstructed from top to bottom, and I know that America is going to demand it." Consensus of opinion in the educational world would lay emphasis upon this prophecy and hasten the day of its fulfilment.

HOW TO RAISE THE COST OF LIVING

HAROLD C. RIDGELY

THE cost of living can be raised, lowered or kept as it is, and can therefore be studied from three points of view. Nor does it matter much on which point we fix our attention; the important thing is to study the subject.

If we are in a small town where living is cheap, how would we raise the cost? It is like raising a flag, a simple matter if we pull on the right rope, and the rope is of many strands, intertwined and tightly twisted.

In a small town, there may not be a food monopoly, and that should be attended to at once. By all means, get the food men together and have them work toward a common end. That will not be difficult, as their interests are all alike, and an organization can be effected readily, after which the great problem can be considered in its various phases.

To begin with, we food monopolists must have a market-house. The town council can build that out of the public funds, and the structure can be the ordinary shed type, with stalls to be rented to the people,—our people.

That will take care of a large share of the food supply, and our board of managers can fix prices better under this concentrated system. The owners of stores and smaller shops in the town will be glad to come in with us, and if they do not see fit to do so we can have a few conversations with those who supply them with vegetables and other products. If the supply men sell to stores outside our organization, we will buy nothing from those supply men, and that ought to be a strong argument in our favor. Besides, we can buy out half the shops in town, especially after we get well on the road toward cornering the market and have secured much of the trade formerly handled by the small trader.

The farmers and hucksters who bring food to town and sell it from house to house are very annoying, and it is a question how best to get rid of them. If they are allowed to engage in such business, they should be made to pay a high license. That

goes without saying, and our political friends in the city council will back us up in the matter. The more licenses collected, the more funds to advance salaries of city clerks and other officials. It would probably be best, however, to prohibit the selling of vegetables and fruits from house to house, or at any rate to limit it to the owners of farms. Nor should a fellow townsman be allowed to buy from the farmers and then do a peddling business.

There are various arguments that may be advanced to support us in this matter, some of which will appeal to one class of citizens and some to the others. One argument is that the merchants of the town, who pay taxes, should be protected. The idea of protection has the right ring to it and sounds plausible to those who have been advocating protection as a national issue. Our townspeople should be protected from the encroachments of the farmer, and we should use every means in our power to carry out this idea. If anyone dares to say that the consumer is the one to be protected, that man must have the finger of scorn pointed at him. Pointing the finger of scorn is a rare art, and if we do not possess the gift it must be acquired before we go much further. We should learn, also, how to express righteous indignation when occasion requires, as the mental attitude harmonizes with the pointing finger.

The health officer should be on our side, and it would be well to have him make a few remarks about the desirability of concentrating the food supply into one district. He might state that the microbes can be more readily stamped out under such conditions. If a huckster drops a potato in the street, and the street cleaners neglect to get it, the potato will rot and breed microbes; or if a chicken is killed in the town, there is danger of contagion of some kind, it does not matter what.

New York City has a good law that bears on this point. No one can keep chickens within three blocks of a boarding-house. The noise made by the chickens disturbs the motormen on the elevated trains, causing said motormen to run past, to elude, and to evade the stations. Health officers recommend that all noise in New York be done away with, and the recommendation will continue to be made for some time to come. The curtailing of

the hen may seem to be a small beginning, but we cold storage men do not look at it in that light. New York has many valuable laws which should be studied and copied by those interested in raising the cost of living elsewhere.

Farmers no longer annoy us by bringing meat to town. At one time, a countryman would slaughter a cow and hang it to the limb of a tree for dressing. Of course that was not healthy, so we had laws passed to prohibit the killing of cattle except in our abattoirs, where there are Government inspectors to see whose meat it is. Quite an amusing incident occurred when the bill was before Congress. Some rustic inserted a clause to compel the stamping of the date of killing on a beef. It did not take long to convince Congress that the ink from the stamp would have a deleterious effect on the meat, and the objectionable clause was removed. Think of eating a piece of steak whose obituary was dated April 1, 1912!

In fastening our grip upon a town, we should see that there is a proper monopoly of transportation. All approaches to the town must be properly secured. If there are any free county roads, they should be turned over to private parties and made toll roads. The excuse can be that the county will be relieved of the burden of keeping the roads in order. This argument has been used to advantage with more than one simple-minded population. If the people are fools, they must reap a fool's reward. If they have not the sense to govern themselves, and they let the government slip from their hands, then we must govern them. Those who think politics beneath them will have politics placed above them. The old farmer bringing his load to town will be somewhat discouraged after he has stopped at a couple of toll gates and also paid his town license and his State auto-truck license.

The people of this country have become license-crazy; they are a law-ridden people. Man once had ten laws, but he thought that he could obey a great many more than that and has made millions. The original ten are no longer obeyed; they are obsolete. Modern laws are far better than the old style and are expressed in deeper, if not clearer, language. We have laws for and against almost anything we can think of.

" But this I know, that every law
That men have made for man,
Since first man took his brother's life,
And the sad world began,
But straws the wheat and saves the chaff
With a most evil fan."

Well, what of it? If we are to raise the price of food, we must not allow our sympathies to interfere. We must finish our work of making secure the approaches to the city. Let us examine the water front. The town owns docks, which should be leased to some railroad or steamboat company, with strict injunctions that no outsiders are to make a landing. We must see that the other water fronts are in proper hands; for it would never do to have some one land a load of melons or a small cargo of fowls. That would upset the market for a week. We must have protection!

The old-fashioned New England town meeting used to be a most exasperating affair. It fell into oblivion for a long time, but there have been signs of revival of late which should give us a pause. In the larger cities, ward meetings and district meetings are being held, and the people are beginning to ask questions of one another. " Why is this? " or " Why is that? " they ask. True the answer is usually " I don't know," but even that shows a startling progress and more curiosity than one has been led to expect. Some day these people will be wanting to make their own nominations of city councilmen, and of State and national candidates, and they will be wanting to know how prospective candidates stand on certain questions,—whether in favor of, or against, a revision of existing food laws, for example. If we are to raise the cost of living, these signs of the times should be counteracted.

We sometimes wonder that the Interstate Commerce Commission has not given us more trouble than it has. It does not seem to have got down thoroughly to the subject of food yet. We should come under the jurisdiction of the Commission, as we get food from more than one State, especially if the town in which we are operating happens to be on a State line. Suppose we food monopolists should be asked if we have formed " a com-

bination in restraint of trade." Have we?—Yes, that is just what we have done, but speak softly.

One of the most important items in the cost of living is something which we adulterated-food men can't control very well, although we can give valuable suggestions concerning its increase. The item referred to is the municipal debt. Every city, town and hamlet should have a public debt. What is the use in paying as we go, when we can pass the bill on to our grandchildren? We can do even better than that; we can make the debt so enormous that no generation will ever be able to pay it; we can make it so large that even the interest on it will be a burden, not only to future generations but to the present. The " great cities " are going to do this, and some of them have, and why should not the smaller fish swim in the swift current that leads to the whirlpool?

The advantages of an immense public debt must be apparent to anyone who has studied the laudable art of raising the cost of living. The interest on the debt must be paid, and taxes must be collected for the purpose. Property owners must pay the taxes and will raise the rent to defray any increase. For example, consider the case of a large apartment house on which the taxes have been raised. If a tenant leases the whole building, he must pay extra rent, and in turn will charge it up to those leasing the various flats. If the occupant of a flat rents out a spare room to make both ends meet, the roomer pays the increase. It is the old game that children play, of passing a small object down a line, while some one vainly tries to locate the object. " After all, men are only boys grown tall."

It is not to be supposed that a complete system such as has been described can be put in operation in a town all at once. Time will be required to pass city ordinances, and it is not best to pass too many the same year. The prey must be approached by stealth; rush at it, and it will take alarm. The ideal system only has been described or suggested, but it must be modified to suit local conditions, and in all cases it must be established with care and caution.

And having accomplished the desired result and forced the cost of living to a point that is burdensome, suitable explanations

should be given, in order to satisfy the minds of the curious. The American public has the curiosity of a woman, and is beginning to ask who has raised the cost of living. We are deeply pained that such a question should be asked, of course, and we shall have to pause and think before answering. Who has raised the cost of living? Let us see. We might say that it is due partly to the depredations of the rich. The wealthy own the property and quite naturally want to be taxed as highly as possible; hence the large public debt. It would be well, also, to have Professor Bonehead deliver his customary lecture on the diminished purchasing power of gold; also, the one on the law of supply and demand and its relation to prices. The demand keeps pretty constant, and we have the supply.

THE TOWN THAT WOULD NOT BE A CITY

E. E. Miller

"BUT for me," wrote Plutarch, "I live in a little town, where I am willing to continue, lest it should grow less."

Plutarch was a good citizen, and it is safe to say that he had the friendship as well as the respect of his neighbors. The man who loves his town is likely to be loved of his townsmen; and one who would have his shortcomings charged to himself and not to an obscure birthplace or provincial residence could not but have been a man of influence in local affairs—the sort of man to whom the neighbors would go for advice and assistance, equally confident of his sanity and his good will.

I am afraid, though, that if Plutarch lived to-day, much as most of us might value him as a neighbor, we should secretly look upon him as rather old fogeyish and out of date.

Remain in a small town for fear that it should become smaller? Not we. If it is not going to get bigger, let us go to some town that will.

The current American idea of a town is—a place that is going to be a city.

The obsession of bigness is upon us. The census reports are the final word about our cities. Chicago in twenty years catches and then hopelessly outdistances Philadelphia. Chicago is a "live" city, one of the marvels of our time. Philadelphia has the adjectives "slow" and "sleepy" fastened upon her garments and wears them as a permanent badge of unworthiness. Down in our South country, Atlanta and Birmingham and Memphis wait for the census reports to see which is the "biggest," the "most progressive," the "best" town. There is joy in Atlanta and disappointment in Memphis when the reports come out.

So it is elsewhere. Urbetta wants new mills and machine shops that it may rival Greattown in population and bank clearings. Bigburg wants a new opera house and a street car line down the two main streets, so that it may get in the Urbetta

class. Littleville lays off new streets and sells good farm lands at unreasonable prices, hoping this way to start a "boom" and catch up with Bigburg. And out there at the Cross Roads where half a dozen little houses have been put up near the church and the store and the blacksmith shop, to catch and hold for a few months at a time a few families of the more transient and shiftless laboring class—out there in the sun-quickened and wind-refreshed fields, the building of another inconvenient, unsightly house to rent to some unknown straggler is regarded hopefully as another step toward the blissful goal of real townhood.

Yet what real concern to Philadelphia can it be whether that city—making a wholesome and steady growth—is second or third in the list of great cities? What can a few thousand names more or less in the census-takers' books amount to with either Atlanta or Memphis when it comes to determining their real merits as cities,—their desirability as places for men to live and work, and for children to be born and grow up in?

Does Urbetta really need new manufacturing plants, new rows of squalid "mill-hand" houses, new supplies of smoke and dust and grime, when it thrives on its trade with the surrounding country and has unimproved and unsuspected beauty spots all along the banks of the little river where the big mills "ought to be"?

Has it never occurred to Bigburg that it would add more to that place's charm and fragrance to move the pig-pens out of town, to fill up the mudholes where the "streets" dwindle down to country roads, and to pull down the ramshackle old fire-trap across from the depot, than to build an opera house or street car line with the prospect of seeing the builder get two per cent. on his money?

And Littleville, where each family has, from either front or back yard, a fine view of a wooded cliff, and where all wade through mud in wet weather and kick up the dust in dry weather as they go to church or post-office—cannot Littleville realize that what it needs is to put down a few rods of concrete walk and to make sure that the trees on the cliff will not be cut? The fields can grow grass and grain and help to pay for the walks,

if they are left as fields; cut up into lots, they will grow up in weeds, most likely, and yield no return.

And our Cross Roads friends, why do they want more children of uncertain ancestry and unpatched trousers in their schools; more ugly little three-room houses to mar the beauty of the pastures? Can't they see that what the Cross Roads needs is a hitching shed for the farmers' horses, a coat of paint on the " storehouse," and some vines and hedges to screen some of the unkempt-looking outhouses?

Suggest these things to the people of these towns—tell them to make a park of the river bank, to get rid of the mudholes, to put down the new walks, to build the hitching shed—and they will tell you in all seriousness that they have not the money, that the taxes are too high now, and that what the place needs is new settlers and new enterprises.

Yet the city will buy a site by the river and give it to some corporation, if the corporation can only be induced to build its new mill there instead of elsewhere. There will be big meetings, too, to start that new street car line which is not needed and cannot pay. And if Littleville has a struggling newspaper, that paper will print long accounts of the big sale of lots and the " phenomenal growth of our young city," with never a word about the beauty of the green-clad cliff, or the needlessness of the mud-spattered shoes.

The question with towns is not, " How good? " but " How big? "

Surely it is not so everywhere. There must be at least one little city that does not wish to be a big city next year; one country town that does not aspire to be a city at all; one little hamlet that has no desire to push the wheat fields back from its doors. Such places must be, and into their keeping, I am persuaded, has been given the key to the future. Their citizens it will be who shall dream the dream of the city that is possible, the town that ought to be, and bring this dream to pass. For as surely as it is more important that the town be beautiful and clean and well-governed than that it be big, so surely will the present cult of numbers pass away and the more rational appreciation of homelikeness and wholesome surroundings take its

place in the minds of the people who dwell in our American towns.

Taken in its entirety, the town of to-day, big or little, is an unlovely thing. Exceptions there may be, but the rule holds good. In almost every town, too, may be found beauty spots—fine residence sections where trees border the curving avenues and the lawns are kept green; public buildings, not faultless perhaps, but dignified and purposeful enough to give the citizens a feeling of pride; smooth, well-lighted streets, and noble business houses towering above the hurrying throngs. There are few even of the smaller towns which have not some feature either of natural beauty or civic achievement which they are proud to possess and glad to see each day. Even the tall smokestacks of the mills, waving the dark plumes of industry above roof and spire, and the grim-fronted furnaces which brighten now and then with the unexpected and thrilling splendor of leaping flame and billowing vapor, crimson and purple and rose and turquoise and tender gray—even these most utilitarian structures have their charm. The town is not devoid of beauty; but how seldom can it be said to be beautiful!

Against the noble avenues, clean, fair-fronted on either side, may be placed the unpaved streets of the slum districts or the negro quarters with their dismal lengths of poverty and squalor. Against the stately buildings may be placed the ramshackle old structures which are allowed to stand, often menacing as well as unsightly. Against the flowering parks may be placed the tenements with the street for playground. Against the strength and majesty of mill and furnace, the wretched cheapness and slatternly monotony of the long rows of houses, all alike, in which the men who work in mill and furnace are expected to live, as if a laborer had no sense of beauty or no aspiration for the finer things of life.

But why continue the list? We all know these defects of our cities—the hopeless squalor and the reeking filth that hide behind the skyscraper; the ragged, unkempt district that both joins and separates town and country. We have seen them, and a thousand other unlovely sights, so often that we have come complacently to accept them as part of the natural order of

things; or else have imagined that the way to get rid of them is to "boost the town" and have it grow. If only people came in and land went up and a few men grew rich because of that, all was well, and we need not concern ourselves about the noble trees that were cut down, the clear springs that became defiled, or the poorer families who were ever crowded into less and less desirable homes.

Surely there is another type of city, a finer and higher town ideal. The city that shall be all beautiful, the town that desires more inhabitants less than better and happier citizens—surely these things exist not only in imagination, but somewhere in the splendid palpable reality, built by the cheerful toil of men who love their homes and firm-planted on rocky hillside or billowing prairie with which they recognize kinship. Surely, too, these overly ambitious towns of ours, blind in their worship of size and numbers, may yet open their eyes and see the possibilities that lie about hamlet and village.

"A city is not builded in a day," sings one of our present-day poets; and we need not expect to see our ideal city, our contented town, spring suddenly into existence. The passion for virtue and beauty and sanity of life is not going to possess any existing "metropolis" and convert it into the city of our dreams. There is no Merlin of industry to build for us a modern Camelot. Nor can we more than hope that our little town will speedily recognize its kinship with the fields and deliberately set itself the mission of living not only among but with them, of having the atmosphere flow through its streets and extending its modernities out into their lanes until town and country become but parts of a single well-defined and well-organized whole.

Yet something like this, it seems to me, must come to pass. Slowly, no doubt, as the growth of the trees in the forest or the city street, but none the less surely and irrevocably, the little town will come into its own. Some day this little town will know itself not as a means but an end, and plan to become the right sort of town instead of longing to become any sort of a city.

Some day, let us hope, our little city will realize that the pleasant views from the banks of the river and the shadowy

"courting lanes" leading down to the water's edge are real assets, and that properly conserved and developed they will add more to the satisfaction and daily serenity of life of the city's people than would a new factory, the building of which would spoil the vista and make necessary the cutting down of the immemorial elms and stately sycamores. When the city has realized this, beauty in any part of it will be cherished, and untidiness or unwholesomeness in a backyard will be considered a crime against the community.

Then, if the promoter of the new factory comes to town, we can imagine the city's head man taking him far down the river bank and saying: "Here, we think, would be a good place for your plant. You see that your smoke will drift away from the town; the railroad spur you need will run behind this bank almost out of sight; your buildings will not spoil our fine view across the river; and up there on that slope will be a fine place for your workers to live if you wish to build a village for them. We shall insist on paved streets, liberal front yards and gardens, neat exteriors and modern conveniences for these houses. We are willing to help you all we can in getting all the land you need at a reasonable price, and our city engineer and architect will be at your service."

"Small chance for this city to secure the factory after such talk"?

I am not so sure.

If a few towns said it, the men who wished to build the mills would consider it seriously. Then, if they should be the kind of citizens our city needed, they would begin to see something in it. The town that considered first of all the welfare of its citizens would not be a bad town for an honest business enterprise to locate in. If the town cared enough for the men who worked in the mills to insist that they have neat homes and attractive surroundings, it would surely do its part to keep the mills going and the pay-checks coming.

Some manufacturers think of their employees as co-workers in a great enterprise rather than as a lot of hirelings whose only mission in life is to add to the factory's dividends. Such men would not be driven away by a regard for beauty and an

insistence upon decency. The other type of employer our little city by the river would not need.

In our country town, too, I can imagine that with the ruts and mudholes filled, the broken sidewalks repaired, the old wooden landmark of early days condemned as a menace and the little dinky depot kept at least clean and neat by the town's authority, there would begin to come a feeling that maybe Bigburg did not need to be a city after all. There might come a rest room for visiting shoppers. The merchants and the farmers could join to build it and it would help to make them neighbors. Then the merchant might decide he had just as soon sell goods to the steady customers he had known for years as to folks he had never heard of and whose tastes and whims he did not know. It would be an easy step from the rest-room to an entertainment hall, and there the needed opera house would be! With cleaner streets, the yards would brighten up, and after a while the telephone linemen might find out that they could string a few wires without cutting the town's finest trees to pieces. When that came to pass, anything would be possible—a clean courthouse, a sanitary inspector who really inspected, everything, in fact, necessary to make the people of the town proud of it and glad to live there.

And Littleville, dreaming of city ways and future bigness, while the pigs and cows roam through its streets, and the young autoists scatter mud on the dodging pedestrians, what could not Littleville be if only its citizens set themselves to the task of making it an ideal place to live in? Beauty of surroundings it has, close, wholesome contact with woods and fields, easy access to real cities. A thousand towns have all these and do not count them assets or put them to use. Littleville can have electric lights and still keep the brook that runs through it clean and pure. It can drive the pigs off the streets, and have a high school, and get out of the mud, and have the grocer screen his doors, and at the same time lay aside all dreams of city greatness, devoting its energies to improving real conditions rather than to advertising advantages, more or less mythical. When Littleville does this, it will be a fine place indeed to live in, and will find no trouble in securing new families as fast as it can locate them satisfactorily, absorb them into the community life and turn

their ideas and energies into effective channels of community work.

The Cross Roads, too, meant to be a centre of community life, does not need more people living about it. What it needs is a better school-building with one big room for community gatherings, a baseball diamond, a playground for the girls, some honeysuckles and wistarias on porch and fence, and a few trees to shadow and shelter it all. This, with some grass about the church steps and some of the storekeeper's paint on his own buildings, and it could become a place to which old and young would turn with pleasure and from which they could come instructed and bettered, instead of being, as so many such cross roads now are, a place where energies are slackened and respectability is questionable. Some time country life will be organized and ten thousand such community centres will come into being to the great enrichment of the nation's mental and spiritual perceptions.

But I meant not to speak of the country, only to ask aloud what I have often asked in silence. Is there no town left that does not prevaricate about its population, or none that will tell the stranger what it is now doing to become a better place to live in, instead of how much it expects to grow in the next five years?

In such towns, I can believe life will be better ordered, more purposeful and fuller of "durable satisfactions" than is the town life of to-day. There will be no hint of stagnation, no slacking of enterprise because some rival town has made more rapid growth. Instead there will be more beauty, and a deeper and finer local pride. In such towns Plutarchs may not live; but there will surely be men of worth and strength—men whom Plutarch would have been glad to know, and whether or not they attain distinction beyond their own town, these men will add distinction to it. With men willing to live in little towns and to serve them, lest they should grow less, not merely in numbers, but in beauty, desirability and friendliness, the future of the nation will be assured.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A HARVARD MAN

HAROLD E. STEARNS

HARVARD'S imperishable glory lies in the fact that it, of all American colleges, still speaks the most stirring invitation to our youth,—" here is your fullest opportunity." But Harvard, I believe, has three grave faults. It fails to stimulate the majority of its students to take advantage of this rich opportunity. It furnishes a totally inadequate intellectual discipline. And instead of teaching a man good habits of work and steady concentration, it encourages lazy and vicious habits. These three faults are organic weaknesses of the college, its customs and its system of teaching; they do not arise from the moral quality or intellectual fibre of the students.

Unlike many men, I did not go to Harvard because it was " the thing to do." Neither did I go because the prospect of four years of friendships and easy, pleasant " work " seemed enticing. Although of an old New England family, none of my relatives urged me to enter Harvard. Only moderately interested in athletics and of small physical build, I had no visions of becoming the popular football or crew hero. I went to Harvard hoping and purposing, first of all, to find new interests, to meet intelligent and serious-minded young men, and to gain a genuine culture. Secondly, I hoped and purposed to become a better and more accurate workman. I had the misfortune to be " precocious," and these hopes and purposes I therefore held with more than usual clearness. I believe they represent, with some degree of justice, those of all men who enter college intending to take it seriously.

How well are such hopes and purposes realized at Harvard? And how much failure and success are due to the college itself? How much to the inherent qualities of the student body?

Looking back, a year away from academic life, I find that for whatever is deep and rich in my own individuality I owe much to Harvard. With its excellent instructors, its libraries and its traditions of learning, Harvard furnished me my greatest intellectual opportunity. Yet during only one year did I

fully avail myself of this opportunity. In truth, one must bring a strong desire to Harvard for a fuller individuality. To many students the life and the customs of the college are actually forces making against a deeper character. I have known more men who have lost early ideals during their four years than I have known men who have won new ones. How few were they who saw visions and dreamed dreams!

I have found that the intellectual discipline I received was inadequate, that Harvard failed to direct my mental habits as well as it both could and ought to have done, and I believe this is likewise true of all except the unusual student. Furthermore, instead of becoming a better workman, when I left I found that I had become a worse. I had learned habits of shirking and procrastination. I knew how to skim lightly over the surface of difficult problems with a show of intelligence. Every custom, almost every professor, encouraged these bad habits. I could pass in my theses late; if I did well on mid-year examinations by hurried "crammings," I could afterwards "cut" many classes with impunity. There was practically no supervision of my habits of work. Every influence was toward hurried and ill-digested work for a brief frantic period and then a long period of relaxation. Such "concentration" is not the concentration of steady self-control or even of steady supervision; it is that of fear.

I did not have to wait until I had left Harvard for a year to learn that the greater number of the student body were depressingly matter-of-fact, intellectually shallow, utilitarian, interested, the same as crass Philistines outside of college, only in money-making, women and amusement. I found it out the first week when a fellow Freshman asked me if I thought "Economics I" would help him in running his father's store. That most of my classmates were easy materialists and hedonists, at best well-clothed, clean-cut young barbarians, was constantly forced on my unwilling convictions. The men who did work hard were not studying for an all-round general culture. They were specialists who saw in terms of bread and butter the future value of their present work.

These qualities of the student body (often excused under the

fond adjective "irrepressible") are not, of course, any fault of Harvard's. That Harvard has as many able and intellectual men as it has, is a great compliment to the methods of selection for entrance. In other colleges the general average of the student body seems to me decidedly lower. All colleges in this respect, it must be said, suffer about equally. The students who come to them are the children of our contemporary civilization; they share its ideals (when it has any) and its point of view. They pathetically reflect its madness for "efficiency" or its even greater madness for pleasure.

All my conclusions and generalizations are merely one man's personal view. In a sense, every man discovers Harvard for himself. There is no cast-iron Harvard "attitude" which is forced upon the student and by which he is moulded. There is no oppressive and tyrannical Harvard "spirit" with which he must conform or else be thought disloyal by his fellows. I have known many undergraduates to spend entire evenings criticising and damning the university from the president to the humble "goodies" (who make the task of cleaning up students' rooms points of departure for gossip and deep speculation), taking in the football team, "the Gold Coast" and the "Institute" on the way. Yet it is notorious how loyal Harvard men are after graduation; in fact, this loyalty is often pushed to snobbish extremes and is back of much of that popular disfavor with which Harvard men, in many quarters, are still regarded. Harvard graduates are all too frequently intolerant of other colleges, and listen with an amusedly patronizing air to their claims. On only one thing do many Harvard men seem to be uniformly agreed: Harvard's superiority to all other colleges. But with respect to specific features, Harvard is too large and too loosely co-ordinated to permit one to dogmatize readily.

Through peculiar combinations of circumstances, I was in a somewhat better position to judge of my fellow-students' activities than were many other men. My experience, I may fairly claim, gave me excellent opportunities of judging the representative and normal sides of Harvard life. A brief outline of my career will, I think, help to explain this.

During the first half of my Freshman year I lived at my

home in Boston, each day making the half-hour trolley-car journey to and from Cambridge. I soon learned that I was *in* Harvard but not *of* it, and at the beginning of the second half-year I removed bag and baggage to Cambridge, there to stay (except for brief vacation periods) until I had completed the necessary work for my Bachelor's degree. Although my income was not large and was often, especially in my Junior year, uncertain, I was never compelled to do "outside" work to meet my college bills. Frequently I wrote book and play reviews for Boston newspapers, but more for the fun of the thing and because I thus got free theatre-passes than for any monetary reason.

From January to June, 1910, I lived in Hollis Hall. Even if not unprecedented, this was unusual, for of late years Hollis, Stoughton and Holworthy Halls—among the oldest in "the Yard"—have been given over exclusively to Seniors. After the competitions and jealousies of the first three years it is customary for the members of the graduating class to bury their differences, to obliterate, so far as possible, social and financial distinctions, and to dwell together in academic peace and brotherly love. Hollis, Stoughton and Holworthy Halls are the Harvard undergraduates' hatchet-burying grounds. The buildings are old and rich in tradition. Over our fireplace a former inmate had pasted in big letters, "Emerson, Everett, Thoreau," names of some of the famous men who had lived in the same room before us. During the days of the Revolution the Colonial troops had been quartered in Hollis, and it was a tradition that Washington had used our room (being on the ground floor) for a consultation room. The old beams on the ceiling still remained. A steam radiator sputtered modern comfort in one corner, but on very cold nights a wood fire in the old Colonial fireplace was not ungrateful.

A Freshman in Hollis was, consequently, an anomaly and an intruder. My room-mate was a Senior,—a man who "worked his way" through college and, like all the fellows of this kind whom I knew, a man of great energy and little inclination for quiet thought. He was thus a wholesome contrast to myself. Seniors were to the right of me and to the left of me, and for some weeks I was a humble hewer of wood and carrier

of water. In college talks, my remarks were ruled out on the ground of "insignificant speech" or "negligible conversation" (phrases used by Professor Santayana to dispose of philosophical opponents). My youthful enthusiasms and ideals were subjected to vigorous criticism. Almost priggishly puritanical, I was frequently exhorted to become "human." I was urged to acquire the human virtues of smoking and drinking—which I did in due course. My instinctive rebellions were showered by cold-water quotations from Chesterton and William James. As far as relations with women were concerned, every influence of my Senior companions was an influence toward a clean life, and in this respect I was taught a better lesson than, I am sorry to say, were many of my own class-mates. I soon found that those men who boasted of their immoral relations with women were not highly regarded at Harvard and seldom reached prominence there, but that those men who did not drink were looked upon with something like suspicion. The theory of the disillusioned Seniors was that, psychologically, a man *had* to have some vices in order to be human; it was better to have vices over which he had intellectual control, vices, moreover, which affected their possessor to the greater extent individually, and not the general social body.

Added to these forces making for disillusion, the class of 1910 had been badly rent in two by a quarrel between "the Street" or "the Gold Coast" (Mt. Auburn Street where the palatial private dormitories of Harvard are located, where live the sons of millionaires, the socially élite and the athletes) and "the Yard" (where the college dormitories are located, where live the academic bourgeoisie and "the intellectuals"). This arbitrary division of Harvard into two sections is a false division and the classes of the last three years have come more and more to feel it false, but in the spring of 1910 feeling still ran high among the Seniors and the bitterness of the struggle for the election of class-day officers—a struggle in which "the Yard" had been victorious—had not wholly subsided.

Thus every influence tended to make me sophisticated about college affairs. I came to look upon the activities and competitions of my own class as childlike. Possessed of more than my

natural share of conceit, I also learned much about the virtue of humility. The frank comments of the Seniors did a great deal to take the wind out of my sails. In that healthy process many of my foolish enthusiasms were killed, but in return I was kindled into a sound enthusiasm for hard study. When I entered Harvard it was with the firm intention of specializing in English. I took Freshman courses in English, French, German, Latin and the history of Philosophy. After many discussions about college courses in Hollis, I hesitated. Had I better turn to Philosophy and obtain a more all-round culture?

In my Sophomore year I made the acquaintance of my own class. All of my Senior friends had of course graduated, and only a few continued on at Cambridge in the graduate schools. As far as social life life went, I had to begin my Harvard career all over again. Here once more I was in a position to view the facts with a somewhat cooler head than most of my class-mates. Social ambitions were not for me. By the initial mistake of living in obscurity (as far as my own class was concerned) during my Freshman year, and also by lack of money, I was forever barred from certain of the more well-known clubs. A great deal of one's success in the complex club system at Harvard depends upon getting a proper start. One must be very careful what one does during one's Freshman year. I had "started wrong"; nothing could retrieve the error. Therefore I had no anxieties or disappointments; I could view the social worries of my friends impersonally. Roughly speaking, I found that the clubs were detrimental to those who wanted first of all to be real students. They distracted one's attention; they placed a false emphasis on what ought to be the purely spontaneous part of college life, and they encouraged an all-too-prevalent snobbishness. Many a time I have been snubbed on the street by a man who had borrowed a note-book of me an hour before in the classroom. At first I was angered by these undemocratic exhibitions, but I soon came to view them with unconcern. I knew how worried the man was, how all-absorbed in "making" a certain club. If speaking to me was one of the things that might mitigate ever so little against his chance of success, it was useless to be finicky. Later on, when he had either "made" or

failed " to make " the club, he would become human again.

My second year at Harvard, I lived in Weld Hall, a college dormitory in " the Yard." Most of the men there had yearly allowances ranging from $1,000 upward, and my room-mate, a man in my own class, was no exception. It was a comfortable, jolly crowd in Weld, typically " free from care, from despair."

The quality of the conversation was a distinct drop, I recall, from that which I had been fortunate enough to hear and participate in during my first year. I used to question myself late autumn nights sitting alone in the window-seat which looked out through the tops of the elms across " the Yard." Where were the old days of Hollis, around the fireside, when, to misquote Witter Bynner, we

> " Discussed the universe, a waitress and the nation
> And dismissed ideas of God with cozy, sad negation " ?

Most of *our* talk seemed nothing but bar-room or pool-room gossip, given additional vigor by quotations from the classics of modern and ancient literature.

But for all that I believe my Sophomore year was, all round, the happiest of my years in college. My courses in Economics, Philosophy and Literature were few and interesting; nor had I yet decided definitely on Philosophy or English for specialization. The Sophomore year is generally a year of dilettante enthusiasms; I had, fortunately, already outgrown mine. I was also free from the continual " knocking " of men three years older than myself. I " made " the Dramatic Club, and wrote for the college magazines—feats I am glad of even to this day. I joined the Socialist Club, not because I was a Socialist, but because the weekly talks interested me. It was a year, too, of many escapades and frequent conviviality. On three occasions (that I remember) when John, " the Yard cop," showed me the way to Weld, " the elms went up like rockets to the stars." Lift up your hands in horror, ye members of Prohibition Leagues, for I am glad of these feats too—yea, even unto this day!

My third year was a year of (for me) hard, intellectual work. I definitely decided to try for " a degree with distinction " in Philosophy. In spite of the fact that I took the maxi-

mum number of courses allowed (six) and also prepared a special thesis for "distinction," my academic grades were higher than ever before; high enough, indeed, to make me the holder of a Harvard College scholarship during the year 1912-1913, when I was on "leave of absence." For by attending Summer School to August, 1912, I had obtained the necessary sixteen courses for a degree, and I decided not to return to Harvard during what was nominally my Senior year. This last year I have spent in New York in the respectable calling of journalism, in which I have found my Harvard habits of procrastination of little advantage. The year has, I hope, given me something of a perspective, and allows me to judge in a more balanced fashion of the activities of Harvard. Nor is a year long enough to make one forget the disagreeable things, to give them that sentimental, rose-colored hue with which older graduates oftenest look back on their undergraduate years.

[*To be continued*]

ADVENTURES WHILE PREACHING THE GOSPEL OF BEAUTY

NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY

IV

In Kansas: The First Harvest

MONDAY AFTERNOON, JULY 1, 1912. A little west of Newton, Kansas. In the public library of a village whose name I forget.

Here is the story of how I came to harvest. I was by chance taking a short respite from the sunshine, last Monday noon, on the porch of the Mennonite farmer. I had had dinner further back. But the good folk asked me to come in and have dessert anyway. It transpired that one of the two harvest hands was taking his farewell meal. He was obliged to fill a contract to work further West, a contract made last year. I timidly suggested I might take his place. To my astonishment I was engaged at once. This fellow was working for two dollars a day, but I agreed to $1.75, seeing my predecessor was a skilled man and twice as big as I was. My wages, as I discovered, included three rich meals, and a pretty spare room to sleep in, and a good big bucket to bathe in nightly.

I anticipate history at this point by telling how at the end of the week my wages looked as strange to me as a bunch of unexpected ducklets to a hen. They were as curious to contemplate as a group of mischievous nieces who have come to spend the day with their embarrassed, fluttering maiden aunt.

I took my wages to Newton, and spent all on the vanities of this life. First the grandest kind of a sombrero, so I shall not be sun-struck in the next harvest-field, which I narrowly escaped in this. Next, the most indestructible of corduroys. Then I had my shoes re-soled and bought a necktie that was like the oriflamme of Navarre, and attended to several other points of vanity. I started out again, dead broke and happy. If I work

hereafter I can send most all my wages home, for I am now in real travelling costume.

But why linger over the question of wages till I show I earned those wages?

Let me tell you of a typical wheat-harvesting day. The field is two miles from the house. We make preparations for a twelve-hour siege. Halters and a barrel of water and a heap of alfalfa for the mules, binder-twine and oil for the reaper and water-jugs for us are loaded into the spring wagon. Two mules are hitched in front, two are led behind. The new reaper was left in the field yesterday. We make haste. We must be at work by the time the dew dries. The four mules are soon hitched to the reaper and proudly driven into the wheat by the son of the old Mennonite. This young fellow carries himself with proper dignity as heir of the farm. He is a credit to the father. He will not curse the mules, though those animals forget their religion sometimes, and act after the manner of their kind. The worst he will do will be to call one of them an old cow. I suppose when he is vexed with a cow he calls it an old mule. My other companion is a boy of nineteen from a Mennonite community in Pennsylvania. He sets me a pace. Together we build the sheaves into shocks, of eight or ten sheaves each, put so they will not be shaken by an ordinary Kansas wind. The wind has been blowing nearly all the time at a rate which in Illinois would mean a thunderstorm in five minutes and sometimes the clouds loom in the thunderstorm way, yet there is not a drop of rain, and the clouds are soon gone.

In the course of the week the boy and I have wrestled with heavy ripe sheaves, heavier green sheaves, sheaves full of Russian thistles and sheaves with the string off. The boy, as he sings *The day-star hath risen,* twists a curious rope of straw and reties the loose bundles with one turn of the hand. I try, but cannot make the knot. Once all sheaves were so bound.

Much of the wheat must be cut heavy and green because there is a liability to sudden storms or hail that will bury it in mud, or soften the ground and make it impossible to drag the reaper, or hot winds that suddenly ripen the loose grain and shake it into the earth. So it is an important matter to get the

wheat out when it is anywhere near ready. I found that two of the girls were expecting to take the place of the departing hand, if I had not arrived.

The Mennonite boy picked up two sheaves to my one at the beginning of the week. To-day I learn to handle two at a time and he immediately handles three at a time. He builds the heart of the sheaf. Then we add the outside together. He is always marching ahead and causing me to feel ashamed.

The Kansas grasshopper makes himself friendly. He bites pieces out of the back of my shirt the shape and size of the ace of spades. Then he walks into the door he has made and loses himself. Then he has to be helped out, in one way or another.

The old farmer, too stiff for work, comes out on his dancing pony and rides behind the new reaper. This reaper was bought only two days ago and he beams with pride upon it. It seems that he and his son almost swore, trying to tinker the old one. The farmer looks with even more pride upon the field, still a little green, but mostly golden. He dismounts and tests the grain, threshing it out in his hand, figuring the average amount in several typical heads. He stands off, and is guilty of an æsthetic thrill. He says of the sea of gold: "I wish I could have a photograph of that." (O eloquent word, for a Mennonite!) Then he plays at building half a dozen shocks, then goes home till late in the afternoon. We three are again masters of the field.

We are in a level part of Kansas, not a rolling range as I found it further East. The field is a floor. Hedges gradually faded from the landscape in counties several days' journey back, leaving nothing but unbroken billows to the horizon. But the hedges have been resumed in this region. Each time round the enormous field we stop at a break in the line of those untrimmed old thorn-trees. Here we rest a moment and drink from the water-jug. To keep from getting sunstruck I profanely waste the water, pouring it on my head, and down my neck to my feet. I came to this farm wearing a derby, and have had to borrow a slouch with a not-much-wider rim from the farmer. It was all the extra headgear available in this thrifty region. Because of

that not-much-wider rim my face is sunburned all over every day. I have not yet received my wages to purchase my sombrero.

As we go round the field, the Mennonite boy talks religion, or is silent. I have caught the spirit of the farm, and sing all the hymn-tunes I can remember. Sometimes the wind turns hot. Perspiration cannot keep up with evaporation. Our skins are dry as the dryest stubble. Then we stand and wait for a little streak of cool wind. It is pretty sure to come in a minute. "That's a nice air," says the boy, and gets to work. Once it was so hot all three of us stopped five minutes by the hedge. Then it was I told them the story of the hens I met just west of Emporia.

I had met ten hens walking single-file into the town of Emporia. I was astonished to meet educated hens. Each one was swearing. I would not venture, I added, to repeat what they said.

Not a word from the Mennonites.

I continued in my artless way, showing how I stopped the next to the last hen, though she was impatient to go on. I inquired "Where are you all travelling?" She said "To Emporia." And so I asked, "Why are you swearing so?" She answered, "Don't you know about the Sunday-school picnic?" I paused in my story.

No word from the Mennonites. One of them rose rather impatiently.

I poured some water on my head and continued: "I stopped the last hen. I asked, "Why are you swearing, sister? And what about the picnic?" She replied: "These Emporia people are going to give a Sunday-school picnic day after to-morrow. Meantime all us hens have to lay devilled eggs."

"We do not laugh at jokes about swearing," said the Mennonite driver, and climbed back on to his reaper. My pardner strode solemnly out into the sun and began to pile sheaves.

Each round we study our shadows on the stubble more closely, thrilled with the feeling that noon creeps on. And now, up the road we see a bit of dust and a rig. No, it is not the woman we are looking for, but a woman with supplies for other harvesters. We work on and on, while four disappointing rigs go by. At last appears a sunbonnet we know. Our especial Mennonite maid

is sitting quite straight on the edge of the seat and holding the lines almost on a level with her chin. She drives through the field toward us. We motion her to the gap in the hedge.

We unhitch, and lead the mules to the gap, where she joins us. With much high-minded expostulation the men try to show the mules they should eat alfalfa and not hedge-thorns. The mules are at last tied out in the sun to a wheel of the wagon, away from temptation, with nothing but alfalfa near them.

The meal is spread with delicacy, yet there is a heap of it. With a prayer of thanksgiving, sometimes said by Tilly, sometimes by one of the men, we begin to eat. To a man in a harvest-field a square meal is more thrilling than a finely-acted play.

The thrill goes not only to the toes and the finger-tips, but to the utmost ramifications of the spirit. Men indoors in offices, whose bodies actually require little, cannot think of eating enormously without thinking of sodden overeating, with condiments to rouse, and heavy meats and sweets to lull the flabby body till the last faint remnants of appetite have departed and the man is a monument of sleepy gluttony.

Eating in a harvest field is never so. Every nerve in the famished body calls frantically for reinforcements. And the nerves and soul of a man are strangely alert together. All we ate for breakfast turned to hot ashes in our hearts at eleven o'clock. I sing of the body and of the eternal soul, revived again! To feel life actually throbbing back into one's veins, life immense in passion, pulse and power, is not over-eating.

Tilly has brought us knives, and no forks. It would have been more appropriate if we had eaten from the ends of swords. We are finally recuperated from the fevers of the morning and almost strong enough for the long, long afternoon fight with the sun. Fresh water is poured from a big glittering can into the jugs we have sucked dry. Tilly reloads the buggy and is gone. After another sizzling douse of water without and within, our long afternoon pull commences.

The sun has become like a roaring lion, and we wrestle with the sheaves as though we had him by the beard. The only thing that keeps up my nerve in the dizziness is the remembrance of the old Mennonite's proverb at breakfast that as long as a man can

eat and sweat he is safe. My hands inside my prickling gloves seem burning off. The wheat beards there are like red-hot needles. But I am still sweating a little in the chest, and the Mennonite boy is cheerfully singing:

> "When I behold the wondrous cross
> On which the Prince of Glory died,
> My richest gain I count but loss
> And pour contempt on all my pride."

Two-thirds round the field, methinks the jig is up. Then the sun is hidden by a friend of ours in the sky, just the tiniest sort of a cloud and we march on down the rows. The merciful little whiff of dream follows the sun for half an hour.

The most terrible heat is at half-past two. Somehow we pull through till four o'clock. Then we say to ourselves: "We can stand this four-o'clock heat, because we have stood it hotter."

'Tis a grim matter of comparison. We speed up a little and trot a little as the sun reaches the top of the western hedge. A bit later the religious hired man walks home to do the chores. I sing down the rows by myself. It is glorious to work now. The endless reiterations of the day have developed a certain dancing rhythm in one's nerves, one is intoxicated with his own weariness and the conceit that comes with seizing the sun by the mane, like Sampson.

It is now that the sun gracefully acknowledges his defeat. He shows through the hedge as a great blur, that is all. Then he becomes a mist-wrapped golden mountain that some fairy traveller might climb in enchanted shoes. This sun of ours is no longer an enemy, but a fantasy, a vision and a dream.

Now the elderly proprietor is back on his dancing pony. He is following the hurrying reaper in a sort of ceremonial fashion, delighted to see the wheat go down so fast. At last this particular field is done. We finish with a comic-tragedy. Some little rabbits scoot, panic-stricken, from the last few yards of still-standing grain. The old gentleman on horseback and his son afoot soon out-manœuvre the lively creatures. We have rabbit for supper at the sacrifice of considerable Mennonite calm.

It was with open rejoicing on the part of all that we finished

the field nearest the house, the last one, by Saturday noon. The boy and I had our own special thrill in catching up with the reaper, which had passed by us so often in our rounds. As the square in mid-field grows smaller the reaper has to turn oftener, and turning uses up much more time than at first appears.

The places where the armies of wheat-sheaves are marshalled are magic places, despite their sweat and dust. There is nothing small in the panorama. All the lines of the scene are epic. The binder-twine is invisible, and has not altered the eternal classic form of the sheaf. There is a noble dignity and ease in the motion of a new reaper on a level field. A sturdy Mennonite devotee marching with a great bundle of wheat under each arm and reaching for a third makes a picture indeed, an essay on sunshine beyond the brush of any impressionist. Each returning day while riding to the field, when one has a bit of time to dream, one feels these things. One feels also the essentially patriarchal character of the harvest. One thinks of the Book of Ruth, and the Jewish feasts of ingathering. All the new Testament parables ring in one's ears, parables of sowing and reaping, of tares and good grain, of Bread and of Leaven and the story of the Disciples plucking corn. As one looks on the half-gathered treasure he thinks on the solemn words: "For the Bread of God is that which cometh down out of Heaven and giveth life unto the World," and the rest of that sermon on the Bread of Life, which has so many meanings.

This Sunday before breakfast, I could fully enter into the daily prayers, that at times had appeared merely quaint to me, and in my heart I said "Amen" to the special thanksgiving the patriarch lifted up for the gift of the fruit of the land. I was happy indeed that I had had the strength to bear my little part in the harvest of a noble and devout household, as well as a hand in the feeding of the wide world.

What I, a stranger, have done in this place, thirty thousand strangers are doing just a little to the west. We poor tramps are helping to garner that which reëstablishes the nations. If only for a little while we have bent our backs over the splendid furrows, to save a shining gift that would otherwise rot, or vanish away.

Thursday Afternoon, July Fourth, 1912. In the shadow of a lonely windmill between Raymond and Ellinwood, Kansas.

I arrived hot and ravenous at Raymond about eleven A. M. on this glorious Independence Day, having walked twelve miles facing a strange wind. At first it seemed fairly cool, because it travelled at the rate of an express train. But it was really hot and alkaline, and almost burnt me up. I had had for breakfast a cooky, some raisins and a piece of cheese, purchased with my booklet of rhymes at a grocery. By the time I reached Raymond I was fried and frantic.

The streets were deserted. I gathered from the station-master that almost everyone had gone to the Dutch picnic in the grove near Ellinwood. The returns for the Johnson-Flynn fight were to be received there beneath the trees, and a potent variety of dry-state beverage was to flow free. The unveracious station-master declared this beverage was made of equal parts iron-rust, patent medicine and rough-on-rats, added to a barrel of brown rain-water. He appeared to be prejudiced against it.

I walked down the street. Just as I had somehow anticipated, I spied out a certain type of man. He was alone in his restaurant and I crouched my soul to spring. The only man left in town is apt to be a soft-hearted party. "Here, as sure as my name is tramp, I will wrestle with a defenceless fellow-being."

Like many a restaurant in Kansas, it was a sort of farm-hand's Saturday night paradise. If a man cannot loaf in a saloon he will loaf in a restaurant. Then certain problems of demand and supply arise according to circumstances and circumlocutions.

I obtained leave for the ice-water without wrestling. I almost emptied the tank. Then, with due art, I offered to recite twenty poems to the solitary man, a square meal to be furnished at the end, if the rhymes were sufficiently fascinating.

Assuming a judicial attitude on the lunch-counter stool he put me in the arm-chair by the ice-chest and told me to unwind myself. As usual, I began with *The Proud Farmer, The Illinois Village* and *The Building of Springfield,* which three in series contain my whole gospel, directly or by implication. Then I

wandered on through all sorts of rhyme. He nodded his head like a mandarin at the end of each recital. Then he began to get dinner. He said he liked my poetry, and he was glad I came in, for he would feel more like getting something to eat himself. I sat on and on by the ice-chest while he prepared a meal more heating than the morning wind or the smell of fire-crackers in the street. First, for each man, a slice of fried ham large enough for a whole family. Then French fried potatoes by the platterful. Then three fried eggs apiece. There was milk with cream on top to be poured from a big granite bucket as we desired it. There was a can of beans with tomato sauce. There was sweet apple-butter. There were canned apples. There was a pot of coffee. I moved over from the ice-chest and we talked and ate till half-past one. I began to feel that I was solid as an iron man and big as a Colossus of Rhodes. I would like to report our talk, but this letter must end somewhere. I agreed with my host's opinions on everything but the temperance question. He did not believe in *total* abstinence. On that I remained non-committal. Eating as I had, how could I take a stand against my benefactor even though the issue were the immortal one of man's sinful weakness for drink? The ham and ice water were going to my head as it was. And I could have eaten more. I could have eaten a fat Shetland pony.

My host explained that he also travelled at times, but did not carry poetry. He gave me much box-car learning. Then, curious to relate, he dug out maps and papers, and showed me how to take up a claim in Oregon, a thing I did not in the least desire to do. God bless him in basket and in store, afoot or at home.

This afternoon the ham kept on frying within me, not uncomfortably. I stopped and drank at every windmill. Now it is about four o'clock in the afternoon and I am in the shadow of one more. I have found a bottle which just fits my hip pocket which I have washed and will use as a canteen henceforth. When one knows he has his drink with him, he does not get so thirsty.

But I have put down little to show you the strange intoxication that has pervaded this whole day. The inebriating character of the air and the water and the intoxication that comes with the

very sight of the windmills spinning alone, and the elation that comes with the companionship of the sun and the gentleness of the occasional good Samaritans are not easily conveyed in words. When one's spirit is just right for this sort of thing it all makes as good an Independence Day as folks are having anywhere in this United States, even at Ellinwood.

THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1912. In the office of the Ellinwood livery stable in the morning.

Everyone came home drunk from the Dutch picnic last night. Ellinwood roared and Ellinwood snorted. I reached the place from the east just as the noisy revellers arrived from the south.

Ellinwood is an old German town full of bar-rooms, forced by the sentiment of the dry voters in surrounding territory to turn into restaurants, but only of late. The bar-fixtures are defiantly retained. Ever and anon Ellinwood takes to the woods with malicious intent.

Many of the citizens were in a mad-dog fury because Flynn had not licked Johnson. This town seems to be of the opinion that that battle was important. The proprietor of the most fashionable hotel monopolized the 'phone on his return from the woods. He called up everybody in town. His conversation was always the same. "What'd ya think of the fight?" And without waiting for answer: "I'll bet one hundred thousand dollars that Flynn can lick Johnson in a fair fight. It's a disgrace to this nation that black rascal kin lay hands on a white man. I'll bet a hundred thousand dollars. . . . A hundred thousand dollars . . ," etc.

I sat a long time waiting for him to get through. At last I put in my petition at another hostelrie. This host was intoxicated, but gentle. In exchange for what I call the squarest kind of a meal I recited the most cooling verses I knew to a somewhat distracted, rather alcoholic company of harvest hands. First I recited a poem in praise of Lincoln and then one in praise of the uplifting influence of the village church. Then, amid qualified applause, I distributed my tracts, and retreated to this stable for the night.

KANSAS

O, I have walked in Kansas
Through many a harvest field
And piled the sheaves of glory there
And down the wild rows reeled:

Each sheaf a little yellow sun,
A heap of hot-rayed gold;
Each binder like Creation's hand
To mould suns, as of old.

Straight overhead the orb of noon
Beat down with brimstone breath:
The desert wind from south and west
Was blistering flame and death.

Yet it was gay in Kansas,
A-fighting that strong sun;
And I and many a fellow-tramp
Defied that wind and won.

And we felt free in Kansas
From any sort of fear,
For thirty thousand tramps like us
There harvest every year.

She stretches arms for them to come,
She roars for helpers then,
And so it is in Kansas
That tramps, one month, are men.

We sang in burning Kansas
The songs of Sabbath-school,
The "Day Star" flashing in the East,
The "Vale of Eden" cool.

We sang in splendid Kansas
" The flag that set us free "—
That march of fifty thousand men
With Sherman to the sea.

We feasted high in Kansas
And had much milk and meat.
The tables groaned to give us power
Wherewith to save the wheat.

Our beds were sweet alfalfa hay
Within the barn-loft wide.
The loft-doors opened out upon
The endless wheat-field tide.

I loved to watch the wind-mills spin
And watch that big moon rise.
I dreamed and dreamed with lids half-shut,
The moonlight in my eyes.

For all men dream in Kansas
By noonday and by night,
By sunlight yellow, red and wild
And moonrise wild and white.

The wind would drive the glittering clouds,
The cottonwoods would croon,
And past the sheaves and through the leaves
Came whispers from the moon.

BROTHERS

Edwin Davies Schoonmaker

DID you ever stop to think of the meaning of these two, the Street and the Avenue? Or imagine that there might be a meaning beyond what you see as you rush to your work in the morning and hurry back home at night? Any city would serve just as well, but let us take New York. And let us select some hour between eight o'clock and midnight when business is over and the mind is free to consider the heart of things. And let us take our stand on any one of the hundred and fifty corners where the Street intersects the Avenue. Everyone knows that there is in reality only one Avenue in New York, and that the other so-called avenues are nothing more than streets that have been called avenues for the sake of convenience, because they happen to run parallel with the famous One. A street has a particular character and an avenue has a particular character, and you cannot change their characters by an interchange of names. And so it is of the One Avenue I am speaking. As for the Street—though there are many streets with many names, they are one in character, and so I shall call them the Street. Now let us start here at Twenty-third Street—we might have started at Washington Square just as well—and walk up the Avenue and stop on any corner you choose. It makes no difference. The story will pass you just the same. Here we are at Twenty-ninth Street. Shall we take this one? Then let us walk on. Any one you choose, remember. Thirty-seventh Street? Very well.

Now before the two men reach us who are approaching, the one from far up the Avenue, the other from far over coming eastward along the Street, let us look at the city for a moment as a focus of world forces. For, unless we do, we shall not get the meaning we are after. And let us remember that for the time being our eyes are unveiled.

Do you not see, in the first place, that the Avenue does not begin at Washington Square and end at One Hundred and Twentieth Street, but that it runs on and on through every city in the

world? And that the Street does not begin at North River and end at East River, but that it too runs through every city in the world? And do you not see, in the second place, that this thing which we call the Ages is simply our immeasurably long Avenue intersected by an infinite number of streets? Note, too, that the One, as far as you can see it, as far as Babylon, is thick with royal lamps and smoothly paven for cushioned vehicles, while the other, as far as Memphis in Egypt, is a half-lighted canyon paved with cobble stones for drays and wagons, with here and there cans of uncollected garbage standing near the curb? Is it not clear that these are the thoroughfares respectively of the two classes, the leisure class and the working class? Does it seem strange that they do not understand one another when they see each other only for a moment at the crossings as they go their way, the one toward the pleasure places and satiety, the other toward the factories and want? And is it any wonder that the toilers revolt now and then at the crossings and make trouble? Does it seem to you at all remarkable, coming as they apparently do from different quarters of the horizon, that they should have forgotten that the sky is one and that they are brothers?

Look far up where the number of streets runs into the thousands, into the five thousand and the six thousand, far up where the stars come down and mingle with the remote lamps, do you not see the builders of the Pyramids, the laborers I mean, waiting there on the corner till the chariots of the Pharaohs have passed along the Avenue? And do you see, farther down, where the Helots, the tillers of the soil, are being beaten back by the Spartans, the owners of the land? And farther down, where the hordes of hungry Plebeians are battling with the Patricians, the masters of Rome? And farther still, Wat Tyler and the serfs rioting against the landlords of England? And there, at the crossing where the lamps are broken out and the palaces show marks of conflict, look how the Nobles of the Avenue flee before the Street men of France! Do you not see that they extend round the world and through all time, these two thoroughfares, and that here and there is an historic corner?

But this is the corner that concerns us. And who knows but this too may become historic? For we must not imagine that

history is something dead and gone and not also something that is being made from day to day. And here are the two men approaching.

If you should step into a certain small exclusive Club on the upper Avenue about twelve o'clock to-night and ask the Frenchman, who takes charge of the hats and canes, who the young man is who just entered the Library and who seems to be looking for some one, he would look you over and possibly inform you that it is Mr. Despard. And if you had lived long in New York, or even though you were a stranger, if you had been at all interested in the doings of the Four Hundred, you would at once say, " Ah, Chauncey Despard, son of Morgan Despard, the well-known banker." And you would probably recall that this is the young man who captured most of the prizes in the Horse Show in Madison Square Garden this year. No doubt it was this fondness for horses that made him step to the curb just now to watch the Cadwalder bays go by. Or was it that he thought it might be Jack driving? Jack and he and the others are to meet to-night to finish that little affair that has been going on for a week now. He feels in his pocket. Yes, he has not forgotten. He remembers now that when he was changing his clothes he laid the eighty-five dollars on the chiffonier and then, happening to think of what was on, took another six hundred from the roll in the drawer. The little affair is still five or six hours off and the eighty-five will run him that long, now that he is going to have dinner with his aunt. This thought, you see, quickens his step, for he must have an appetite. That is why he has walked, walked past the house even. It would never do for his rich aunt to think he is delicate and short-lived as another nephew has intimated. He would live long enough for that, he would show him. But he must get more sleep. He wonders how the Baron always manages to hold such clever hands. Two thousand dollars is no little thing. And when the roll is gone and he has to go to his father again—But that is in the future, and the future is something that does not exist to Chauncey Despard. And anyway it has lasted longer than the other lasted, and there is possibly four or five hundred in the drawer still. And there is always money to be had in other places, for his aunt is past eighty.

Now what has happened? But it was only for a moment. You see he walks on again.

Beastly American gloves! The English never rip so. And how they stick to the fingers! He will send his chauffeur in again for gloves. Whether he told him or not, he ought to have known better. More graft probably. He has got it off now. He walks to the curb and drops it, as one drops an orange peel, into the gutter. Ah, the Van Pelts have got home! There is a light in Cornelia's window. He will just step in and let her know what a pleasant surprise it was for him. He takes an angle across the Avenue, pulling off the other glove as he goes. What a beautiful woman! And was that Sherman Dandridge? Then it must be that London woman the Baron was talking about the other night. They would probably be at Sherry's after the Opera. He would drop in for a moment before the game. He stands on the edge of the pavement and stares after the Limousine. Deucedly beautiful woman! He does not look up to the lighted window any more, but instead takes from the gold case Cornelia had given him one of his initialled cigarettes and slipping it into the engagement finger of the glove tosses it up to the Van Pelt door. The Butler would find it in the morning and understand. And anyway Cornelia would probably be tired tonight.

He will say nothing to his aunt about the Van Pelts being home. Deucedly beautiful woman! He wonders if the Baron knows her.

Now he comes straight on and you can see what he looks like. Hat proper, cane proper, linen and socks, if you could see them, right out of their London wrappings and with that smell about them, don't you know. Rather weak face, yes. But skin fine as a baby's. It is wonderful what they do with human flesh these days, what with baths and costly ointments and delicate fingers. And that body has doubtless been gone over many times by foreign masseuses. And the face, yes, weakened probably by the process, but neither himself nor his set would know this.

He has noticed some one in the Club there. You see he taps on the window with his cane, then comes forward and

greets cordially the dapper stranger who has just stepped from the cab. He does not say, " Pardon my glove." But the other does: " Pardonnez le gant." A boy in uniform comes from the Club. Despard keeps him waiting while he talks, speaks with his friend.

" Je croyais que vous aviez parti hier."

He hands the boy a bill. " Some gloves," says he. And the boy is off.

You will say the shops are not open at this hour. Have you forgotten that this is the Avenue? And, shut or not shut, this is Chauncey Despard. You will see the boy return presently, and they will be English gloves and of the proper size.

But let us leave him there waiting for his gloves and talking with Prince Casimir Rochambeau, who came over to his brother's wedding last week and who, if you have read even the first page of the papers, was booked to return on the *Lusitania* yesterday. For it is of the Paris section of the Avenue that they will talk, and it is the New York section that concerns us just now. And here along the Street comes the young workman.

Ah, this is the young fellow who was talking with the longshoreman down at the Houston Street docks the other day. I am glad it happens to be he, for this is an interesting case. I do not mean interesting in the sense of exceptional, for there are thousands in the city to-night, scores of whom I have talked with and could call by their first names, who are thinking much the same thoughts as he is thinking as he comes along there, though not one in a hundred has the courage to approach the Avenue when the well-dressed people are passing. And I should never have guessed that he would be bolder than the ninety-nine. For you will see when he enters the brightness of the Avenue that there is a pride in his bearing and that his face is an unusually sensitive one. He is evidently on some strange mission.

He has been in New York three years. Comes from a little town out in Ohio, I believe he said. Had a job as an Express driver over in Jersey till the strike came on. Then, for a year, he was a conductor on one of the surface lines of the city until he was discharged for having bought a uniform from another conductor who had given up his job, instead of buying it, at

double the price, from the Company, as the Rules require. Since then he has been doing odds and ends, he told the longshoreman, mixing mortar, working in the sewer, unloading lumber-boats up in Harlem until six weeks ago. Then there was one of those silences between the two men that goes right through you if you know what it means. And as he passed on to continue his hunt I noticed that his shoes were worn from long tramping.

Did you see him turn then when the man on the wagon called "Joe"? He thought for a moment it might be one of the Jersey boys who had found where he could get a job. You see he starts back, then stands until it is clear that it was not he the driver was calling.

He is half glad it was not one of the Jersey boys. He would probably have said, "I saw Katie yesterday and she was asking about you. Why in the hell do you treat the girl that way, Joe? If I had a girl like Katie I'd marry her to-morrow." And that is what the letter in his pocket says. "Why do you treat me so? I never loved a man till I saw you, Joe. And we could be so happy together. Why do you never write me? I am coming over to Mass in the morning and will wait for you at the corner where we met when we went to Coney. And I'm going to wait, Joe, if it's all day."

You see he lifts his chin as though he would keep his head above something that is overwhelming him, and looks eagerly toward the bar-room as he passes. If he could have raised more on the cuff-buttons he would drink something to-night, something strong, four or five glasses of it. But he has only the price of the ferry in his pocket. God, if he had only landed something! At least Katie should never know. She would probably wait till ten or eleven o'clock, then go back home as though nothing had occurred, except that she would wonder always.

And Bill too, his room-mate, would wonder. He would be getting home shortly. He would go in and light the gas and look the first thing if there was any word from Nellie about her sick child. And when he had read the card on the bureau he would begin humming the little song they heard at the Pictures last week. Then he would take off his overalls and lay his money out on the bed, ten dollars and a half less a beer and his

car-fare. And he would lay it out in little piles. Two dollars and a half for Mrs. Zinsky and two dollars for Nellie and one dollar for Joe. That would leave five. Then forty cents for his washing and the eighty-five he owed George Batesta. And he would figure it all out as he washed up, what he had to have and where they could go this week. He would like to hear that man sing again. And he would comb his hair and put on his coat and hat and wonder where Joe could be. And if he were there he would say, "Come on, Joe, let's go over to Tony's and have something to eat." Now he would slip the dollar under the brush and go out in the hall and knock at Mrs. Zinsky's door to pay the rent. And Mrs. Zinsky would say, "Joe paid it for this week, a little while ago." And Bill would be surprised and glad, glad he had found work. And he would go out and stand on the sidewalk and look up and down, jingling the silver in his pocket.

What a wonderful thing money is! He had never understood it till now. Why a girl can lay a nickel down on a counter and get a loaf of bread, a long loaf! And here about the street stands are women buying vegetables and fruits, their net-bags filled to bursting. And in the butcher shops are men buying meat, tripe and liver and even steak! And children are running with pennies to the candy stores. For it is Saturday night, and all over the three hundred and odd square miles of the city are people with money in their pockets, from a hundred dollars—though he doubts if that can really be—down to the thirty that the manager makes over in Jersey. He remembers the eighteen he himself made that one week up in Harlem when he worked over time. And the others, millions of them, with fifteen, ten and a half, nine, seven, four fifty, three, to the one seventy-five that the boy in the tailor shop told him he made. Wonderful! He had really never understood it before. What had he ever done with the thirteen dollars a week that he once made?

You see he lifts his chin again that way as though he would keep his head above something. And he comes on dumbly, with no thought at all, but with a feeling of terrible loneliness. And now it begins again.

He is glad he paid Mrs. Zinsky, though his sleeves hang

loose about the wrists. He is sure Katie would understand if she knew. She had once said that he was the squarest man she had ever known or ever heard of. And she would be coming across on the ferry in the morning and would stand by the rail with her prayer book in her hand, looking down into the waters. That was why he was going to the other river. God, if he had only landed something!

Now what has he found? He goes toward the edge of the pavement. Ah, the paper bag which the man threw down who passed eating the bananas. He folds it up and puts it in his side pocket. He will slip a cobble-stone into it. He knows where there is a pile of them over toward the ferry where they were repairing the street that day when he passed along hunting work. And it is Saturday night and others will be getting on with packages, and so no one will suspect what he has. And over toward the other side, when the people have gone to the prow for the landing, he will slip over the rail, clasping the cobble-stone to his breast.

If only some one would come along, as the man did up on Amsterdam that day, and say, "My man, I have four tons of coal over here that I want shovelled in"; and then say, "That's a good job. I was just trying you out. I have a coal yard and from now on you'll have steady work at a dollar and a half a day." Even the thought of it makes his flesh tingle and his blood run quickly along his veins. But you see he walks on, one block, two blocks, three blocks, and the man does not appear.

Now that he has come into the radiance of the Avenue do you not see that, in spite of his appearance, there is a pride in his bearing and that his face is an unusually sensitive one? You see he has his pipe in his hand, for tobacco, if it be strong, has much the same bracing effect as whiskey. He stops on the corner till the vehicles pass. He will cross presently. But just now he looks up the Avenue. He does not see what we see, the Pharaohs, the Cæsars, the Bourbons with their immense retinues trailing over all times and all lands, and filling the Avenue even of the New World with this splendid pageant. But as far as he does see he questions the lamps, questions the vehicles, questions the miles of palaces as to what it all means. He has forgotten

that his cuffs are loose, forgotten that his clothes are threadbare, and that the soles of his feet touch the pavement. He has even forgotten that police patrol the Avenue to put questions to such as he.

Let us remember, as I have said, that we are watching history in the making, and that the question which this Street man is putting to the Avenue will be put again and yet again until it is answered.

But here comes Chauncey Despard with his cane under his arm and with his fingers up, putting on his English gloves. He will walk down a few blocks further, then turn back, for the appetite is beginning to stir now. He half wishes he were sailing for London with the Prince to-morrow. But now that Cornelia has returned—and that other! Why did he not think to ask the Prince? He would probably have known something about her. But he will get away just as soon as he can after dinner. He will have some appointment or other. And he will have his chauffeur drive down and he will run over to the Metropolitan and see if they are there. And if they are not, he will make the rounds of two or three quiet places, then back up to Sherry's along about midnight, for Sherman Dandridge will be wanting to show her off. But he will hold himself in and not drink anything to-night, or at most not more than two or three Martinis, one in each place, and so keep his head clear. Possibly that is how the Baron manages it.

"Have you a match, brother?"

You see he stops and takes his cane in his hand.

"What was that?"

"Have you a match?"

There is evidently something in the man's voice, for Chauncey Despard does not often stop for things of this sort. The matches are under his bills, but he gets one and hands it to him. He does not say "You are welcome" when the man says "Thank you!" For he is off again, wondering if Sherman Dandridge will beckon him over and introduce him. But he must be turning back now. What was that the man called him, "brother"? He is amused at the familiarity of the lower classes. Even the Baron has never called him that, nor Prince

Rochambeau. But he is glad the man stopped him. For it has just occurred to him that the time he made that big winning in London he started with seven hundred. He will 'phone Albert, his valet, and have him send it down. But he must keep his head clear. And yes, he must manage somehow to meet her.

And the other? Do you see how he hurries along, now that he has crossed the Avenue, as though he had put his past behind him? He takes a letter from his pocket, you see, and tears it into infinitely small bits and throws them into the garbage can, hurrying along the while.

Will some workman meet him off yonder toward the river and understand that it is not a match he wants?

WHISPERS

LYMAN BRYSON

SOFT black against the sky, whose evening green
Is sharp and pale with autumn chill, the towers
Go swinging up with many yellow eyes.
One star shows at the skyline, facet-keen,
And in the close of their enslaved hours
The crowds creep on the pavements, insect-wise.

Out over moving workers, whispers go
Like the insistent quiet, secret tone
Of thought to thought, across an ocean heard.
Why is there never one, of those who know,
To catch the heavy meaning of that moan
And feel the godhead in his spirit stirred?

Have we not asked you the secret,
You, who are high and serene?
Have we not ventured for wisdom
Falling in chasms between?

Have we not sent up our prayers,
Inarticulate—begging for speech?
What have you done to bring beauty,
Or love of it nearer our reach?

Out of the whirl we are clamorous,
What have we heard that was sweet?
What fire is brought to our spirit?
What torch is set for our feet?

Guideless and hopeless we follow—
Why should you wince from our fall?
You have not beckoned above us;
Can it be Heaven is small?

These faces move live bubbles on a tide
Breaking upon eager trolley cars,
And vanishing like bubbles on a beach.
But may there not in these film bubbles ride
Strange ancient greatness in dim avatars,
Struggling in such whispers for its speech?

THE CLEAN SLATE

CHARLTON LAWRENCE EDHOLM

THE door of her bedroom opened abruptly. Virginia looked up from the trunk she was packing and for a moment she could not speak. Her throat seemed contracted. She stared as if she beheld one risen from the dead. Suddenly she found her voice.

"Shelby!" she whispered intensely. Then she sprang from her knees, heedless of the trinkets she was packing, and ran to him, throwing her arms about his neck, pressing him with her fingers as if to assure herself that he was really flesh and blood, gazing at him through tears as if she could not realize that it was indeed her husband.

Then with a quick movement she drew him inside the door of her shabby room, quickly locked it behind them and turned off the flaring gas jet so that only the gray light of dawn, stealing through the drawn curtains, illumined the chamber.

Again she flung her arms about his neck and they kissed like lovers who had been separated for eternities. All at once she slipped out of his embrace and held him at arms' length, her hands on his shoulders while she looked up at him.

"Shelby!" she whispered again, but this time her tones were low from caution rather than excitement. "Why are you here? Have you— Did you escape?"

Shelby Stryker returned his wife's gaze with eyes that appeared to be starved for the sight of a beloved face. They were the deep-set eyes of one who has thought much and suffered much in solitude, and they accorded well with the gaunt and rugged features of the man. It was almost the face of an ascetic, one who has struggled with himself in the wilderness. He was sunburned, and his spare, muscular figure seemed to suggest that the corduroys and khaki shirt of the western engineer would have been a more appropriate costume than the quiet gray business suit which he wore. In his easy poise and tanned countenance there was none of the prison taint, the hang-dog droop or

the unhealthy pallor, which is the mark of the convict but recently set free.

Her grasp on his shoulders tightened spasmodically. "Tell me, did you escape? Or—" Her voice broke— "Did they pardon you? Oh, Shelby, are you free again?"

His words came slowly as if speech were not his readiest mode of expression. "No," he replied, "I'm not free, not pardoned, but I didn't escape. I'm not that sort of a fool; I'm paroled. The Governor gave me thirty days' leave to go to Washington. Didn't you read all about it in the papers?"

The reaction had left her weak and the woman's girlish figure relaxed. She sank upon the unmade bed, drawing the man after her, and they sat there face to face, holding hands, just a trifle constrained in the unfamiliarity which three years of absence had brought about.

"Tell me about it," she said. "No, I haven't seen the papers for a long time. The mails have been tied up for weeks on account of the floods in the valley."

"It was my invention," he began; "the generator; you know the one I mean, the machine I was working on so hard before I was sent—before we were separated."

"I know, I remember, that splendid idea of yours that you could never get just right. How hard we worked over it, together, you and I! Your workshop was full of blue prints and models, that were almost a success but never just right."

"It's just right now," he interrupted. "The generator is a success. One little point that I'd overlooked for all this time occurred to me while I was serving my sentence."

"Oh, isn't it splendid!" she exclaimed. The enthusiasm of the inventor's co-laborer had made her forget for a moment her other rôle in the tragedy of life, the wife of a convict.

"It's all right," he remarked briefly. "The model works perfectly. There's power there, cheap power; enough to run the factories of the world and light its cities for almost nothing. Just a fraction of what light and power cost at present. Yes, it's a big one all right."

"And you made the model in prison, in your cell?"

"Not in my cell. After the reform administration changed

things at the pen, I was taken off the rock pile, given decent clothes, overalls and a shirt instead of those damned stripes, and they found a job for me helping with the machinery. That's Governor Stone's policy. Treat the prisoners like men, cut out that convict stripe that makes a person feel like—oh, I can't tell you what it feels like, Virginia, but it's hell. Then the brutes that were allowed to insult us, graft on us, hang us up by the wrists—oh, well, what's the use? Those fellows were all removed and a white man put in charge of the prison, a real man that you can respect; white clean through. That's George Scovil."

The man paused and the girl said no word, listening with indrawn breath. Stryker resumed thoughtfully, "That's why he was such a success. The boys all respected him, they couldn't help it. Scovil respects himself, he's not the sort of a man to take advantage of a fellow because he's down and out, helpless, under his feet. He respects himself too much to graft on a convict and that's more than you can say of many a warden. And he respected us. By God, I believe that's the secret. You can't reform a convict, you can't reform anybody unless you respect him for the manhood that's buried in him somewhere."

He passed his hand across his forehead like one who has solved an abstract problem, then drew a long breath and threw his shoulders back. "Well, that's how I got off the rock pile and found a job in the engine room. Scovil tried to find work for every man that would bring out the best that was in a fellow." He smiled whimsically. "Some of those beefy chaps that have nothing to be proud of but their biceps are pounding rock yet and trying to break each other's records in that sport."

"And so they let you have tools and a place to build your model in your spare time?"

"Yes, that's just how it came about, and maybe it wasn't like beefsteak to a hungry man for me to be at my own work again!"

"And then——?"

"Well, I'd been thinking about my old models all the time I was hammering rock and all of a sudden I seemed to put my finger on the weak spot. I built two models in prison. The first

was a little crude device but I was sure I had the right idea at last. The second was larger, a miniature power producer, you understand, not a toy, and it delivered the goods."

The girl's eyes sparkled, she pressed his strong hands in her little soft ones and exclaimed, "I knew it, Shelby! I knew you'd be famous some day! Oh, I'm so glad!"

"Yes, there's money in it too, more money than you've ever seen piled up in the bank, but as far as that goes I have other inventions blocked out, plenty of them, and any one of them would make a man comfortable for life if it was patented."

"And this big one, the generator. You have the patent on it?" Once more the inventor's wife was uppermost in the girl's character.

"Yes, that's how I happen to be here. Scovil saw my machine, saw it work and thought that it was pretty good stuff. Then he studied up the principles of it and when he thought of its possibilities, it took his breath away. He brought his wife in from the warden's house to look at it, and one of her friends came along, Mrs. Leavitt, a splendid woman. She was visiting the penitentiary to study the honor system that Governor Stone put in practice. She is a woman who counts with the administration, the brain of a man, a big man, and a heart as tender as—as yours. She was enthusiastic over the generator after I'd explained the principles of it, and that's a wonder too, for you know what a chump I am when it comes to explaining things to strangers. The next thing I heard was that this woman had gone to the Governor with the story of my machine and then,—but wait a minute. It's all told in one of these clippings better than I can tell it."

He drew a large black letter case from his pocket and produced the clipping. "Read it," he said with a smile; "it's mainly true, although it is reported by the newspaper that is fighting Governor Stone tooth and nail."

Virginia glanced rapidly over the headlines:

"WOMAN'S PLEA MOVES SOLONS.
CONVICT STRYKER'S CASE BEFORE LEGISLATURE.
MRS. LEAVITT'S SPEECH WINS PAROLE FOR CRIMINAL."

In the caustic paragraphs which followed, full of sneers for the "maudlin sentimentality" of the legislators, was told the story of how the law-makers had listened with enthusiasm to Mrs. Leavitt's plea for humane treatment of convicts; how Shelby Stryker's story was told to prove that the prison may hold men capable of service to the world if properly handled; how the Legislature had unanimously voted to request the Governor for a thirty day parole for Shelby Stryker so that he could go to the patent office in Washington and protect his rights on his amazing invention.

"I couldn't have gotten my patent without going there myself," Stryker observed. "There were principles in the machine that were new to the patent office people and they were ready to class the generator with the perpetual motion devices and turn down the application, if I hadn't been able to demonstrate it. But it's all right now, the patents will be allowed, and——"

"And now you must go back to the prison?" Once more the girl's arms were about her husband's neck and the lips of the lovers met.

Gently he disengaged himself. "Yes, I've got to go back, the time is almost up: I rushed the work in Washington, hoping to steal a day or two with you, although that is not included in the parole. By rights I should have gone back by the straightest route, but when I read that the floods down in the valley were growing more serious every day, I decided to come anyhow and make sure that you were safe."

"Yes, the water has been rising right along, and the mails have been delayed for some time. That's why your letters failed to reach me. I haven't been in any real danger from the floods, though, but I got so tired of the confusion and discomfort that I had decided to go back home to Canada. I was just packing when you came. I have my ticket and now that the trains are running again I will be able to leave to-day. I wish you could come."

There was a silence between them for a few moments. With her last words, an idea had formed in the minds of both: *"Why not?"*

They looked at each other steadily without speaking, and each read the other's thoughts.

"God! Virginia, how I wish I could! You don't know what this separation means to me."

Suddenly she burst into wild sobbing and clung to him as if she could not let him go. "Don't I know! Oh, Shelby, Shelby, why can't you come with me? You have a chance now. Let's take it. Everything is in an uproar in the town, people coming and going, refugees leaving in every direction, and even if detectives were following you it would be easy to slip away and you would be free. Think of the long three years you must serve before you are free again! Let's take the chance."

The idea so suddenly presented to him carried the man off his feet. He staggered physically and morally. "We could do it," he said, half to himself. "There are no detectives following me, that was part of the bargain. We could slip away to Canada under a false name, and I could easily find work and lose myself. As for the generator, why let that go. I've plenty of other inventions up my sleeve that would make a fortune for us. Oh, girl, how I've wanted you these three years!"

"We'll do it, Shelby! I'll slip out and get another ticket and in a few hours we can be on our way north and we will never have to separate again. We can go to one of the big cities, Montreal or Quebec, or perhaps to the great North-west, where there are so many strangers and no one has time to ask questions, and we will take a fresh start in a new country. We will begin life with a clean slate!"

His eyes brightened as he regarded her and the gloom was gone from his face of sorrow.

Virginia's bright face clouded for a moment, and a shade of fear came into her brown eyes. "Shelby, are you sure there are no detectives following you?"

"No," he answered briefly, "I'm out on honor."

There was a knock of hard knuckles on the door. The lovers started as if they heard the pursuing footsteps of the law and sprang apart. Then Virginia motioned her husband to stand to one side as she opened the door a little and looked out. A bony hand was thrust into the room holding a

mass of letters and newspapers. "Please, ma'm." It was the maid of all work. "Here's the mail just got in. It looks good to see letters from home again, don't it?"

Virginia thanked the girl and dismissed her as soon as possible. She dropped the mail on the table and locked the door. Once more the lovers regarded each other, but the light had gone out of their faces. The interruption at the moment of the ecstatic planning had brought them back to earth again. Moreover Shelby's last words, "I'm out on honor," still echoed in the minds of both.

Yet she continued her pleading. She began to coax him, to talk about the flight across country in a state-room: "It would be like another wedding journey." Then the arrival at her father's home for the shortest possible visit with her people. Then another flight across Canada to some pleasant little city in the North-west, where strangers were too plentiful to excite comment, where no questions would be asked, where they would soon win a place for themselves and be respected, where they could begin life with a clean slate.

Shelby Stryker stood listening to her thoughtfully. He was struggling with himself, although he was apparently calm once more. As she continued her pleadings he mechanically picked up the sheaf of newspapers that the girl had brought and ripped off the wrappers one by one, hardly knowing what he was doing. They were the newspapers from the capital. She received them regularly so as to learn what she could of the life in prison, hoping for even a casual mention of the place that held her lover.

A headline caught his eye as the wrapper fell from an unfolded paper:

"CLEVER CONVICT MAKES GET-AWAY.
ALL TRACE LOST OF STRYKER SINCE HE LEFT WASHINGTON.
GOVERNOR STONE'S PET POLICY RECEIVES A JOLT."

Mechanically his eye ran down the column, filled with bitter invective against the Governor and Warden Scovil, censuring them, sneering at them for having been outwitted by a clever crook. The return to old methods of rigorous treatment of

convicts was advocated. Stryker flung the paper violently on the table. He grasped his wife by the wrists. "Stop," he exclaimed. "Sweetheart, I can't do it! Do you know what it would mean if I should quit like this? You can't understand it. Listen! I will tell you.

"In the old days that pen was a hell; that's what it was, a hell, and I wonder how I lived through it. Men worked like slaves. The labor was cruel, and the punishments for those who were too weak to endure it were barbarous. Men were thrown into dungeons on bread and water, they were strung up by the wrists until they almost lost their reason. They were beaten, they were half drowned with jets from a fire hose while they were strapped down and helpless. People on the outside have no conception of the cruelty that prison guards were allowed to inflict. And the stripes, and the insults, and the graft! The old system was rotten clean through!

"And lately they have changed all this. Governor Stone was great enough to call a convict 'friend' and George Scovil (God bless the man!) has worked hard to give us half a chance. The stripes are gone and the barbarous punishments are done away with. The boys in the pen are given work that they like to do and are told that if they behave and show themselves worthy, they may be set free on parole. It's the honor system. Why, the very word is enough to make a man out of a convict.

"I understand now that the whole system depends on me. The whole country has read about my case and the newspapers all over the country have commented on the strange actions of a Governor that would let a convict travel across the continent on his mere promise as a man that he would return. Governor Stone has staked his reputation on my promise. George Scovil's whole future depends on it, for he is the Governor's man. And the boys in the prison, fellows who are getting one more chance to be decent and make men of themselves, what would happen to them if Governor Stone's policies were reversed and Scovil turned out and the old warden brought back?"

Virginia could find no words. She was crying softly. Her hopes had been raised so high by her own audacious plan.

Gently he raised her hands and placed her arms about him.

"Kiss me good-bye, sweetheart," he said; "I am going back. In three years I will be free, and then,—then we can begin life again with a clean slate."

He was gone. Before she realized it he was out of the room and the front door had closed behind him.

She sank into a chair beside the table and laying her head in her arms she cried like a little girl whose doll is broken.

In a few minutes she dried her eyes and sat up and began listlessly to sort out the letters from the newspapers scattered on the table. She saw the article that had influenced Shelby, the bitter attack on the Governor and his humane policy (maudlin, the editor described it), and her cheeks burned at the phrase barbed with sarcasm, "A convict's honor (?) appears to be the keystone of the administration."

She turned the page and read the conclusion which her husband had not seen. It ran:

"To cap the climax of Governor Stone's absurdity, it is rumored that in case of Stryker's return (which is out of the question, of course), our misguided executive proposes to grant an extended parole to this crook and possibly pardon him unconditionally so that he can busy himself with his alleged epoch-making inventions. What protection has society against the criminal with such a feeble sentimentalist in the Governor's chair!"

Virginia sprang from her place and ran to the window. The dingy curtains were brightened by the spring sunshine, and as she jerked them up, it seemed as if Heaven's own light had burst into the shabby room. She flung up the window and a breeze from the Gulf blew back the lace hangings, causing them to flutter violently like carrier pigeons about to be released for their homeward flight.

She paused for a second to fill her lungs with the sweet air, then, without waiting for her hat, she ran swiftly down stairs and into the street, hoping to overtake her husband at the station before the train pulled out.

POINT BONITA

WITTER BYNNER

THE little launch was called "The Monk"
That carried him to sea
With seven cronies, not one drunk,
But sober as could be.

Blight, Wilson, Scott, two Petersons,
Stevens, McPherson, seven,
And they were hearty sons-of-guns
With strange ideas of heaven.

"The snuggest hold on the waterfront
Was the one Pete Johnson ran;
And Peter was the reason on't——"
And then the tale began

How they all had sat at Johnson's place,
Less than a month before,
And seen a look in Peter's face
When he cleared his throat and swore

That he wouldn't last another moon,
For he felt it in his bones.
"Boys," he had said, "I'll be going out soon.
And these'll be cold as stones;

"This left hand looking now so stout,
Lifting the glass to clink,
And this right hand which I hand about
As I ask you boys to drink,

"To drink me a pledge and a solemn vow
By all the gods there are
To bottle my ashes and stand in the bow
And break me over the bar.

" I've leaned on a bar at sea and ashore
So long that I've got the trick;
To be anywhere else for evermore—
The idea makes me sick."

On Peter's brow was a line of sweat.
" Fishes are quick and free;
But worms with their crawlin', pokin' fret—
O keep 'em off o' me!

" Give me no solid, cloggin' grave,
But the width and the drift o' the seas!
Bury me out where wind and wave
And ashes go as they please!

" Oblige me? " he asked them. And like one man,
Quicker than you can think,
They said, "Aye, Peter,—a damn good plan! "
And pledged it with a drink.

It blew from the Saturday Peter died
Till the cronies came together,
And looked at the jug with Pete inside,
Then looked outside at the weather.

And when they had watched the gale three days,
They nodded while it blew,—
" We can't sit round till the jug decays—
Let's see old Peter through! "

They took the jug aboard " The Monk,"
They put their oilskins on,
They faced the sousing sea—not drunk;
Sober every one.

A wave came over them halfway out
And slapped them down in the sea

And all but two of them went to the bout—
  Bailing, hip and knee.

Two at the helm and five of them
  Bailing, one with a mug . . .
When "The Monk" went crazy and shook her stem
  They'd catch a quick look at the jug

Where old Pete Johnson urged them on
  And gave them extra breath,
Just as though he hadn't gone,
  As though it wasn't death.

And when the mourners pulled around,
  With "The Monk" for a pitching hearse,
And—just off Point Bonita—found
  The chapter and the verse,

Stevens, McPherson, Wilson, Blight,
  Scott and the Petersons,
Bared their heads and stood as they might
  While the sea went by like guns.

Then they broke the bottle over the bow
  And Peter flew by in the foam.
They wished him as well as they knew how
  Before they put for home.

Now the wind was lighter going back
  But the way was heavier far,
For the mate of the trip, out on their track,
  Was leaning again on a bar.

And soon in Peter Johnson's place,
  They leaned on a bar as well—
And looked each other in the face;
  And when they drank his knell,

Blight, Stevens, the Petersons, Wilson, Scott,
McPherson, crew of " The Monk,"
Each sober crony of the lot
With just one drink—was drunk.

THE STILL FOREFRONT OF WINTER

CLARENCE STONE

THE earth is brown with fallen leaves, the wide water of the river and the marshes is smoothly blue, as in autumn. Yet the message of autumn is of a rich vigor, of strength put out in throbbing culmination, and here there is no hint of strength put out. The bare black trees stand tense against the low gray sky, the woods are still, save for the faint peeping call and answer of two birds hidden among the laurel bushes.

One of the peeping birds appears, a crested male cardinal, vivid red against the dark-green laurel as he hops from twig to twig. It is as if only in these, the little red bird and the low green laurel, does any of the summer's tumult of color and motion remain. Here on this stripped hillside above the river, where silence now rises like a mist, millions of green leaves fluttered high and low not long ago, danced on the tops of mighty oaks and rustled amid the creeping briars, forming a green cathedral gemmed with glowing trumpet flowers, a place alive with scampering squirrels, with bees that buzzed and boomed, with birds that sang in multitude.

The river and the marshes, too, teemed with life, with islands of heart-shaped lily leaves crowned by purple flowers, with green and olive seaweed strewn ashore at each high tide, with fish that flashed toward the sun in a crystal shower, with graceful cranes and darting hawks that watched and swooped. Now there are only withered remnants of lily stalks, only shrivelled shreds of seaweed; the frost has loosened and the tides taken the summer's opulent growth, and no fish leap beneath the low gray sky.

A rounded stone from the beach, tossed up the hillside to break the silence, rolls noisily down through the dry leaves, dislodging a startled rabbit, perhaps a lone survivor from the November shooting; he thumps frantically through the bare underbrush, his white tail bounding into sight again and again until he is hidden in a ravine.

Seven white gulls come sweeping up the river, wheeling and crossing above the quiet marshes, crying their queer metallic lamentation; soon they return, silent, down the river toward the bay.

The cold blue water is lifeless and lonely as before, the wooded hill stands stripped and black in the clear hard gray light, waiting, waiting, amid silence that rises like a mist.

THE TWO BOOKS

ELLA M. WARE

EXCEPT for the titles, you could hardly have told them apart; for they were both about the same size, both in the same brown regulation covering, both rather shabby and worn. There they stood all day, a little apart from the rest, on a shelf in the public library, waiting for some chance borrower to take them out.

A young art student sauntered in, glanced at several volumes, selected the one he wanted, and then, catching sight of the two books, took the nearest one down. He turned the pages casually; then stopped, as a sentence caught his eye. He read it—frowned—then read it again, and his face grew sad and bitter.

"A cynical philosophy, that," he said. "And yet, after all, perhaps the pessimist is right. Existence is a poor affair at the best. And here was a man who realized the game wasn't worth the candle."

He closed the book with a sigh, put it back in place and turned away. But all through the day the memory of that sentence stayed with him, haunted him, tingeing his thoughts, spoil-

ing his appetite, souring all his pleasures. Even the sunlight seemed to have grown gray. Through everything he did, everything he saw, there seemed to echo the dull, disheartening query —" What's the use? "

The next afternoon a tired-looking middle-aged professor, passing the shelf in search of some book of reference, noticed the two books and mechanically took the further one down. He glanced over the first few pages—then, coming to a certain line that seemed to take his fancy, he smiled and re-read it with a look of pleased surprise. The tired, set lines in his face relaxed, his eyes lost their sternness and grew soft and kindly, as though some train of thought had been aroused which led him into a new and wonderful land.

" What a beautiful idea! How delightfully put! " he said to himself. " Why, it positively makes me feel young again. It seems somehow to give one new inspiration, fresh courage to face things, a bigger sympathy for everybody and everything. Strange how a handful of words by a dead author can stir one's heart into life and make the world seem so wonderful, so worth while! "

And as he went out with the book under his arm his stooping shoulders straightened themselves with a new youthfulness, a new determination. He hummed a little tune as he walked home through the rain.

QUEER BEASTS AND BIRDS OF PERU

MILLICENT TODD

Of the Heights

THE dark-eyed llamas with red-woollen tassels in their ears move slowly across the icy plateau.

Could anything equal the dignity of a llama, his serenity, his hauteur? He knows he is indispensable. There is no one to take his place. His wool furnishes clothing, his skin leather, his flesh food, his dung fuel, and he is a beast of burden where no other can live on the bare, breathless heights.

In return, he asks no shelter, warm beneath his shaggy coat. He asks no food, for he grazes on the stiff *ychu* grass as he journeys along. He needs no shoes, no harness, and even provides, himself, the wool for the homespun bags upon his back. When there is no water, he carries in bags made of his own skin what is necessary for man. Nor do his benefactions end here. The llama furnished the mystery-loving Spaniards with that strange bezoar stone which on account of its mysterious endowments they placed in the list with emeralds, pearls, turquoises and other precious stones from Peru.

Is it astonishing that the llama makes his own rules of conduct and exacts entire consideration of them? Disobedience he indicates in a way not to be forgotten! Usually gentle and docile, if a llama is annoyed, he becomes disagreeable, revengeful and useless. He will not hurry, for supplying his own food he must graze when opportunity offers. He will not be overloaded. One hundred pounds he will cheerfully carry, but with more than that he sits down like a camel, dreamily chewing his cud, and can be neither forced nor persuaded to rise. In speaking of the alpaca, cousin of the llama, Father Acosta said that "the only remedy is to stay and sit down by the *paco,* making much on him, until the fit be passed, and that he rise; and sometimes they are forced to stay two or three hours."

The little variegated herd with expressions of mild surprise steps daintily along as if walking on eggs, following at even

distances, each moving with the authority of a procession. If frightened, they huddle into a compact group, craning their long necks toward the centre. Then they look you wistfully in the face for minutes at a time without moving. The halter of the leader is embroidered, and small streamers flutter from it. Most of the llamas have tassels in their ears, or little pendants or bells. Thus they file across the snow-covered Cordillera.

At night when they sink on to the *puna* at their journey's end, a faint murmur like many æolian harps is wafted into the stillness of the frosty night. It is the llamas' appreciation of rest.

Far above the limit of human life, even beyond the haunts of vicuñas, there is still one living creature. His shadow sweeps over the wilderness as he passes between it and the sun—a shadow the only appearance of life. It is the condor, who lays her white eggs on the bare rock of the loftiest mountain peaks and knows where the heart of each animal lies.

The mighty condor who can kill an ox with his beak of steel, who can swallow a sheep or exist a month without food.

The majestic condor who swims in the highest air or sweeps down upon his prey with a deafening whir of wings.

The condor, a symbol of light, who circles on an almost imperceptible tremulous motion up to the ether of outer space, or proceeds undisturbed, without effort or flutter of wings, in the icy teeth of a tempest, a symbol of storm.

He watches the sun rise over a continent-jungle, glimmering with heat and dampness, and long after the sunset glow has faded from the highest snowy peak, he sees its fiery ball drop beyond the farthest edge of the Pacific.

The fabulous condor, known in Europe when Peru was a myth, a hostage from a fairy-land of gold and silver; a griffin revelling in solitude and in evidences of things gone by.

Loneliness is the condor's only friend.

The wind howls through his broadened wings.

Of the Lowlands

Deep within the wilderness, more silent than the noiseless solitude itself, lies a mysterious lagoon sacred to the giant Mother of Waters. All about, coiled in the half-putrescent

vegetable mould, are myriads of venomous creatures, gliding, writhing, crawling in and out. Minute snakes whose bite is death curl in tendrils or lie like coral necklaces upon the leaves. Larger ones drape in vinelike garlands overhead, to be distinguished from a blossoming festoon only by a sudden loose-swinging end.

But the pool! What wet blackness and horrid mystery! The surface of the water is never ruffled by a breeze. It has no moods. Unperturbed in perpetual gloom it lies in quivering stagnation, oozing nauseous odors under the twilight of a full, tropical moon. No roseate spoonbill, no delicate white heron tilts about upon its banks. The black stagnant water can barely cover the solid seething mass of "hairy, scaly, spiny, blear-eyed, bulbous, shapeless monsters, without name . . . wallowing, interwriggling, and devouring each other."

Here sleeps the Mother of Waters, congenially imbedded, her shining coils slipping about over each other—the great *yacumama,* the mighty boa-constrictor, who can swallow almost any creature whole and whose breath withers any beast lured within reach by her fascinating poison. Humanely she intoxicates before squeezing the bones to pulp of digestible consistency.

Sometimes she unfolds her darkly iridescent coils out into the hospitable closeness of the jungle. Laboriously she winds upward in over-arching trees; but, as if too languid, leaves part of her frightful weight dragging below. She looks moss-grown, like the stem of an old tree, and, treelike, remains motionless for days at a time. When she does wander forth in search of prey, a track follows through the lush-yielding vegetation—her huge weight lingering heavily upon succulent streams.

Mysterious animals live in the depths of the ocean where no ray of light has ever pierced. They light the way for their own fishing, as the glow-worm is struck by its own brightness before seeing any other. Fire beetles and phosphorescent caterpillars and flickering fireflies—little stitches of a shining thread in the soft, verdured blackness of the tepid night—make the primeval forest discernible.

The true life of the jungle begins with darkness and ends with light. As if the habitual gloom were not deep enough,

jungle animals wait until night has enclosed them further to carry on their life activities; those weird creatures which lurk in the shade, primeval instincts always alert, living on sufferance in this land of vegetation. They have persisted since early geologic ages, the only remnants of their kind, haunting the nights from then until now. Dwarfs of a former age, growing constantly smaller and fewer and less important, they will dwindle through coming ages until zoölogical gardens can no longer be supplied, and their toothless skulls in glass cases will be the only evidence that they ever existed.

The antediluvian ant-eater hunches along on his stiff, curved claws, stopping now and then to rake out a crowded ant-hill, whose compact, crawling interior he cleans out with an efficient slash of his spiral tongue.

The giant armadillo, the glyptodon of former ages, developed a complete coat of mail by which his small descendant is still protected. He can open and shut the scales at will, hiding himself inside them. He trundles to and fro, burrowing out well-flavored roots. His voice is dull, without ring or expression. But his little shell is used as the bowl of a curious three-stringed guitar from which natives can coax queer, sweet sounds.

The cavernous croak of the violet-colored throat-bladder matches the twilight. The goat-sucker with softly flapping wings rises to greet the night, and from deep within the forest resounds the drawling cry of the sloth. His small, ghoulish face peers into the on-coming darkness.

Can any greater emblem of misery be conceived than the uncouth sloth? He hangs upside down upon a branch like a bundle of rags on a nail. His hair is like dried grass, stiff, with a greenish tinge, and as might be expected goes the wrong way. His long arms are jointless, swinging to and fro like the end of a rope. He can turn his head all about, till his round, simple face meets the wind; then he opens his toothless mouth to take it in, giving rise to a tradition that he lives on air. His want of teeth is supplied by long nails—his only means of attack, and with which he scrapes out ants. Whether he lives upon cecropia buds and dew, as Dr. Brehm declares, or upon armies of ants swarming in the hollow stems of the cecropia tree, it is certain that he

haunts only that tree, spreading out its broad leaves, whose white lower sides reflect light into the sepulchral shade. It furnishes him with more food than he needs, and food is his only necessity.

The rain pours, he listlessly hugs his branch, a sorry spectacle, emitting from time to time a deep sigh. His eye is dull, he knows no joy, no sorrow. He needs no sleep, no relief from a life which is nothing but respite. The odds seem too great against him to perform the simplest acts of life.

The climax of activity is reached when like a wad he falls to the ground, utterly devoid of life.

After a while he unrolls and progresses with circumspection upon closed claws to the next cecropia tree. Then he climbs to the very top, where he begins to eat, supplied with food on the down journey. Hunger compelling, he unbends from a position of unusual discomfort and pushes himself along his branch upside down. Over-cautious in every motion, he never loosens his rigid hold from one limb until securely clamped to the next one. Each movement causes a long sad yowl of pain. It is amazing that so cutting a sound can issue from his soft mouth. *Ai* is his German name.

His weird cry is a jungle symbol—mysterious hint of antediluvian days when the elephantine sloth lifted up a mammoth wail to be taken up by the glyptodon and the dodo.

Night settles. Blood-thirsty bats emerge, bright eyes flashing eagerly. Leaf-nosed vampires whose empire is gloom are prepared for their nightly bacchanale.

When utter blackness has obliterated the jungle, the *carbunculo* slinks slowly out of the thickets. " If followed, he opens a flap in his forehead from under which an extraordinary brilliant and dazzling light issues, proceeding from a precious stone; any foolhardy person who ventures to grasp at it is blinded, the flap is let down under the long black hair and the animal disappears into darkness. The Incas believed in him. The viceroys in their official instructions to the missionaries placed the *carbunculo* in the first order of desiderata."

Side by side with sloths, ant-eaters and armadillos, dwarf descendants of mastodon days, still lumbering about undeveloped in spite of their ancient lineage, humming-birds have

flashed through the ages. They have profited by cycles of centuries to elaborate their little bodies beyond imagination with pendent beards, crests, waving ear-tufts, and ornaments colored in fantastic manner. Their tails, fashioned in queer shapes, always consist of ten feathers. Even the tiny sharp feet, minute as they are, differ greatly in form and are sometimes covered with a delicate white down. There are feathers on a humming-bird's eyelids. The little saw-edged tongues for extracting insects from flower honey all differ. Their bills are as long as their bodies, and their tails are twice as long.

What can be said of their color, brighter than any other in nature? The hue of every precious stone, the lustre of every metal sparkles from some part of the diminutive body. Often only a twinkling of emerald-gold-green or ruby-colored light reveals their passing—"a route of evanescence with a revolving wheel." Sometimes the flash comes from throat or back or brow of iridescence, sometimes from a body sheathed in little gold scales; sometimes from the very tips of long white feathers frilling the neck about. The colors come and go, shift and change with every motion, "embers flung about by invisible hands." The wing-feathers are gray. No eye could discern anything but a dusky film, so a bright display would be lost.

And all this is within a thimble's compass, for the smallest of all humming-birds grow in Peru. One is hardly larger than a bumble-bee, and the giant of the race measures less than a swallow. Doctor Brehm says that the Dwarf Humming-bird is the only one that has a song. There is as much diversity in the names of the humming-bird as in everything else pertaining to it: Tresses-of-the-day-star, Rays-of-the-sun, Sun-gems, Sun-stars, Flame-bearers, Frou-frou, Pecker-of-flowers, Flower-sipper, Honey-sucker, Sipper-of-roses, Fly-bird, and the sweet Colibri. It has besides many local names such as Tominejo, *tomin* being the smallest weight.

Birds migrate south from the tropics as well as north. The humming-bird whirls through the jungle and luxuriant valleys of the Andes, out to islands in the Pacific, and follows the fuchsia down to the very boundaries of barrenness in the tail of South America. A mere dab of brain can engineer this infinitesimal

motor from Patagonia to Canada. One minute flame-bearer lives only inside the crater of an extinct volcano in Veragua, marked with red like the fire-stealer wren of Brittany, and many battle with storms of the high Andes and can be seen mingling their vivid flashes with snow. They who live by means of flowers! One called Sappho, a blend of red and green, lives upon the bleak heights of Bolivia, frequenting the haunts of the condor.

It has been thought that the humming-bird has no wish-bone, its frame being more compact than such construction would allow in order to withstand the immense strain of its wings—immense, yes, measured by millimetres. At any rate the largest organ is the breast muscle, and the heart is three times as large as the stomach. Its senses are alert and a well-developed skull could prove the excellence of the brain, did not its habits do so.

The humming-bird always trusts itself to the air for however brief a distance, and flings its supple body about from one flower to another in vibrating flight. Now it hovers near without disordering a petal, now it hangs from tall grasses by the tip of its thornlike bill, a sparkling of wings with spurts of precious stones in a setting of petals, lost in another instant in wide air. Never smutted by earth, because never touching it, the humming-bird juggles among the flowers. It never follows all the flowers of a single bush nor even exhausts all the sweetness of a single flower, " a dart, a glance, a sip, and away,"—butterflies, a symbol of caprice, are not more fickle. This utterly erratic creature performing its aerial gambols holds within itself the reason for its being unmolested by any enemy—the chase not being worth the morsel.

Ineffable is the whole field of its labor. The coarsest materials of its nests are the finest straws it can pick up. Inside they are lined with down and spiders' webs. Consistently they are attached to a pendent branch or long-swinging vine. Thither the humming-bird flies to supply a family's microscopic wants.

To a giant looking through a microscope, what a revelation of the infinite industry of nature in worlds beyond the grasp of any sense of his the humming-bird would be!

TO AN OLD FRIEND

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

YOU have determined all that life should be;
I think it still an infinite mystery:
Therefore we disagree.

Go, friend, and trouble not our happy past
With memory of the parting here at last
Amid confusions vast.

Go,—and remember me as one astray,
If so you will. Aye, if you choose it, pray
For my misguided way.

Perhaps,—who knows?—from deeps I must explore
I shall look back regretful to the shore
Where we two walked before.

Or else, perhaps, across a troubled sea
My reckless sail shall push inflexibly
Till the West swallows me.

Then warnings of my doom your children tell.
Say that your friend, whose life was launched so well,
Went to eternal hell.

Or will you be more honest?—will you say
That in the closing of a stormy day
Your friend once sailed away—

Until, mid foam that deafened all replies,
He passed beyond the vision of your eyes
To luminous western skies?

COLONEL ARCHIBALD GRACIE *

In Memoriam

CHARLES VALE

COLONEL GRACIE died on the fourth of December, 1912. He had been in feeble health all through the summer, but had no definite physical complaint. He felt ill and weak, and ascribed his condition to the exposure and strain through which he went in the *Titanic* disaster. Mrs. Gracie and his daughter were with him up to the end, which he knew was coming, for the day before he died he had the minister of the Church of the Incarnation brought to his bedside, and Holy Communion was administered. On the next day he was unconscious for twelve hours; but just before he died he became conscious for about ten minutes, recognizing everyone and bidding them good-bye.

The funeral service was held at Calvary Church, where he was married, and a large number of the members of the Seventh Regiment, to which he belonged, were present. The church was beautifully decorated. Mrs. Astor was there, and many other *Titanic* survivors, several of whom Colonel Gracie had helped into the boats at the time of the disaster. The interment took place at the Gracie plot at Woodlawn.

I met Colonel Gracie, for the first—and last—time, at a luncheon at the Waldorf-Astoria, in New York, when the world was still ringing with echoes of the great catastrophe. The extraordinary experiences through which he had passed, and the terrible scenes that he had witnessed, were still as vivid to him as if they had happened the day before; but he talked very quietly, directly, unaffectedly, neither obtruding nor avoiding the personal element. There was something strangely gracious in his attitude; I heard no harsh or condemnatory word from him: he seemed to have the rare gift of comprehension of human

* Reprinted, a year after Colonel Gracie's death, from the "Concluding Note" to his book, *The Truth About the Titanic*.

nature, the rare sense of proportion. He accused no man of cowardice or inefficiency; but narrated the facts as he saw them, volunteering no inferences. And gradually, in that atmosphere of careless, casual security; with men and women from every corner of more than one continent scattered about the room; with all the obvious, and more subtle, presuppositions of civilization that a luxurious hotel in a huge metropolis illustrates;—there was evolved the picture of the great ship, going to her doom in the night, with her living cargo. I cannot express fully the vividness of that image—carved, as it were, from the darkness of memory and imposed on the sunlight of a summer's day. It stands out for me, ineffaceable, unforgettable—as it must stand out for all who passed through those tragic hours and still live to recall how near they were to death. One retraced the growing realization of the gravity of the situation; the conviction that the ship must inevitably sink before help could arrive; and, finally, the resolute facing of destiny. Good and bad deeds were done that night and morning: but the good outvalue the bad, immeasurably; and when the littlenesses have been duly reckoned, and the few cowards dismissed, and the uncouth or selfish weighed and found wanting, there remains the grand total of brave and steadfast men and women whose names must be enrolled imperishably in any record of world-heroism.

In a note like this, closing a work which depends so much on the intimate connection of the author with the scenes that he describes, it is permissible to be personal. I had read, in a daily paper, Colonel Gracie's first account of his experiences; had been struck by the special quality of the writing, by the pervading atmosphere of true chivalry—no other word can suggest quite adequately the impression conveyed by that narrative, written under the stress of poignant memories. I think that the effect produced by the account was the same with all who read it: certainly I have met no one who did not recognize the spirituality and fineness shining through the written words—a spirituality not opposed to, but entirely in consonance with, the unmistakable virility of the author. And so, when I met him, I was peculiarly interested in his personality: it seemed to me that this man who was sitting at my left hand, talking quietly, had

descended as distinctly into hell as any human being would care to acknowledge, and had risen again from the dead—or, at least, from the sea of the dead—into a world which could never again be quite the same to him. I found myself looking from time to time at his eyes; and I saw in them what I have seen only once or twice in the eyes of living men—the experience of death, the acceptance of death, and the irrevocable impress of death. And, though he carried himself as a man accustomed to adventures and unafraid of the big or little ironies of destiny, he was conscious, I think, of a certain isolation, a new aloofness from the ordinary routine of daily life. He had been so near to the end of dreams, had seen the years flash past so suddenly into true perspective, that it was difficult to resume the trivial round and reconstitute a mental world in which details should acquire again their former pretence of importance.

Colonel Gracie survived for less than eight months after the loss of the *Titanic*. Judged by the imperfect reckoning of impulse, it would seem almost unfair that he should have gone through so much, winning his life in the face of such deadly hazards, only to surrender it after a brief interval. But he himself would have been the last to complain. His implicit faith in Providence could not be shaken by any personal suffering. He made a brave fight for life, as he had made a brave fight for the lives of others while the *Titanic* was sinking. When the end was inevitable, he accepted it with composure, though he had foreseen it with sadness.

The thought of the tragedy with which his name will always be associated was constantly in his mind. The writing of his book involved a great deal of intimate correspondence, with the perpetual revival of painful memories. He made no effort to evade this strain: it was part of the task that he had undertaken. He felt strongly that the work he was doing was absolutely necessary, and could not be neglected. It was both a public service and a private duty. Simply and sincerely, he dedicated himself to that service and duty. And now, he has done his work, and lived his life, and gone out into the light beyond the darkness. His country has lost a very gallant gentleman. The world has one more legend of brave deeds.

THE DEAD SOUL

BEATRICE REDPATH

WHEN they have borne me out beyond the hill
And laid me down behind that chiselled door,
I shall lie there forever, wanly still,
And none that live or die shall see me more.

So frail my soul I think it could not rise
Above the earth when I should come to rest,
But as a flame blown by a night wind dies
So should it fade what time it leaves my breast.

For all too well Thou hast long cherished me,
Bringing me amber for my sun-swept hair,
Silks, woven silver, as a moon-drowned sea,
Corals and topaz for mine arms to bear.

Too much Thou gavest, naught I was denied,
No burden in my empty arms was laid,
My small love weakened Thy strong love beside,
Earth's very fullness on my spirit weighed.

Weak was my soul, it could not learn to grieve
For those who wept, unfeeling of their pain;
Pale hands untoiling, eager to receive
Without a will to give to earth again.

My soul could never gain on unfledged wings
Beyond the silver fretting of the stars;
'Twill die upon the breeze that lightly springs
Before the golden gate of day unbars.

And so at length when I shall fall asleep,
No shining soul shall ever rise from me;
Only long silence shall my dead soul keep,
While winds shall blow my dust upon the sea.

THE LYRICAL POETRY OF THE NEW LAUREATE

WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

I

TWENTY-ONE years ago the death of Tennyson was flashed over the wires of the world. Two great English laureates had honored the post within half a century. Tennyson's death still left England rich in poets of lofty attainments. William Morris, Coventry Patmore, Swinburne, and Meredith, the older singers, would, had the choice fallen to any one of them, have continued to shed glory on a post that had been raised in public esteem by the two preceding incumbents. Henley and Watson and Kipling were the younger men who added an embarrassment of riches from which to select Tennyson's successor. The Marquess of Salisbury, coming into office after Lord Rosebery's futile year of erratic administration and power, waited three years before doing otherwise than what was expected of him. The reading of the *Autobiography* of Alfred Austin gives, I think, a very good reason why Salisbury appointed the journalist-poet to the vacant laureateship. I do not hold so mean an opinion of Alfred Austin's verse as has been quite frankly expressed in almost every critical quarter. Many of his earlier nature-lyrics are exquisite: and he told a verse-narrative, if not with arresting poetic power, delicately. But he was for all that a political journalist; an ardent worshipper of the person and policies of Disraeli; and Disraeli's pupil (can we ever erase the memory of these two figures from the Budget of '67 and the Berlin Congress!) rewarded him with the laureateship, to the disappointment of the English-speaking world.

For the seventeen years that Alfred Austin held the laureateship, he never emerged from the eclipse that the genius of his predecessor cast upon his rising fame. The memory of Tennyson was, to the public, like a shadow his name could not escape. In the meantime many new figures rose in the poetic heavens. Henley passed: Watson and Davidson had large powers; Kipling was a driving and irresistible force, whose song had the

blood of the Empire in its substance; Stephen Phillips was weaving dramatic spectacles in the fabric of verse; Francis Thompson and William Butler Yeats were building magnificent palaces of lyric art: the entrance to one through ecclesiastical mysticism and Catholic faith, and to the other, through a symbolism both natural and spiritual; and preceding the late laureate's death, the attainment of popular recognition by still younger men like John Masefield and Alfred Noyes gave them a public claim to be considered in succession. In 1910 all of this company of English poets who were living—it had grown two less by the deaths of Thompson and Davidson—would have acknowledged one absolute master—Swinburne: and they were of no divided opinion as to who should succeed him when he passed away—Meredith. Death claimed both within a month. By priority of age and achievement, the honor of the foremost place among English poets, in my opinion, belonged to a poet whose art had never solicited any honor; whose exclusiveness and retirement had made him known but to a small circle of readers and critics: and who had scarcely uttered a line but for his own joy in making something lovely out of the " flying vapors of the world,"—to a poet by the name of Robert Bridges. I do not think that anybody acknowledged this fact publicly. But the fact was self-evident to any who saw poetic values without favoring sympathies. By virtue of some qualities, it is certain, he would have had to give way to any one of two or three of the younger men. But his substance was all balanced, and such as it was, he expressed it in a lyrical style, over and over again, that was more artistically perfect than, with the exception of two or three among all English poets, lyric style had ever been made to express any substance whatsoever in English poetry.

Mr. Asquith's judgment in appointing Mr. Bridges to the laureateship could have been influenced by no other reason than this honor he already possessed, of being—taking all things together—in the very first place among his contemporaries. Mr. Kipling being of the opposite political faith; Mr. Watson, having satirized the Prime Minister's family, satirized his chances out of possible consideration; Alice Meynell, being a woman, would hardly inspire or make expedient an act that might be

construed as a concession to militant suffragism; Mr. Hardy, for all the sublime and magnificent backgrounds of poetry in *The Dynasts,* too acidly fatalistic of individual destiny to be classified poetically; Masefield too repudiative of tradition; and Noyes too young—makes the selection of Mr. Bridges inevitable. The choice was disappointing to the British public. The press reflected public opinion in politely irritable terms: Bridges' obscurity was the chief cause of this sentiment. He had not voiced his day, he had not—there were a dozen things he had not done—by which the public could mirror its thoughts and feelings. The only thing that saved, and will save, Mr. Bridges from a fate similar to that of the late laureate is—his art. He stands well fortified in its perfection—whatever it may concern itself with—against the disappointment of the British public because he has been elevated by official recognition to an honor it would have had bestowed upon another, and it will gradually come to appreciate and admire with gratitude the gift of Beauty which he has garnered and hoarded for it in tranquil seclusion through a lifetime of patient and consecrated endeavor.

II

I do not know whether it is possible to make valid the distinction between scholarship and scholarliness. There are distinguishing contrasts in the meaning of the words when we apply the term scholar to a creative artist. At the foundation of the highest poetic art of the nineteenth century was a sound scholarship. Tennyson, Swinburne, Morris, Arnold, and Browning were scholarly. Poetry does not always require, however, this wisdom of the intellect for its wondrous flowering. Burns, Blake, Keats, Poe, and Whitman show how a lack of scholarship is often compensated by an intuitive wisdom of heart and emotion. Not even in those poets profoundly learned does there always appear in their art that essence of scholarliness which is an indefinable distinction of rhythm, metre, and diction. The art of Mr. Bridges has this scholarliness. His verse as verse has an individual style full of charm and grace, being precise and deliberate in the adaptation of subtle tones, which are so modulated to mood and substance that the effect is one of cultured

spontaneity, embodying a rare sensibility aloof from common instincts and experience.

Of Mr. Bridges' style there is little or nothing that is strikingly original. He has carried on, with the practice of certain principles of variations of stress in the lyric, the best tradition of English poetry. As Arthur Symons says, his "finest lyrics might have found their place among the lyrics in an Elizabethan song-book. And yet they are not archaic, a going back, as of one who really, in thought, lives in another age, to which his temper of mind is more akin." These variations of stress are nothing more than metrical experiments in which he has proved himself a skilled and successful craftsman in subduing balance, measure and harmony of rhythm. He allows no chance for violence of any kind; he produces a sort of conscious rapture, a felicitous flow, within defined bounds, of music, to which one must attune the ear to catch the delicate inweaving of harmonies. Perhaps no lyric poetry in English is more consciously artistic in verse-structure, none that more apparently seems to exist for the sake of art; and yet we find constant surprises, a quiet thrilling of the emotions, and delight in them, when once the full flavor and meaning of his language is scrutinized. It is in his rare and choice treatment of words that Mr. Bridges' style has its perfection. He finds an original association hidden in their opposites, and by bringing them together in most unusual circumstances awakens and unites qualities that produce the most subtle significance. He chooses them deliberately for their beauty, but they are no less valuable for their singing quality, and in no instance do they ever fail to make clear the precise meaning for which he has enlisted their services in rendering thought or feeling. In no lyric does his style in its purity and subtlety show to a higher degree than in *I Have Loved Flowers That Fade,* perhaps the best-known of his songs.

> "I have loved flowers that fade,
> Within whose magic tents
> Rich hues have marriage made
> With sweet unmemored scents.
> A honeymoon delight,—
> A joy of love at sight,

That ages in an hour:—
My song be like a flower!

I have loved airs that die
Before their charm is writ
Along a liquid sky
Trembling to welcome it:
Notes, that with pulse of fire
Proclaim the spirit's desire,
Then die, and are nowhere:—
My song be like an air!

Die, song, die like a breath,
And wither as a bloom:
Fear not a flowery death,
Dread not an airy tomb!
Fly with delight, fly hence!
'Twas thy love's tender sense
To feast; now on thy bier
Beauty shall shed a tear."

The specific quality of Mr. Bridges' work as art can hardly be better shown than in this example, wherein all his special effects are woven into one pattern. Here is magic of a kind that is evoked out of elements that one does not find lying about close to one's experience. And yet it is not made of any ethereal substance. If we can work our own emotions into clear enough definitions to understand our desires, we shall find embedded within them potent sentiments to which this remote magic gives utterance.

Mr. Bridges has been charged with a lack of human sentiment. It is true he speaks no large language of humanity. There are no outcries of passion, no deep thoughtfulness that would tend to render some solution to the evil and hard circumstances that beset deed or will in human experience; there are no intensities illuminating either ethical or moral ideals; he cannot take an attitude that is even conjecturally humane. All his songs are narrowly personal; but the belief in his own experience has a kind of relative exactitude to what must occur in life as men live it under different influences and environments. Sheltering himself in some happy retreat from the troubled affairs of the

world he would still desire, as he declares in the XXXVIIIth sonnet in *The Growth of Love,* to have life—

> " I would have life—thou saidst—all as this day,
> Simple enjoyment calm in its excess,
> With not a grief to cloud, and not a ray
> Of passion overhot my peace to oppress;
> With no ambition to reproach delay,
> Nor rapture to disturb its happiness."

But it is a life rather of essence than of substance, of brooding and meditation rather than of decision and action, and into which there comes a realization no less of dejection and sorrow, of the pains and joys of love, of poignant grief, of vain aspiration. It was as if these various human states of being had by others been mostly used in their unripe development; in that way they made art rough, violent, wild, full of sharp and bitter memories;—at fruition, no passion, no bitterness, no disappointment that had not been transfigured into beauty which was the residue of all experience. It is this feeling at the base of that austere self-control, that continual ecstatic suspension of mood, which centres in the utterance which we must accept as the key to all Mr. Bridges' work:

> " I love all beauteous things,
> I seek and adore them;
> God hath no better praise,
> And man in his hasty days
> Is honored for them.
>
> I too will something make
> And joy in the making;
> Although to-morrow it seem
> Like the empty words of a dream
> Remembered on waking."

III

" Pleasure rounded with peace, a tender tranquillity with sudden impulses of joy," is how Edward Dowden characterizes the origin of many of the beautiful lyrics in the *Shorter Poems;* and in general the characterization applies. In the *Shorter*

Poems, Mr. Bridges is at his best. There are no better lyrics in the language than the best of these. Here you find his fancy playing with some graceful and slender theme; with the most precise selective sympathy he paints external nature with an eye and mind solely for her beauties and combination of attractive details, never with that contemplative attitude which elevated Wordsworth's thoughts into mystic communion; but most of all these lyrics express delight: there is a perpetual enjoyment, which the gravest mood or subject can scarcely change, because the poet has learned the secret of wisdom, proclaimed in this verse:

> "Ye thrilled me once, ye mournful strains,
> Ye anthems of plaintive woe,
> My spirit was sad when I was young;
> Ah, sorrowful long-ago!
> But since I have found the beauty of joy
> I have done with proud dismay:
> For howsoe'er man hug his care
> The best of his art is gay."

The "beauty of joy," that is what Mr. Bridges realizes in some aspect or another of all these *Shorter Poems.* We shall find that the "best of his art is gay," if only we do perceive that beneath the results of the particular mood embodied, is a process, under whose spell the poet weaves emotion, dream and fancy into a visibly created and transfigured delight. The spell, no matter what it evolves in substance, is the happiness at the base of all creation, and we are to understand it, in Mr. Bridges' case, as being the actual and important matter to the artist. This strange sense, fantastic as it seems in analysis, is the root of a profound kind of wisdom, that flowers in his meditative temperament. His thoughts linger on elegiac aspects, which need not in themselves be the direct cause of grief; but his spirit is sensible of some invisible Presence whose breath has transmuted mortal things, and in which he reads silence as if it were a language. The *Elegy on a Lady Whom Grief for the Death of Her Betrothed Killed,* and *On a Dead Child,* show in one sense this quality, though they are the expression of grief personalized by the subject lamented, and purged, as is unusual, of all violent emotion. But the *Elegy* beginning, "The wood is bare: a river-

mist is steeping," and the *Elegy, Among the Tombs* are the full-flowering of a mood that steals pensively into many a lyric with an almost unconscious persistence, and whose theme at root may be altogether free from solemn thoughts. I shall quote the *Elegy,* for it is characteristic of a mood we find so often present in the *Shorter Poems:*

"The wood is bare, a river-mist is steeping
The trees that winter's chill of life bereaves:
Only their stiffened boughs break silence, weeping
Over their fallen leaves,

That lie upon the dank earth brown and rotten,
Miry and matted in the soaking wet:
Forgotten with the spring, that is forgotten
By them that can forget.

Yet it was here we walked when ferns were springing,
And through the mossy bank shot bud and blade:—
Here found in summer, when the birds were singing,
A green and pleasant shade.

'Twas here we loved in sunnier days and greener;
And now, in this disconsolate decay,
I come to see her where I most have seen her,
And touch the happier day.

For on this path, at every turn and corner,
The fancy of her figure on me falls:
Yet walks she with the slow step of a mourner,
Nor hears my voice that calls.

So through my heart there winds a track of feeling,
A path of memory, that is all her own:
Whereto her phantom beauty ever stealing
Haunts the sad spot alone.

About her steps the trunks are bare, the branches
Drip heavy tears upon her downcast head;
And bleed from unseen wounds that no sun stanches,
For the year's sun is dead.

And dead leaves wrap the fruits that summer planted:
And birds that love the South have taken wing.
The wanderer, loitering o'er the scene enchanted,
Weeps, and despairs of spring."

Excepting the joys of love, Mr. Bridges is at his very best when he sings of nature. For a moment let us look at a few of the poems that deal with the joyousness of love. In these, indeed, is an inimitable loveliness that has only been in English lyric verse once or twice in three centuries. It is natural speech that is at once the very voice of the heart and yet is the garnering of everything imperishably beautiful in the world. Simplicity was never more severely adorned with joy, and yet she walks as if lavishly apparelled. How Mr. Bridges has caught this note of the Elizabethan song-books is a miracle, for it is something that had passed out of the world. But take at random any of these anonymous and familiar utterances which have come down to us undimmed from the sixteenth century, such unpremeditated speech as "Brown is my love but graceful," "Lady, when I behold the roses sprouting," "How shall I then gaze on my mistress' eyes?" "Behold a wonder here!" and set against them these of Mr. Bridges, "I heard a linnet courting," "I made another song," "Will Love again awake?" "I know not how I came," "I praise the tender flower," "Thou didst delight my eyes," "Love my lady's eyes," "My spirit sang all day," "My eyes for beauty pine," "When my love was away," "To my love I whisper and say," and there is the same instinctive rapture, the same inexplicable transfiguring of simple emotions into a temperate but warmly colored joy. This for example:

"I made another song,
In likeness of my love:
And sang it all day long,
Around, beneath, above;
I told my secret out,
That none might be in doubt.

I sang it to the sky,
That veiled his face to hear
How far her azure eye
Outdoes his splendid sphere;
But at her eyelids' name
His white clouds fled for shame.

I told it to the trees,
And to the flowers confest,

And said not one of these
Is like my lily drest;
Nor spathe nor petal dared
Vie with her body bared.

I shouted to the sea,
That set his waves a-prance;
Her floating hair is free,
Free are her feet to dance;
And, for thy wrath, I swear
Her frown is more to fear.

And as in happy mood
I walked and sang alone,
At eve beside the wood
I met my love, my own!
And sang to her the song
I had sung all day long."

And this little testament:

" My eyes for beauty pine,
My soul for Goddës grace:
No other care nor hope is mine;
To heaven I turn my face.

One splendour thence is shed
From all the stars above:
'Tis namèd when God's name is said,
'Tis Love, 'tis heavenly Love.

And every gentle heart,
That burns with true desire,
Is lit from eyes that mirror part
Of that celestial fire."

The landscape in Mr. Bridges' lyrics of nature is characteristically English. He paints the solitude of the English downs, but his heart is more often filled with the cloistered beauties of the woods; and there is no reverie half so seductive for him as that which is born of an afternoon loitering beside the " silver Thames." With a delicate selection, that is like an effortless instinct, he arrays the hues and forms of nature into the composition of a picture. He never sets a scrutinizing eye upon na-

ture's phenomena to extract some secret of her mystery; his only purpose is to enjoy the quest that reveals to him her ever-changing and endless loveliness. Spring and summer he especially delights in, though he has paid winter its due, in such poems as the Xth sonnet of *The Growth of Love,* and the admirably descriptive *London Snow,* while in *The Garden in September,* in this stanza,

> "Now thin mists temper the snow-ripening beams
> Of the September sun: his golden gleams
> Of gaudy flowers shine, that prank the rows
> Of high-grown hollyhocks, and all tall shows
> That Autumn flaunteth in his bushy bowers;
> Where tomtits, hanging from the drooping heads
> Of giant sunflowers, peck the nutty seeds;
> And in the feathery aster bees on wing
> Seize and set free the honied flowers,
> Till thousand stars leap with their visiting:
> While ever across the path mazily flit,
> Unpiloted in the sun,
> The dreamy butterflies
> With dazzling colours powdered and soft glooms,
> White, black and crimson stripes, and peacock eyes,
> Or on chance flowers sit,
> With idle effort plundering one by one
> The nectaries of deepest-throated blooms—."

autumn, in all her golden opulence, her heavy-scented ripeness, arrested mood, and variegated picturesqueness, is painted with a sureness that rivals Keats. It is with the minutest care that Mr. Bridges sketches in the details of a scene giving you the environment by a descriptive process by which myriads of objects may be presented without confusion. Take these stanzas from *There Is a Hill beside the Silver Thames:*

> "A rushy island guards the sacred bower,
> And hides it from the meadow, where in peace
> The lazy cows wrench many a scented flower,
> Robbing the golden market of the bees:
> And laden barges float
> By banks of myosote;
> And scented flag and golden flower-de-lys
> Delay the loitering boat.

And on this side the island, where the pool
Eddies away, are tangled mass on mass
The water-weeds, that net the fishes cool,
And scarce allow a narrow stream to pass;
  Where spreading crowfoot mars
  The drowning nenuphars,
Weaving the tassels of her silken grass
  Below her silver stars.

But in the purple pool there nothing grows,
Not the white water-lily spoked with gold;
Though best she loves the hollows, and well knows
On quiet streams her broad shields to unfold:
  Yet should her roots but try
  Within these deeps to lie,
Not her long-reaching stalk could ever hold
  Her waxen head so high."

And in contrast the sweep, the breadth of view, in this opening stanza of *The Downs:*

"O bold majestic downs, smooth, fair and lonely;
O still solitude, only matched in the skies:
  Perilous in steep places,
  Soft in level races,
Where sweeping in phantom silence the cloudland flies;
With lovely undulation of fall and rise;
  Entrenched with thickets thorned,
By delicate miniature dainty flowers adorned!"

Even those who are familiar with certain of the lyrics from the *Shorter Poems,* which have found their way into the anthologies or have fugitively roamed the world, are unacquainted with what is Mr. Bridges' most distinctive achievement next to the lyrics, *The Growth of Love: A Sonnet Sequence.* These sonnets deserve a far larger public approval than has been accorded them. There is no doubt that their quality entitles them to rank with the few great sonnet-sequences of the nineteenth century written by Rossetti, Mrs. Browning, and Meredith. Each of these poets has treated love as an isolated passion, though in the case of Meredith it was given a psychological turn of circumstance which makes a complex skein of modern instances. Mr.

Bridges' treatment of love is altogether different. With him it imbues life in its fullest happiness, and is no less a part of the human spirit in its most dejected moods. It interpenetrates all the substances of life; connects itself with all man's interests: his work, deeds, thoughts, relationships: is the essence of the beauty he realizes, the spirit of the art he creates. There are some eighty of these sonnets, mostly constructed on the Italian model, and some on the adapted English. Some are grouped by a common theme, while others are independent of close relationships, but fitting in the scheme of the whole though in themselves detachable. To trace Mr. Bridges' theme through all the poem's subtleties of mood here would be unsatisfactory. There are no intense and climatic embodiments of passion, such as Mrs. Browning gives us, or Shakespeare or Sidney, that need the piercing detail of personal experience to account for this expression or that. Mr. Bridges' " growth of love " is in phases rather than in revelations of some unfolding story. These phases are full of refinements, sometimes of a bright lustre, and again subdued in an atmosphere of pensive reflection. Once at least the poet achieves a note that is wholly Miltonic:

" The dark and serious angel, who so long
Vex'd his immortal strength in charge of me,
Hath smiled for joy and fled in liberty
To take his pastime with the peerless throng.
Oft had I done his noble keeping wrong,
Wounding his heart to wonder what might be
God's purpose in a soul of such degree;
And there he had left me but for mandate strong.
But seeing thee with me now, his task at close
He knoweth, and wherefore he was bid to stay,
And work confusion of so many foes:
The thanks that he doth look for, here I pay,
Yet fear some heavenly envy, as he goes
Unto what great reward I cannot say."

Altogether different is this picture of the iron ship, which shows the harder substance of Mr. Bridges' muse, which might be put to unfamiliar uses in his duties as laureate, and by this example not found to be unfit:

"The fabled sea-snake, old Leviathan,
Or else what grisly beast of scaly chine
That champ'd the ocean-wrack and swash'd the brine,
Before the new and milder days of man,
Had never rib nor bray nor swinging fan
Like his iron swimmer of the Clyde or Tyne,
Late-born of golden seed to breed a line
Of offspring swifter and more huge of plan.
Straight is her going, for, upon the sun
When once she hath look'd, her path and place are plain;
With tireless speed she smiteth one by one
The shuddering seas and foams along the main;
And her eased breath, when her wild race is run,
Roars through her nostrils like a hurricane."

EDITORIAL NOTES

Mitchel and Murphy

MR. MITCHEL'S election as Mayor of New York is very satisfactory, but there is no need at present to celebrate the victory with the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music—though the crowds waiting for the results announced their presence with more varieties of dissonance than an average musician avoids in an average lifetime.

Jubilation is out of place. It is justification that we require. The citizens of a great metropolis should scarcely congratulate themselves on keeping the government of their city out of the hands of a scandalous organization. Ashamed of the past, and of the incredible corruption of the past, they should highly resolve to make a recurrence of such conditions impossible, and so atone, as far as may be, for the stigma that they have allowed to rest upon their city and their citizenship.

For it is not spasmodic reform, or superficial changes, that the people of New York, and of so many other cities throughout the country, must demand, and insist upon receiving. Rather, it is a fundamental change in the attitude of the people that we require, and will have: the change from ignorance, indifference and indecency to the full knowledge of decency and duty. Let us have done once for all with the shallow flippancy that regards seriousness in public affairs as a mere indication of a lack of humor. Let us have done with the provincialism that parades dishonesty in politics as an immutable and desirable condition. Let us have done with the disgusting public standards that enable an apparently upright citizen to announce openly that he will support an admitted gang of "grafters" and vote for their continued spoliation of the city and the State.

It is not Mr. Mitchel's large plurality that should attract attention, but the number of votes given to his Tammany opponent. The panderers and prostitute-mongers, the lower types of saloon keepers, the gamblers and thieves and rascaldom of the city would naturally and inevitably rally round the flag that pro-

tects and encourages them: but what perversion of all reasoning, and of all decent standards of conduct, public and private, is involved in the support of such products of the underworld by tens of thousands of men who would not dream of indorsing a dishonest action in private life, yet will vote publicly for the degradation of their city!

Decency in public affairs has no connection with sanctimoniousness or the bigotry of ignorant puritanism. Mr. Mitchel's administration will not make New York City duller by one moment's pleasure than would the "lifted lid"—as proclaimed in the papers—of a McCall régime. But it will make New York safer and less expensive for the men and women who do not associate habitually with "grafters" and gangsters—that is to say, for the men and women who have hitherto paid the bill that the underworld has regularly presented.

Already, some of the issues of the campaign are being forgotten. It is time that they should be remembered again, acutely. The mere fact that Mr. Murphy is a "good loser" should not influence the attitude of the citizens who have so often lost, and lost heavily, in the game of despoiling the public at which Tammany is so adept. Anyone who has made millions out of the credulity of the public can afford to be a "good loser." But he can also afford to expatriate himself. America has no use for men of such a type.

Mr. Mitchel should be under no misapprehension. A great future lies before him,—and the White House is not, perhaps, remote. But no temperamental kindliness toward a defeated opponent must interfere with his obvious duty. There can be no decent government of New York while Tammany remains undestroyed, absolutely, root and branch. A condition of semi-starvation is not sufficient. For Tammany does not depend only upon elective offices: the obsequious servants of Charles F. Murphy are scattered through every department of the administration. They must be scattered a good deal further, and returned, individually and collectively, to the obscurity in which, alone, they can do full justice to their natural proclivities. And Mr. Murphy must be persuaded, firmly if not gently, to lead the pilgrimage of the undesirable to their own appointed place. The

District Attorney can surely find adequate means of inducement. And the uneducated section of the public which has so long believed that Tammany had some connection with Democracy, must learn that Democracy is a bigger and finer thing than the exploitation of vice by an organization that is a byword throughout the world.

Mr. Sulzer

It is perhaps natural that Mr. Sulzer takes himself too seriously; but it is regrettable that so many of his fellow-citizens should follow his example. Mr. Sulzer played a conspicuous part in one of the most conspicuous examples of political brazenness that the present generation has seen. But the contempt of every decent man for the crude usurpations of Charles F. Murphy should not result in a false estimate of the ex-Governor, merely because, at this recent stage in his career, he represented antagonism to the abominations of Tammany. Mr. Sulzer has many admirable qualities, as his friends well know. But his continued existence in public life is not creditable to the discernment of the electors. Viewed by the standards of many of his contemporaries, and almost all of his former associates, Mr. Sulzer's political career is almost passable; but judged by proper standards it is impossible. Tammany had no interest in honor and decency when it impeached him; it was interested only in its own immunity for former offences, and in the coveted privilege to continue those offences. It therefore took a desperate chance in its attempt to eliminate a supposed friend who had proved to be unpleasantly dangerous, and threatened to be still more inimical to the peaceful repose of the "grafters" who had relied upon him for support and security. That desperate chance produced boomerang results; and it is the duty of the District Attorney to make those results so obvious and so painful that no more chances of any kind will remain for the organization that has vitiated public life so incredibly for so many years. But Mr. Sulzer has no right to profit personally by the admitted corruption of Murphyism. He has rendered a service to the State by helping to drive home publicly facts which everyone with an iota of intelligence and public feeling should have known and re-

sented long ago. But the best service that he can now render to the State is to remain in the background. The contention that the vote of the people has reversed the verdict of the court of impeachment is absurd. There is only one court of impeachment whose verdict has enduring value—the court of intelligent public opinion, free from local prejudices and from the passions of partisanship. That court will not be too harsh with Mr. Sulzer. It knows all the conditions. But it cannot tolerate the assumption by Mr. Sulzer that he has been a maligned and ill-used man. He has been one of the central figures in a degrading affair, and he should remain very silent for a long time to come.

Mexico

It has been maintained, by many who have personal knowledge of Mexican conditions, that the Mexican people are incapable of proper self-government; that they could not, and would not, vote intelligently at a free election; that the régime of a Huerta is the only régime that they can comprehend, and the only government that can control and pacify the country. The right of any Power to interfere is denied on the ground that an independent nation has the privilege of conducting its own affairs in any way that it pleases.

But if the citizens of Mexico are incapable, as is thus asserted, of making any intelligent choice, and are content merely to acquiesce in the assumption of power by any military leader of the moment, it is difficult to see the precise value to them of conducting their affairs in any way that they please, since their pleasure has such a negative character. It is difficult also to see the value of a régime which simply perpetuates such deplorable conditions and makes no effort to prepare the people for the responsibilities that any civilized nation must undertake.

President Wilson's diplomacy is not quite so well understood as it will be in a little while, when the world has become more accustomed to the new standards of sincerity that he is setting. He has behaved with unexampled patience; and if he now finds it necessary to join firmness to fairness, no one will question his judgment. His splendid assertion that the United States will never again seek one foot of territory by conquest is a sufficient

indication of the spirit in which he is dealing with the problem. His refusal to recognize Huerta was conceived in the same spirit of placing principle before temporary convenience. It is well that international difficulties should be handled in such a way by such men; and whatever the cost may prove to be, the country will ungrudgingly pay it.

Ulster

THE arming of Ulster continues and the situation is extremely ominous. In spite of the natural desire of the Irish leaders to commence their task of governing their country without finding that a portion of the country has been politically separated from them, the way of concessions will probably prove the only way of wisdom. Time is still the greatest healer, and the passions that are now inflamed will have subsided considerably in a few years. Home Rule at the cost of civil war, and of all that civil war brings in its train, is not a gift to be accepted lightly. If North-East Ulster were excluded from the operation of the act for a period of three years, the matter could then be taken up again and settled or postponed as conditions determined. By that time the Irish Parliament would have had the opportunity to show its competence, animosities might have dwindled, and the value of homogeneity have been made evident. At the worst, the situation could not be more difficult; probably it would be far better. It is earnestly to be hoped that the plan, or some modification of it, will be accepted. The mere spirit of conciliation thus shown would have important effects.

Plain Speaking to the Clergy

THE Bishop of Carlisle, England, recently made some severe strictures on the clergy of his diocese. The charges may profitably be considered by the clergy of many other dioceses.

"Two or three of the clergy," the bishop said, "are approaching the brink of exposure for their habits. Others seem to be afflicted with incurable indolence. The less they have to do, the worse they do it. Others are dull and listless. They get through Sunday, but Sunday does not shine through them.

"Their ministry is not ministry, but mechanicism. They do

not visit sympathetically. They take little loving interest in their people, and consequently their people take little loving interest in them. Their churches are shut from Sunday to Sunday, and on Sundays they are empty."

This is pointed, but not too pointed.

Soccer

THE growth of interest in "soccer" at the universities and colleges is an excellent sign of progress. The interest is still somewhat satirical among the undergraduates generally, but they will modify this attitude as they learn the finer points and possibilities of the game. Far too many men give up all idea of regular games when they leave college. There is golf, of course; and golf is mountainous in merit. But there should be alternatives. With the rapid growth of such "soccer" clubs as are found in New York and other cities, perhaps the habit will spread of continuing to the thirties the games that are now abandoned in the earliest of the twenties. And there are few better games for a man who is able to give a little, and only a little, of his time to sport, than Association football. The once famous Corinthians of England are a little less distinguished than they used to be; but they show, with the numerous Old Boys' clubs, what a continued opportunity for play may mean to men who have taken up athletics wisely, but not immoderately.

Anti-Semitism

The acquittal of Mendel Beiliss at Kiev will, unfortunately, not put an end to the "ritual murder" absurdity which has been used as the excuse for so many outbreaks of fanaticism. But it is time that a little definite knowledge with regard to Judaism and its ideals should be disseminated, and the article by Rabbi Kornfeld in the current number deserves careful consideration.

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Forum

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